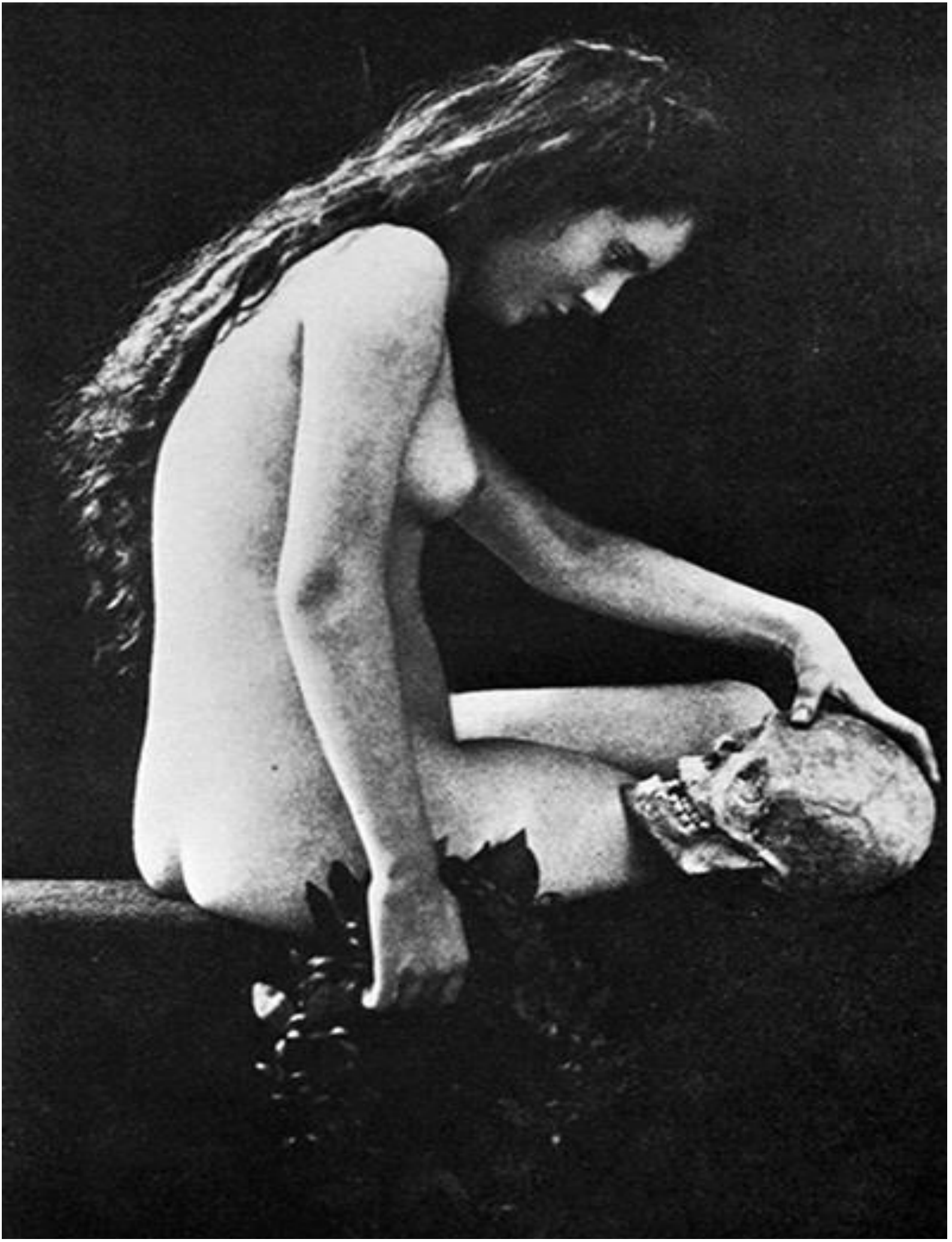

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On the Damnable Visions and Epiphanes of the Deplorable Dr. Faustus

By Darcy John Bouchard *dit* li Exŏuīle© 2025, Revised

Reader Be Aware: This is only a Novel and neither true nor false…

> This fable warns us that when we are avoiding present dangers,
> we should not fall into even worse peril.
>
> Abstemious, fable 20: The Fish and the Frying Pan

Prologue

Faustus is in his room reading the Tome of Melchizadok Maphistophales—a book which he found whilest garbage-picking in a downtown alley, behind the local public library.

The Virgin Martyr Saint Lucia appeared to Faustus out of an apparition of sky-blue lucid light, sent to him from Divine Dame Mercy—her holding both her eyes in the palms of her hands. She was clothed in fiery lithon and wore a crown of flames upon her head. Her fiery wisps of flame-hair was golden, her flesh like pearl or the inner part of an oyster shell, and her eyes were a living, swirling Prussian blue e'er-changing into deepening pools of ice blue.

"By the Pure Light of Faith," she said to Faustus, "God bestows upon us all perseverance that we mightest avoid evil and zealously perform good works, abhorring nothing of darkness neither evil nor sin. I bring you, O mortal flesh, tender and sublime sentiments of God's Divine Grace and greater honour and glory—unto the Salvation of thy soul.

St. Lucia summons Joseph Carey Merrick—and he appears to them...

The First Part of the Vision

Ayyabum in Hell

Faustus is guided by Joseph Carey Merrick in a chariot of kaleidoscopic and sparkling light through a swirling coloured mist to a mountain island in the deepest, darkest depths of Hell; a pile of shit and plastic debris in the middle of an ocean of filth. It is thundering and lightening and raining acid rain. A tempest blows, rocking and pushing the chariot so that it trembles, shakes and sways.

Joseph Carey Merrick said, "I am taking you to stand before Ayyabum, called Job the Horite—a great-grandson of Nahor brother of a'Brahma the Patriarch."

Faustus could not but shrink from the authoritative sternness in his charioteer's voice more than from the harrowing heights of euphoria's zenith plummeted almost as if at once as the kaleidoscopic rainbow fell away into a dead blackness of emptiness, below, which was the stench-reeking atmosphere of the lowest pits of Hell. Here, they find Ayyabum sitting enthroned upon a great, stinking dung heap, surrounded with buzzing flies and crawling with dung beetles, or scarabs—and these bugs was covered in feces—and it was intangible to differentiate anything.

Yet, behold! There be Ayyabum, called Job the Horite. He is scraping his boils with a shard fashioned from a piece of the broken pot-clay.

"Those shards around him are from the tablets carved by Moses the Law-Giver, which were broken when the Exiles first broke faith with God's Covenant." Joseph Carey Merrick said, pointing.

Ayyabum was sitting by a whitened skull, under the shadow of a crucifix upon which hung a golden serpent. And thereby on his left squat the Devil—a cloven-hoofed monstrosity, half-goat and half-man; its belly was an open cauldron filled imperishable fire, in which writhed innumerable god-damned souls in the pain of perdition… and out its dirty ass, Faustus could see, an old friar and nun pull a ghostly white soul—and it was weeping for joy, crying, "I am saved." And the friar and nun were singing. "Hallelujah."

And on its left stood a young virgin with hairy limbs crowned with roses and myrtle, holding a sickle, and bleeding from her virgin womb; and on its right stood a skeleton, yellowed with age, leaning on a scythe-pole and laughing as it coldly looked into Faustus' soul, pointing a bony finger from him—him, there, trembling aghast—down to a broken hourglass at its feet and saying, "I have all the time there is to wait for you."

Faustus felt his stomach flutter and drop, his legs became as lead, and his heart seemed to stop as the awful grimace which spewed out of the skeleton's grinning maw chilled him to the marrow of his very soul.

The ground they were standing on was crawling with biting, stinging bugs and centipedes and hairy venomous spiders, littered with broken skulls and bones, and everywhere and over everything there were dusty cobwebs. So, too, there was an open grave yawning betwixt the skeleton and the bloody virgin… and into it the old friar and nun threw the newly born soul.

It wriggled as it fell into oblivion, crying out, "I am reborn."

"This is my womb!" saith the Virgin to Faustus; her voice slithered like snakes into his mind through his ears… and quick spread roots into his soul, sucking all love of life from deep within his most remotest and veiled parts. "My name is Sin and I am the mother of Life Eternal."

And Faustus stood frozen, as if one dead, him reduced in being to that of a statue carved in stone; a graven image of the man he used to be... staring into the open hole of the grave, her womb, as the wriggling white pupae-soul was devoured by falling into the darkness within—as if self-consumed by whatever darkness existed within it itself.

“See that one?” said Joseph Carey Merrick to Faustus, pointing out one of the lost souls writhing within the belly-cauldron of imperishable fire: “that is the Roman, Marcus Licinius Crassus. He thought himself the richest man to have ever lived... and he was. Yet he is naught in there for greed, but for malice in greed whereof he so bethought his fortune could buy a Vestal’s virtue.”

“That one is Solomon the Wise,” said Joseph Carey Merrick, pointing to poor lost soul with 666 branded on his forehead. “He was the wealthiest man of his time. He squandered a vast fortune acquired from illegitimate taxation and polluted his lands as Nimrod did at Babel, with a never-ending immigration of Asiatics from all across the Orient, and Blacks from everywhere throughout Africa—from the Congo to the veldt lands and deserts of the Sudan, and all the other peoples of the foreign world—all come tither unto him in his realm speaking a confusion of tongues and worshipping of alien gods. The innumerable licentious sluts he sodomized in marriage, and their concubines, too, were each allowed to erect abominable temples and synagogues and halls with alters dedicated to perversions throughout the good land... and the good blood was poisoned for ever.”

“There is no saving him?” queried Faustus.

“There is no saving any of them.” said Joseph Carey Merrick. “People are neither rich nor poor according to the quality of labour they produce, nor are the good or bad indiscernible when weighed against the ostrich feather of Ma’at.”

“Those two are Rockefeller and Carnegie, and that good-for-nothing is Vanderbilt,” said Joseph Carey Merrick, pointing to certain wretched souls bobbing up-and-down in the flames, “and that one there is one-or-another of the de’ Medici family—they are all bad... and do you see that one? that good Catholic is Grand Burgher Jakob Fugger of the Lily. He sold Swabia out to the Jews and imported the plague—the Black Death.”

“Those dirty rats.” Faustus blurted out passionately, and shaking his fist at them vehemently, he shouted out so that they could all hear him: “God damn you bastards. You are all the sons of bitches... and you deserve what you get.”

“Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God.” cried out one of the pathetic lumps of turd in the burning belly of the beast, he wore a cone-shaped pointed white hat, a tight noose around his neck, which was obviously broken, and his face was bloated and blue. This penitent’s tongue was sticking out of his mouth—a hole for a minaret: “The Lord is One.”

“Who is that fool?” asked Faustus.

Joseph Carey Merrick replied: “That steaming piece of shit is Joseph Süß Oppenheimer.”

And Faustus tried to spit on him (for he knew what a dirty bastard that son-of-a-bitch had been in life)... but his spit fell short, landing on Dives Nimeusis, instead.

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Gaius Cassius Longinus, Marcus Junius Brutus, the twenty other traitorous Romans which assassinated Julius Caesar and Marcus Tullius Cicero were all clambouring o'er one-another as each tried to rise him above the rest in doing so. In another cluster-fuck were General Friedrich Olbricht, Major General Henning von Tresckow, and Colonel Claus von Stauffenberg… and others of them who tried to assassinate Führer Adolf Hitler with a bomb. All, now, were together, forever, in the Belly of the Beast.

Similarly, were the assassins Dragutin Dimitrijević and Норман Перовић—the young Greek Orthodox militant (in the pay of the Russians), who killed King Alexander I of Serbia and Queen Draga Mašin (on the night of 10/11 June 1903). There they all were, clustering together in the shit, along with Gavrilo Princip of the anarchistic Black Hand, who assassinated Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria and his wife Duchess Sophie von Chotkova of Hohenberg—and with them, in the steaming shit, were their conspirators: Nedeljko Čabrinović, Trifko Grabež, Veljko and Vaso Čubrilović, Cvjeko Popović, Danilo Ilić, Miško Jovanović, and Muhamed Mehmedbašić. As was Dmitry Bogrov, the Jewish assassin of Russian Prime Minister Pyotr Stolypin.

"And that particularly putrid postulated puke is Yakov Mikhailovich Yurovsky..." spake Joseph Carey Merrick: "the asshole who murdered the Romanov family and their friends."

Thence didst Merrick begin pointing out and naming certain others in the steaming cauldron of the beast's belly: These were: A. G. Kabanov, M. A. Medvedev (Kudrin), P. S. Medvedev, V. N. Netribin, G. P. Nikulin, Y. M. Tselms, S. P. Vaganov, and P. Z. Yermakov - and Filipp Isayevich Goloshchekin.

Then Joseph Carey Merrick touched Faustus gently upon one shoulder, to gain his full attention, and pointing to the beast. He said, "Look. See how, in the one hand it is holding Isaac, and in the other hand Ishmael, and being swallowed in his mouth, ass up, is Abraham."

"Abraham! The father of the Jew and the Arab!?" quipped Faustus. "How can this be? Are not the Jews God's Chosen People!?"

"No more than are neither the Muslims… nor the Christians;" saith the guide to his ward. "None are above Judgment nor in condemnation for Synne be any insolvent."

"Nor I, myself," squeaked Faustus. "Neither me can save us Iself, either—as us fears in Life, death and in dying, ever-life unyielding. I am doomed."

"These who fight within themselves and amongst each other will be the death of the mercantile world of fecundating flesh." answered Joseph Carey Merrick. "For, just as Jacob son of Isaac betrayed his mistress Hājar daughter of the king of Maghreb when he discovered that she was pregnant—as he abandoned her and his son Ishmaa'eel to die of thirst in the Wilderness of Beersheba. So, too, just the same, the maggoty sons of Jacob the Blowfly went into Egypt and made an outcast of pharaoh there, in his own land, establishing the ithyphallic Hyksos High Priesthood of Amun by the hook and with the scourge."

Strothe! Thereby, on Ayyabum's right side stood Saint Michael the Taxiarch Arch-Angel, with Two Snowy-Feathered Wings, holding a finger of his right hand to the lance which pierced the side of the serpent on the cross, blood and water flowing from the wound. In his left hand he held a scale. And he was fully armoured with blue fire, with helmet, sword and shield—and the shield was engraved with the words: "Quis ut Deus." His lance was as lightning.

Spake the Arch-Angel, his voice the sound of trumpets sounding with unmistakable clarity, says: "Parousia."

Faustus was overcome by a great o'erwelming feeling of peace.

The Great Prince St. Michael the Taxiarch spoke again, saying, "By Horus, whence the hour of the morning of the third day is come, thence thou shalt surely passeth entirely out of Heaven, together with the stars, the imperishable stars."

Joseph Carey Merrick quietly said to Faust, "Ayyabum, Koshar and Zabilunu were three contemporary Bronze Age rulers within Shutu, when Shamu-abu ruled Lower Shuru and Yalanis-'ammu ruled Upper Shutu and Ammi-inshi ruled the agricultural and pastoral territories of Upper Retinu in south Syria (north-west Jordon), which was a tented kingdom called Kushu (later Moab), south of Shutu in what became Edom, between Moab and Midian. The Edomites, being descended from Esau, brother of Jacob son of Isaac, went in to the hill country of Seir and killed Seir the Horite, who was a cave-dweller, and took over the land calling it Edom. Edom, too, was a tent nation of tribal clan-chiefs."

Joseph Carey Merrick also said, "Ayyabum's maternal grand father was Nahor's son, Uz the elder, the brother of Buz. The daughter of Uz the Elder married Dishan the Horite; their firstborn son was named Uz after her father, and the other son was called Aran. The Horites were caste rulers who controlled the trade routes and water systems (at a time when the Sahara, Arabia, and Mesopotamia were wetter). They were devotees of Horus. They lived in the desolate wilderness, in the clefts of the valleys and in caves. Shaved-headed priests with shaved bodies offering sacrifices [ ] and worshipping fire."

And Faustus saw three women thereby. Princess Uzit (Sitidos) of the land of Uz, Ayyubum's first wife—the devil's accomplice, a diabolical fury, with her hair shorn short; weeping, she saith to him, loudly crying: "Dost thou still retain thy integrity?"

To which Ayyabum's reply was, simply: "Should we accept only good from God and not evil?"

Dinah—a daughter of Jacob, was his concubine; she spoke bitter words to the other woman, saying, "Because Shechem has committed an outrage in Israel..."

And the first wife answered, answering herself, angrily saying, "Curse God and die!"

To which Ayyabum responded: "You talk as any shameless woman would talk!"

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Ayyabum's young unmarried mistress, however, stood there, dumb and motionless... unable to say or do anything.

"She is like Cordelia, the good daughter of Lear," said Joseph Carey Merrick to Faustus. "Listen, she speaks at last."

"Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave my heart into my mouth…" said she, speaking to Faustus, looking him in the eye. Forsooth, though he sympathized with her... what words could he speak? And, sure, shouldst he deign speak… what shouldst him so saith!?

Three girls were standing nearby, Ayyabum's daughters by Dinah: Jimimah the Dove, the eldest and most beautiful, playing the lyre and singing as the Angels sing; Keziah, the second born, holding an incense pan with aromatic cinnamon smoking in it, and she sang praises of all the Acts of Heaven; and Keren-happuch, the youngest, her darkened eyes streaming tears of green antimony over her deathly-pale face, as she beat on a drum, as her spake in the language of the cherubim. Nowhere ever were there any more beautiful females to be found.

Three men, Ayyubum's friends: King Eliphaz of Teman (Edom), Bildad of Shuah, and Zophar the Naamathite, all stood around him lamenting, "Wither has thy glory gone?" Each offering praise in that their Secret Sin is taken away.

Eliphaz said, "You are being punished for your sins."

Zophar said, "You suffer because of God's arbitrary mood swings."

Bildad said, "You are being tested to receive a greater reward."

Zophar said, "You suffer because God is bipolar."

Elihu the Buzite, a wild beast that looks like a man, was there, come amongst them from outside of their circle around Ayyabum, him imbued with the contemptuous spirit of Satan, mocking the baptizing Teacher of Righteousness by speaking hard words to Ayyabum, saying, "Prepare the Way for the Lord."

Joseph Carey Merrick said to Faustus: "He is called the evil one, the son of darkness, the lover of the Serpent, Zephoni the Northern one, and the hater of Saints."

And there was a great disembodied mourning sound filling the air, with the cries and the groans of the dieing and the damned—it was a ferocious, rabid-drooling three-headed pit-bull... and this lay down at Ayyabum's feet and began to lick suppurating puss oozing from the leprous sores on his legs, assuaging his agonies somewhat... and he smiled and laid soft hand down upon the creature to pet… stoking its fearsome heads.

Joseph Carey Merrick thence said Faust: "Dinah daughter of Leah the Wild Cow and Jacob son of Abraham was violated by Shechem son of Hamor, a Canaanite or Hivite prince."

Just as him was speaking, a frog-headed woman clothed in stars approached them, a torch in one hand and a great golden key in the other.

“She is known to the Egyptians as Heqet, and to the Greeks as Hekátē,” Joseph Carey Merrick said, “and to the Romans as Trivia, the Witch Queen of Ghosts - upon whose alter Iphigenia was sacrificed.”

So it was then that the vision herself began changing into an immense wall of flames—through which Faustus was conveyed by Merrick on their chariot, now passing away into another nether realm—and Faustus heard the frog-headed woman speak to him, in his passing away… and the sound of her voice was the sound of a myriad of barking frogs, saying, “Dinah was conceived as a male in Leah’s womb but miraculously changed into a female.”

And cameth riding up upon a white bull beside them, in the fire, another woman—one whose flesh was crawling with snakes and scorpions and centipedes.

“She is Pasiphaë, the mother of Asterion the Minotaur by the White Bull, sister of Circe the Sorceress—both, the aunts of Medea the Sorceress, who killed and dismembered her brother and scattered the pieces on Circe’s island... doing so out of her love for Jason the Argonaut of the Golden Fleece; and she also conspired with the daughters of power-hungry Pelias to kill their father—and they cut him to pieces and threw them into a pot. Pelias and Neleus were twin sons of Poseidon’s lust for their mother Tyro daughter of King Salmoneus of Elis and Alcide daughter of King Aleus of Arcadia, the founder of the cult of Athena at Alea. And Alcide bore Salmoneus a son but she killed him, before giving birth to the twins. Sidero the Iron One was their step-mother, but the twins killed her atop an alter dedicated to Hera for her having mistreated their mother—for she had tricked Tyro into killing her firstborn, telling her that the newborn would kill her father. And when Jason abandoned her, Medea avenged her husband’s betrayal by murdering her own children by him.”

And Faustus said to Joseph Carey Merrick, his guide out of the depths of hell and through the fire: “Wouldst that I’d rather be shown good Rachel the Ewe, sister of Leah the Wild Cow, the daughters of Laban son of Bethuel son of Nahor son of Terah, the wives of Jacob son of Isaac son of Abraham.”

The Daughters of Abraham

Joseph Carey Merrick thence spake, saying: “Rachel, as were her mothers Rebecca and Sarai before her, was unable to conceive… for all their husbands were impotent to them. So she, herself, grew jealous of her sister Leah, and in doing so she gavest Jacob her maidservant, bashful Bilhah daughter of Ahotay and Hannah, to be a surrogate mother for her—and she gave birth to two sons. And Leah also likewise gave her maidservant, Zilpah, who was younger than Bilhah—and she also gave birth to two sons in the competition between Jacob’s wives to bear him sons. But Ahotay is just another name for Laban, and Hannah, the mother of Bilhah and Zilpah, was his concubine.

Then Joseph Carey Merrick said, “Isaac son of Abraham and Sarai married Rebecca, the sister of Laban, and they were the children of Bethuel, the youngest son of Abraham’s brother Nahor and Milcah daughter of her father’s brother Haran, who died in Ur Kaśdim of the Chaldees. So too didst Isaac, to purchase a wife for him, sendeth he his servant Eliezer the Damascene son of King Nimrod of Shinar son of Cush and great-grandson of Noah, who were mighty hunters of men on the earth in the face of God—yea! Didst naught their father, the Devil, build Twin Towers of Pleasure and Shame in the ziggurat city of Babel. And sure! Isaac’s servant found Rebecca, who wore a veil when she wed him... as wouldst Tamar the Temple Priestess Whore, called Thuya, in her time whence she wed Judah, called Yuya.”

Faust then heard Rebecca’s family singing—their voices emerging from within a swirling mass of colour that burst around them, everywhere—a joyous sound which came out of the fire and smoke: “Our sister, may you come—you who be thousands of myriads, and may your offspring inherit the gate of its foe.” And then Faust heard Isaac’s family recite the same saying in the same way… but, rather than being within, being without—all the same. And the sounds of those voices coalesced and repeated over-and-over until they became a garbled noise that faded and echoed and, at last, silenced.

And distinct shapes began to indiscriminately form and dissolve as swirling colours transformed into the darkness of space—an outer space of darkness filled with far-off stars.

They aimlessly flew aloft over the earth, and Joseph Carey Merrick said to Faust: “Lot was Milcah’s brother, who went with Abram through the Mitanni possessions of Haran, their brother and uncle, and goeth them through the land of the Hittites and the disputed Land Between of Promise into Egypt... for pharaoh was Sarai’s brother even as her husband was her brother, and, verily, Egypt would welcome them. Princess Sarai of the Hittites was ten years younger than her brother-husband Abram, who was later called Abraham.

“Now, while Abraham was with Melchizadok, the High Priest of the Salem Cult, quick came the four kings from out of the rising sun [ ] and sorry smote the five wicked cities of Lot, especially so Sodom the king’s pleasure city and Gomorrah, whereof the nephew of the Patriarch took his pleasure. The other three cities of his dominion were one, which belonged to his priests, and another, whereof was stationed his chariots, and a third, which was a mercantile investment.”

Hearing this, Faustus lost control of his heart and babbled in tongues, saying: “The Prince of Peace... without mother, without father, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life...”

“Indeed,” Joseph Carey Merrick replied, “Christ Jesus was called of God a High Priest forever of the order of Melchizadok.”

Immediately, appeared from out of nowhere the demon Belial—the father of Lucifer, a conjoined twin [ ] lawless and worthless, sitting on a bloody pile of severed body parts collected under it in a chariot of fire pulled by a fire-breathing winged-serpent with four clawed feet... and Caligula, the most fucked up of the Caesars, was his charioteer.

Belial was screaming, “May He never rise.”

Caligula was screaming, “I have the right to do anything to anyone.”

And darkness came with them, blocking out the celestial lamps, forcing Joseph Carey Merrick and Faustus to descend from the empyreal.

And Cain and Judas and Nero were flying like horrible wingless cherubim around Belial’s chariot.

And bearded Cain, clothed in animal hides, was like any other wild man, with long, uncombed hair and wielding a heavy wooden club.

And Judas, like a wolf clad in sheep’s skin, with a rope around his neck and his bloody guts hanging out of a gaping wound in his stomach, called out “I am the One.” His long hair and beard were well-combed, though.

And Legion, following behind, flocked around him not as the one containing the many but as the many of the one mind—the “hive mind”—clustered, screaming and hissing and cussing, calling out, “What’s that to us?” and “You have betrayed innocent blood.” and “You have sinned.”

And Cain and Judas each grabbed at their chariot of kaleidoscopic and sparkling light, striking it and shaking it, taunting Faustus with vile threats of pain beyond death.

Nero flew up by them, wearing a blood-soaked purple toga embroidered with gold thread and crowned with a laurel wreath, making an appalling noise on a harp, weeping and singing woefully, crying out: “What an artist dies in me.” His hair was curled and framed his face, and though he had sideburns, he was otherwise clean-shaven. Mistress Sporus, a young boy dressed in a sleeveless stola and wearing a veil, holding his bleeding testicles in his hands, his wrists bleeding from self-inflicted wounds, hovered in the air close by Nero, who had castrated him.

Then came upon them of a sudden, the sovereign goddess Anāhita, wearing a mantle bordered in purple and embroidered with gold and bearing the sacred plant hoama in her hand, standing in her chariot—it pulled by four wild horses: Wind, Rain, Cloud and Sleet.

A boisterous north wind began to blow in their teeth and the air around them grew cold, filled with lightning, cracking like a whip, which struck their chariot and rocked it.

Faustus was terrified... and rightfully so. For far below them was an empty chasm, and should he tumble from the chariot because of what was going on around him, there would be no end to his descent. He closed his eyes in terror; his heart pounded like a drum in his ears; his body trembled and shivered in a cold sweat.

“O please... O please... O please...” Faustus sobbed. “O Lord save us—save me.”

Joseph Carey Merrick, though, just laughed him to scorn, saying, “Be of good cheer and trust to fortune, it is I who is with you; be not afraid.”

Then, as suddenly as they had appeared, the demonic host which tormented them was gone—as if chased off by the goddess. The wind died down and the darkness of space was replaced by thick clouds, which enveloped them so that they had difficulty seeing each other. Then, emerging into daylight, Faustus looked and saw the green waters of the Mediterranean surging far beneath them. But any salvatory hopes he might have harboured as they first passed over the surging sea so as to fly away o’er above land now beneath them, floundered whence he heard a far off rumbling sound that sounded like thunder. Though the sun was setting, he could yet still plainly see a great cloud of dust moving over the earth like a pillar of smoke... and as night chased the shadows away below them, he could see that the pillar of smoke metamorphed into a pillar of fire.

The March of Mankind

As flewest so them… beneath them marched a parade of humanity—doing cart-wheels and summersaults came Lucy, tumbling and rolling (as Shepherd-King David wouldst so do himself along the Dolorous Procession, in his time, him parading naked before the Holy Ark of the Covenant). A whole melee of people followed, all tumbling and rolling together as clumsily as the blind leading the blind: Heidelbergensis and Habilis, Rudolfensis and Floresienis, Erectus, Neanderthal, and Sapiens—and other sech homos in procession… thence so less and less of some and of others, the same, less and less… until alone there were only the Sapiens… towards the end of the parade—at the close of that day, in particular.

Joseph Carey Merrick said: “The beginning of this most human story commences with whence Andon and Fonta and the Andonic Aborigines moved northwards to avoid living with their inferior tree-dwelling relatives. When migration was blocked by the ice and, as the dispersing tribes became more increasingly hostile towards one another, they instinctively sought to escape the danger of mingling with the inferior simian tribes.

“In the forest man has always deteriorated... so they avoided the forest in contrast to the habits of their nonhuman relatives. The descendants of Andon and Fonta migrated far to the west and the east. The groups going west were less contaminated than those going east, who mingled freely with their retarded animal cousins; these unprogressive individuals drifting southward and mating with inferior tribes. Later on, increasing numbers of these mongrels returned north to mate with the Andonic peoples... deteriorating the superior stock and dragging the civilized worship of the Breath Giver back into bestiality, threatening civilization with extinction at the Dawn of Time.

“The arts of Andon and Fonta and culture of Onagar were even then vanishing... flint-working was at its lowest ebb. Large numbers of inferior mongrel groups were arriving in Celtic lands, their bloodlines so mixed with the apelike forest creatures that they were scarcely human; these crude people barely possessed sufficient intelligence to kindle fire. They were followed in Europe by a somewhat superior and prolific people—the Heidelberg race.

“With flint was born fire, and with fire was made a wheel, and in the cave of the Clan of the Hand—a sorcerer used a boy and turned him against his mother so as to learn the secrets of the women. Later, the sorcerer would blame the boy for his own failings as a father and invent sacrifice upon mountain tops to appease imaged terrors in far-off volcanoes and lightning storms. The Era of the Daughters of Eve—and of the Love of the Mother ended whence Sapiens Cain sleweth so his brother Able the Neanderthal, at the Cave City of Jericho, at heart of the Land Between of Promise—and whereat shall hapstance the Armageddon Battle of Ragnarok—at time’s end.

“Thus are the Asiatics of Nod: Abel had a twin sister named Qelimath or Azûrâ (or Aklia); and Cain had a twin sister named Lebuda or Luluwa. Their younger brother, Seth, also married his sister, Azûrâ daughter of Eve of Adam.

“And after Cain sleweth his brother Able with a stone, in a fit of jealous anger over his beautiful sister Aclima’s unrequited love and her reciprocated intimacy with their brother, Abel, Cain abducted and raped his ugly sister Awân—and fleeing together, those two of them became fugitives and wanderers... forever… exiled from the cursed earth of their birthright—never to return.

“In the land of Nod, east of Eden, Awân bore Cain an inbred son named Enoch... who built the first city. Enoch fathered seventy-seven children by two wives—and Irad, who was a rebellious “bad seed,” was foremost among them. Then Enoch took his sister Nôâm to wife.

“Cainan ben Enos of Êldâ had taken his sister Mualeleth to wife and fathered Irad the Wild Ass, who was the father of Mehujael the Shepherd the father of Methushael the Suppliant, who lived for 969 years, the father of Lamech the Destroyer, a rude ruffian (fearing neither God nor man), who took two wives—gorgeously-adorned Adah… and Zillah, whose jewelry jingled, both the daughters of Cainan, the metal-smith, the son of Enos the first mortal son of Seth the son of Adam of Eve.

“Adah and Zillah degraded the dignity of womanhood, though, in draping themselves with external ornaments to disguise their inner beauty. Adah bare two sons: Jabal, the father of tent-dwellers and slavery, and Jubal, the first to play music on the harp: and Zillah, who was barren... in her old age bare Tubal-Cain, an alchemist and metallurgist which wrought bronze and iron, and his sister, Naamah—a stunning girl, who by her tempting allure and feminine charm induced men to humiliate themselves before her even more so than before any other woman... and by the wantonness and vain mechanizations of her triumph fell more deeply into sin.

“The visible mark of Cain being the epicanthic fold and lower-based nose bridge of Asiatic mongoloids, shared by red-headed guttural Neanderthals in following animal migrations from the Lapp’s land, and through Siberia, across the Bearing Strait Land-Bridge and Gobi Desert and Tibetan highlands, and down along the Pacific seaboard through Lemurian Oceania and to Easter Island and Antarctica—places of pilgrimage later.”

Of the Race of Iron Age Giants and the Sons of God

Joseph Carey Merrick continued to speak, so saying: “Adapa was one of the seven Apkallu demigods of Sumer, which worshipped Enki before the Deluge. Goliath and King Og of Bashan were of the giants of Canaan: the Rephaim, the Emim, the Zamsummim, the Anakim, who were one people, and the Nephilim.

“Chedorlaomer, whose god was Amraphel, and the three kings that were with him; that is King Tidal of Goiim and King Arioch of Ellassr and the semi-nomadic King Tudiya of Abarsal [ ] defeated the Rephaim in Ashteroth-karnaim and the Zuzim in Ham and the Emim in Shaveh-kiriathim, whereat the Emim lived, in Moab formerly, a great and numerous people as tall as the Anakim. Like the Anakim they are regarded as Rephaim, but the Moabites call them Emim.

“It was in the land of the Ammonites, which was also regarded as the land of the Rephaim, for Rephaim formerly lived in it, but the Ammonites called them Zamsummim. And the Rephaim, the Emim, the Zamsummim once lived together in that land east of the Jordan River and the Dead Sea.

“The Anakim were a tribe of the Rephaim that lived west of the Jordan River and the Dead Sea. Anak was the forefather of the Anakim, a mixed-race of giants descended from the Nephilim. Ahiman, Sheshai and Talmai were the sons of Anak, which were driven out of the land of Hebron, south of Jerusalem, and slain by Caleb. The Nephilim, though—not to be confused with the “fallen Angels”—were offspring of those uncircumcised “sons of God” (descended from Seth) and of other “daughters of men” (the unrighteous descendants of Cain) before the Deluge, who inhabited Canaan at the time of the Israelite conquest.

“Chedorlaomer and his confederates smote the Rephaite in Ashteroth, where King Og of Bashan had his residence. The Dead Kings now rule the spirits of the dead in the Netherworld. Abishai slew Ishbi-benob, a Philistine giant… and the boy-child David slew Goliath. This was the end of the races of giants born of titans amongst mankind—and began a new era for humanity.”

The Four Kings of Mesopotamia and the Battle of Shittim

Joseph Carey Merrick said, “King Lot of the Five Cities of Siddim of the Plain was living with his wife and their two living daughters... but they were all saved from destruction of those wicked cities by the Two Angels from atop Bread Mountain, which took them out into the desert and left them safe. And Ba'al cast down lightning fire and brimstone upon the city and burned it and its inhabitants, and the Rider on the Clouds laid waste to the country with burning, likewise. Still, the family of Lot was kept safe... but upon their journey out of harm his wife looked aback in remembrance of her harlotry thereof as a Sodomite—and she was turned into a pillar of salt.

“Thereafter, Lot dwelt in a cave with his two daughters... but these grew lustful and got their father drunk on wine, and when he was drunk they each incestuously lay with him as his wife would and became pregnant by him. Thus, the older daughter conceived Moab, father of the Moabites, and the younger daughter conceived Ben-Ammi, father of the Ammonites.”

Three Harlots

Joseph Carey Merrick then pointed out the land of Shechem below them, saying, "When Jacob had purchased land from him and pitched his tent, Shechem took Dinah daughter of Jacob and he lay with her and he so humbled her. Jacob demanded the bride-price to be paid wouldst be that the men of the land be circumcised. And it was so. And when it had come to pass the Shechem and the other men of the land were circumcised, and sore, two of the sons of Leah and Jacob, Simeon and Levi, took their swords and came upon the city at unawares, and killed all the men thereof. They slew Hamor and his son Shechem with the sword, and took their sister Dinah out of Shechem's house, and went away. And the sons of Jacob plundered whatever was in the city and in the field, all their wealth, and their little ones and their wives, all that was in the houses."

And Faustus saw Jacob chastise his sons, speaking unto them as him chastised them—but only with words, saying: "You have brought trouble on me by making me odious to the inhabitants of the land, the Canaanites and the Perizzites; my numbers are few, and if they gather themselves against me and attack me, I shall be destroyed, both I and my household."

And Faustus heard them answer, "Should he treat our sister as a harlot."

Then Joseph Carey Merrick told Faustus the story of Tamar—an Israelite whore, calling her "a half-caste Hyksos-Egyptian harlot"—and a vision was revealed to Faust of Tamar removing her widow's garments and taking up the veil, and prostituting herself at the Asherah Pole in Timnah to Judah, her father-in-law, securing his signet ring, staff, and cord, in pawn for a pledge to return with a young goat. Sure, eh! There was none Temple thereat but for the Sacred Grove at the foot of the mountain pass up to the alter of burnt sacrifice unto the Ba'al living thereupon above it—and governing the Law of the Land in thunder and augury. So, too, didst he see as to how Judah would have burned her but could not do so as she was in lawful possession of the pawn he had pledged."

Faustus saw how she gave birth to the twins, Zerah and Perez; how Zerah first put out his hand and the midwife bound a scarlet thread around his wrist, and how he drew it back so that his brother should become firstborn—but he was a breech birth—and they were thus born of cesarean section.

"And this is the beginning of the Christ the son of Shepherd-King David son of Solomon the Wise!" Faustus remarked to Joseph Carey Merrick as the vision began to change again.

Merrick answered, saying: "Rahab was a Canaanite prostitute who lived in Jericho—the oldest city in the Middle East… and, originally, a cave city where they worshipped fire and a triad of moon goddesses and later began practicing human sacrifice in cannibalistic orgies at the end of the Neolithic age, and in the beginning of the Civilized Age of Copper. Rahab was a madam and ran a brothel wherein she harbored the two spies sent out by Joshua to inspect Jericho—which is in remembrance of the Two Men from Bread Mountain didst for Lot did in Sodom."

stylus

The Second Part of the Vision

As they flew up through the night air together, circling o'er the Holy Land Between of Promise, below, Joseph Carey Merrick spake to Faustus: "Laban was a brother-in-law to Isaac and, both, a father-in-law and uncle to Jacob, the younger brother of hairy Esau the Red, whom Rebecca and Isaac tricked, stealing his birthright and his blessing, fleeing to the Aramean kingdom of Paddam Aram in Mesopotamia, near Harran, where the outlaws Abram and his father Terah had settled after leaving Ur Kaśdim of the Chaldees—while en route to Canaan. Abram hadst destroyed all the blue-eyed idols of the temple and left Shinar with his nephew, going first there to Harran… and thence to whereof they were whence Justice discovered them being bold rather than humble in hiding."

Later, as the two flew over the land so that birds in the trees couldst be discerned (and their songs heard), as him wast pointing out a particular cave, Joseph Carey Merrick said: "This hole is Machpelah—the cave of the double-tombs: in the one cave lay the Patriarchs: Adam, Abraham, Jacob, and Isaac; and in the other cave lay the Matriarchs: Eve, Sarah, Rebecca, and Leah.

Faustus replied, "This Valley of the Kings and Valley of the Queens are a most high Holy place."

Joseph Carey Merrick just laughed. The chariot of kaleidoscopic and sparkling light descended, and Merrick landed it on the rocky earth beneath the mountain wherein the cave was.

"The moon is horned," Faustus remarked, "and I see the planet Venus, the morning star. Does this bode ill for me,?"

"You must go on alone, now, Faustus." said Joseph Carey Merrick... as he and the chariot both vanished.

"Enter of your own volition... and you will see what is yet in your heart." were Merrick's final words in parting. So Faustus stumbled up the mountain face… and he entered into the cave, feeling alone in Spirit and afraid at heart, his imaginations running amok with his heart pounding in his ears, straining to hear silence... and, after a long while of wandering… venturing further deeper into seemingly endless recess, him drawing ever-closer to a growing light, a beacon in the emptiness which drew him ever-onwards, until at last he came at last to the end of the passage.

The Stone is rolled Away

Faustus entered a dimly lit chamber, in silence, and he found four fiery-bright gleaming beings standing like canopic jars amidst broken and scattered bones—a scene seemingly as if happening long ago, whereof these desecrating grave robbers had comest to pillage the crypt. Faustus could see that there were six fractured skulls strewn about haphazardly on the rough stone floor of the cave... so too were there six broken mandibles. Faustus could also make out pottery shards as he

stylus

picked his way through the gruesome debris… and for a moment his mind flashed aback to Ayyabum (Job)

The voice of Elihu the Buzite quietly came to mind: “Prepare the Way for the Lord.”

One of the four fiery-bright gleaming beings was an Angel named Metatron the Youth, a prince of the Divine Presence holding a long, silvery trumpet—him who sat enthroned upon the moon... waiting for the Day of Judgment in which he was to blast his horn. His was a monumental effigy—his flesh was like flame, and his veins like fire, his eye-lashes were flashes of lightning, and his eyeballs flaming torches. At his feet reposed a brass lion—a symbol of his valour and nobility. Another of the four fiery-bright gleaming beings was High Chancellor Adramelech of the Order of the Fly, who was president of the high council of devils, and the superintendent of the king of demons’ wardrobe. He had a human body, the head of a mule, and a kaleidoscopic tail like a fiery peacock—and all the eyes of its tail were fiery orbs like stars. At his feet rested a graven idol of gold in the shape of a horned cow.

Metatron the Youth and Adramelech

Whilest pagan Sepharites—each a personification of one of the ten lost tribes—which hadst been gathered together in the shadows, chanting hymns, divinations and enchantments in Angelic tongues… emerged into the dim-glowing light… bringing, each, a swaddling babe in arms; they also sacrificed these children to Adramelech by burning them alive on pyres or placing them alive inside of heated bronze ovens shaped like brazen cows (called Moloch), which would emit cries and moans out its mouth as the victims were cooked inside... hands and arms reaching out of the yawning gap like flaming tongues licking the sides of its mouth. Adramelech, as “the king of fire,” was one of the two throne demons along with Asmodeus.

Adramelech—the enemy of God—was greater in ambition, guile and mischief than Satan. A fiend more crust… and a deeper hypocrite.

Both Sepharitic beings—that is, Metatron the Youth and Adramelech—each wore one of the two cold slabs of carved stone on their chests—these things, each, were fashioned from the broken pieces of the two Sinaic Tablets of the Covenant (engraved by the Finger of God), which Moses had cast down to the earth, breaking them forever, upon him seeing the Israelites orgiastically dancing and singing in whorey around the Golden Calf they hadst so fashioned at the very Gates into the Wilderness of Wandering.

“Who… who are you,” saith Faustus, his voice nothing more than a quiet whisper of a breath.

Metatron said, “I have been young and now I am old.”

Adramelech said nothing to him... merely pointing out a small opening in the cavern wall close to the floor.

Metatron said, “You can escape from the wilderness of this world into the Promised Land of Heaven...”—and then he, too, pointed the way to Faustus.

Faustus instinctively knew—without a doubt—that he must follow this path which had been chosen for him—or else—and so he forthwith resigned himself to this decision made for him ere he recognized him having to must be make such a choice: Thus, he boldly strode between the two grandiose beings, although he seemingly began to feel as if he were shrinking in their presence... or was it that they, in their magnificence, who wast growing, more-and-more becoming luminous!?

Faustus’ head lolled lower-and-lower until he was on the ground crawling... thence, prostrate on his belly, slithering like a snake. Thus was it that he entered into the opening and disappeared down the tunnel.

The brilliance in the cavern behind him diminished... leaving him cloaked in blackness once again. So it was that he belly-crawled along, snaking his way through the tight tunnel—like a baby wanting to free itself of the womb—until, at last, he was reborn into a wider section of the tunnel and groping his way on his hands and knees... until, at last, he could stand on his feet and stumble through the darkness... until, of a sudden, he sensed a growing cacophony of flickering light... and heard the voice of man.

The man’s voice was garbled and muffled at first.

Faustus strained his ears listening as he approached closer to what was obviously the end of the passage—a bright hole that gaped open before him. He saw them then, three figures—shadows really. These three shadows seemed be were moving about—dancing as it were against craggy, jagged stone walls around him... containing his body (as his body contained his mind) exposed to a flickering light at what appeared to be the end of the tunnel. Cautiously, he inched himself forward, peeping out. The man’s voice was louder now, the words more clearly pronounced and understandable.

“Cry out loud,” mocked the man’s voice—the man pointing towards Ayyabum as him stood up in their midst. “Cry out loud, for he is a god... and, either he is lost (as in thought), or he has wandered away (from life), or he is on a journey… or, perhaps, he is sleeping and must be awakened.”

Faustus feeling it was safe... revealed himself, moving closer into the light, drawing nigh before him who was speaking—speaking…! but not speaking to him.

The Libertines

Here was a slovenly man with a protruding stomach, wearing a powdered wig and plainly dressed in dark clothing with a stained white shirt that was graying with age; he was being fawned over by two beautiful, all too innocent teenage girls with dark hair and brown eyes, wearing ragged Prussian blue dresses and dirty, torn white blouses and red Phrygian Liberty

caps, each having a tri-coloured cockade on them. These three were standing together at the foot of a smaragdos (emerald) statue of Melqart wielding a massive club and draped in a lion-skin.

“Welcome.” the man said, his mouth and chin were stained purple from the wine he had indulged in. “I am Citoyen de Sade and these comely wenches are Éponine and Azelma the Spoiler, her sister. We have been sent by the god of Fatal Laughter to welcome you to this place...”

It was obvious to Faustus that Éponine was the elder—she held a flaming torch in her hand.

“It took you fucking long enough to get here, asshole,” sniped the younger girl.

“Wha... what... who...” stuttered Faustus: “do you mean to tell me that you’re waiting for me?”

De Sade said, “But why else would we be lingering about this dismal place, monsieur?”

“I don’t understand...” Faustus responded. “Who sent you?”

“Would you believe me if I told you that a vision of Angels sent by God sent us hither to you!?” De Sade chuckled, continuing to speak, saying: “God directed me here with instructions to await your arrival and conduct you with due haste to a great feast... and these two fine sluts came with me—so to speak…”

Azelma cut him off, hissing at Faustus, saying, “What’s the matter, asshole? Are you afraid?”

“No, I...” Faustus began to speak but the young girl cut him off.

“Well... you better be afraid, fucker.” she said menacingly.

“If I was you I’d be afraid...” said Éponine. “I’d be very afraid, fucker—afraid of Azelma.”

“Azelma,” laughed de Sade! “Éponine, be kind to our guest. Not everyone is against you, though people mostly for themselves.”

“He wants something from me...” Azelma fussed. “Look at the dirty old pig... he can’t take his eyes off of me.”

“I… I don’t...” mumbled Faustus.

“But what do you think this fucker you just met wants from you—your sassy little cunt?” asked de Sade, ignoring Faustus.

Holding her torch closer to Faustus, Éponine snickered and blurted out, “What do you think he wants, Master?”

“He wants what every man wants from me... my hot little ass,” Azelma spat in a furry: her spitting at Faustus, but her spittle falling short of him.

stylus

“I don’t want her...” retorted Faustus… but he was just ignored by the others, who continued to taunt him, talking about him as if he wasn’t even there.

“Don’t be such a hussy,” Éponine sternly said, to Azelma. “If this pig wants anybody’s hot little ass—it’s my hot little ass.”

Éponine turned her ass-end towards Faustus, hoisting up her tattered dress to reveal plump white buttocks—and her slapped one butt-cheek softly—slap-slap-slap—and de Sade slapped her ass-cheek hard—whap—leaving a red-glowing hand print whereat him struck her soft rear.

“Ow!” Éponine squealed… but not in pain. Instead, she squealed in perverse joy—and her sister tittered, producing her plump bum for de Sade to slap, also—which him so didst.

“Girls, girls, don’t bicker,” de Sade responded.

“Weee!” squealed Azelma, dancing in place. “Again! Again!”

“If this piggy wants to play bopeep with you...” continued de Sade. “I’m sure you are both ably sufficiently to satisfy his carnal desires.”

“Me,” Éponine cooed, holding her torch low nearer to her bum, to alight her shaking her ass more intensely. “I wanna have fun, too!”

Éponine farted and the torch fire alighted the gases farting out her arse.

“She blew you a kiss, Faustus.” De Sade laughed. Azelma laughed and laughed, as well.

De Sade filled his hands full of both girls’ bums and squeezed them. The two lusty sluts thence adroitly turned to embrace him, plying him with caresses and kisses—reaching into his shirt and pants—and taking up his hands in theirs and plying these to their soft, hard little breast—both girls having ope’d their blouses somewhat to expose these pink-tipped mounds of flesh.

“Come along then, fellow... and be delighted.”

“I don’t want...” Faustus mumbled.

“But, monsieur,” said de Sade, “Everybody wants something. Come... come along... I’ve seen enough of this dreary place. Let us escape reality together and get lost for awhile in fantasy alive in the pleasures of the sensual flesh…”

“I don’t want...” Faustus mumbled again.

“Very well,” saith de Sade, disentangling him from the girl’s wayward hands, disentangling him from the cage of their caresses—the fleshy bars of their limbs—those pure limbs wrapped about his.

stylus

“If you won’t…” saith de Sade.

Both girls interrupted, anxiously, shouting and squealing: “Play with us!” Or, “Play with me.” Or, “Play with her… if you won’t…”

De Sade, though, disengaged him from them and turning, a bit, began to walk off—somewhere uncertain. The two girls, each one, holding one of their Master’s hands, dancing along by his side—them, both, looking back at Faustus and laughing hysterically.

Faustus followed after the trio mutely, as a sheep following its shepherd.

“What is—uh—where is this place?” Faustus asked after a long while following his guides like an obedient dog... him in contemplative silence, not really hearing the girls spit insults back at him.

“You’re a stupid fucking cunt…” spat Éponine.

“No!” Azelma retorted. “A cunt has a purpose… this pig is no fun!”

“Fuck you,” said Éponine—laughing: “You useless fuck-pig!”

Faustus ignored both of the girl’s rude taunting, and him spake again (to de Sade): “Uh-um! Where be us going?”

“Nowhere, really...” answered de Sade, nonchalantly—yawning as if bored.

“Well,” said Faustus, “it has to be somewhere... after all... I’m here aren’t I? and so are you… and we’re walking… together… going… where!?”

“Here in this place you are who you think you are... but, regardless of how you perceive and present yourself...” said Éponine.

Azelma butted in, finishing her older sister’s sentence, saying: “The others see you for who you really are.”

Éponine continued speaking unabated: “You’re nothing…”

“It’s true,” said de Sade, putting an arm around Faustus. “There’s no lying or denying it, but this place is teeming with unequivocal liars, perjurious fabulists, and prevaricatous tricksters... but, why fret, whence it’s so much simpler just to take things at face value.”

Éponine spoke up, saying, “In short, monsieur... what you see is what you get.”

“You see people not as they really are,” chimed in Azelma, “but as you really want to see them.”

“So if you don’t like what you are seeing...” said de Sade, “maybe you should just look long and hard at yourself.”

“And don’t be a god-damn hypocritical and judgmental prude, you old bastard,” laughed Éponine, turning and running off down the dark tunnel hitherto into unrealized recesses set ablaze as alighted by the burning brand she yet held in hand.

“Come, come, monsieur,” said de Sade, with a hearty half-laugh, “but it is quite rude to keep a lady waiting… and, if we are to get where we are going... really… we should be going.”

Thus the four of them disappeared into the shaft... the jagged walls alive with dancing shadows cast by the flickering flame of Éponine’s flambeau.

Éponine remarked to Faustus: “Torches just don’t grow on trees down here.”

“What do you mean...” replied Faustus, “of course they do... its wood isn’t it?”

“And just where do you think it came from?” Éponine snapped, “Have you seen any trees growing down here... or roots, even?”

“Well,” said Faustus, “where did you get it then... I suppose M. de Sade’s Angel gave to you.”

“No, shithead,” said Azelma smartly. “We got it from one of the devils which come amongst us occasionally trading things of necessity for sexual favours.”

Azelma the Spoiler was mostly lying to him... at least, in part lying to him… for, although the likes of certain demons, such as Belfagor of the Wasteland, were not unaccustomed to seek out trades and deals made with the living, in reality, or seek pleasures offered by the undead or those not really alive, in nether realms… her sister’s torch hadst been given her specifically and for a purpose: “We were sent by the wizard god of Fatal Laughter...” quipped Azelma.

“Sent…” began Faustus—only to be interrupted by both girls speaking at once.

“We were for you!” Éponine coldly stated, without turning to look upon Faustus—and he wouldst not have seen her graven expression, though it shouldst be thus blanketed in torchlight, yet her tone was clearly dead enough to like something distasteful falling at once from his mouth into his belly.

“… for me!” Faustus wasn’t capable of saying anything, his tongue swelling his mouth, dry and word-sticky.

Legion and Queen Lilith of Zmargad

“Voila...” Azelma tittered, as they emerged into a large cavern: “Behold and be afraid of the Anarchist... Legion!”

stylus

“Legion,” said Éponine, almost simultaneously with her sister, adding, “many different bodies sharing one common mind.”

Azelma screamed out: “Many differing minds sharing one body…”

“One body…” stated de Sade, “and one tongue—though not of one mind.”

The cavern was a large—seemingly endlessly large—full of stalagmites and stalactites and grottos... bubbling pools of stinking, steaming, and smoking lava... small, sputtering fires of blue-green flame illuminating the place.

Faustus could see that stalagmites and speleothemic columns were covered in places with red, orange, yellow, and bright green moss and lichens—which hung from stalactites. In some places, where it had dried out, the moss and lichens was more grayish-green and brown. There were sporophytes, embryophytes and gametophytes in abundance around pools of stagnant, stinking liquid slightly resembling oily black water—here-and-there—coated in brightly coloured splotches of violet and red goo… swirling together or mingling to create colourful reflective patches like black motor oil on the surface of the ponds.

Creeping, crawling, slithering, biting, stinging insects and other vermin were everywhere to be seen. Some were even crawling upon Faustus and the others. Of course, these—all four of them—took turns brushing off each other.

The small group of ventured forth into the eerily-lit chamber, listening in silence to the burbling, bubbling, burping sounds of the fiery lava-pits around them. Then a sound—a noise becoming more-and-more distinguishable—a noise which grew louder as the torch-light seemed be also grew brighter… it becoming very hot, until, at last, quasi-flames spontaneous erupted around Éponine... but she was neither burned nor consumed.

Then, after a short while following her—and Azelma, an awful sound becoming more-and-more audible in the darkness... as the sound of moaning and groaning, of wet flesh slapping against wet flesh amidst cursing and praises.

“What you are about to see will probably shock you,” said de Sade. “Most people never make it past this place, believing that they have come to hell…”

“Or heaven!” Azelma giggled.

“Do not you bethink that this is what hell is!” Éponine stated.

These, whom you are about to see, are all ignorant, uncivilized brutes without imagination of fortitude... savage and reprehensible in life, and worse in the cessation of their mortal existence... but there is so much more to being and not being...” said de Sade.

Éponine laughed aloud: “So much more is there to life and death... than merely living and dying.”

Azelma laughed aloud, too; her adding: “So much more to heaven and hell.”

“Yea, fool! Pain is pleasure for some…” stated de Sade. “And pleasure is naught but pain for others…”

Of a sudden they came to stand at a ledge looking down into the great chasm... wherein were countless bodies entwined together orgiastically.

Af first Faustus saw nothing other than the heights… him watching in awe as a small rock fell away at his foot… falling… down… down… down…

There, below them, were a conglomeration of hairy apes and ape-men, voormi and gnopkheh, troglodytes and beast men; shape-shifting therianthropes; donkey-eared satyrs and horned fauns; scaly reptilian-like humanoids, and short, grey-green aliens with big black eyes, and tall, beautiful blue-skinned aliens with long white hair; Satanail and the Grigori (fallen angels)—their size being greater than that of giants who married mortal human women so as to befoul the earth with their ungodly deed-doings—these having no belly buttons nor nipples; and having filthy feathered-wings crawling with lice and other vermin… and also there were slimy and scaly demonics with tattered leathery bat-like wings—some flying, fluttering above and descending back into the disgusting fucking mob… most of which hadst hairy armpits and pubic hair, besides having hair on their heads, faces, and limbs.

There were hideous flying cherubim, as well. Long-haired men; many bearded, although here-and-there there were also many baby-faced youths, and women of every age, of every shape and size, in abundance—including as seen prior during the “march of humanity,” amongst other Homos, such as Habilis and Erectus, and many other representatives of dead species long forgotten by human history…—the young and the old; the ugly and those which were beautiful... in fact, there were people of every race and colour, every size and shape, persons whose growth was retarded spiritually or emotionally, and divers freaks of physical nature, too—inclusive of many badly malformed people, and those whose bodies suffered every unkind sickness, diseased people, and lunatics; ugly deformed cambions; and people with the heads of frogs, snakes, lions, goats, crocodiles, birds, fish, and other animal forms, some having the tails; the limbs and bodies of many were covered in open red syphilitic sores and green puss-filled wounds; some of the females were menstruating, while others were pregnant and lactating. The ground was wet and slippery with their waste—and all the participants in the orgy were shit-covered and soggy with piss and other bodily waste.

A grotesque howling statue of bird-footed, owl-winged Lilith the Night Hag, bleeding from her womb, standing with two venomous asps in her hands... carved of black stone and standing within the midst of the prurient thrawng of orgiastic “scurrilots” (called Legion). She had once been Adam’s first wife, created at the same time as him... but not out of the same red dust! Nay! Instead, she had been fashioned out of filth and sediment. In the beginning, she had abandoned Adam, refusing to be subservient to him… denying him her sex and so it was that she hadst

made a cuckold of him in coupling with the Arch-Angel Samael—the Wrath of God. Here, she was standing upon a massive zu-bird—a half-man, half-bird hybrid, having an eagle's head.

A pure white winged unicorn was hanging crucified on a cross in their midst, on the left side of Lilith. The poor creature whined pitifully... as it was not yet dead. It had the head of a horse with a single, spiral horn from its forehead, the beard of a goat, the tail of a lion and cloven hooves.

A winged fire-breathing plumed-serpent with a vulture's head, wearing a vulture-headed uraeus crown, and having four dragon-clawed limbs, was hanging crucified on her right side. Both were creatures were crying in pain... and there are no words which can describe how sorry was their humiliation.

Thus it was that Faustus was led through the distorted, squirming plebeian commonality of the orgiastic en masse of living and dead and dying lifeforms; Éponine taking him by one hand and Azelma the other, and both girls silently following de Sade as he picked his way through the churning mass of lubricious debauchees.

Faustus remarked, "All these impenitent sinful souls disgust me."

"They aren't disgusted by you, Faustus," de Sade said, "and you're more than welcome to join them... I'm sure they'd not mind one bit."

"Egad!" Faustus tore his transfixed gaze away from the obscene mass of dirty, sweaty, grunting, groaning bodies surrounding him as far as he could see... and he looked right into de Sade's eyes. "Do you think that I am a fool, man. I assure you that I am not insane... nor any kind of pervert."

"It's all a matter of opinion, Faustus," saith de Sade. "These souls justly mix together in this orgiastic melting pot of..."

Faustus, unable to restrain his growing anger—(and jealousy, too, an emotion of which he mentally blocked and denied): Faustus had swallowed his words—unable to speak for a moment, thence, he blurted out "…of their perdition—it is a melting pot of their perdition—their God-damned eternal punishment and damnation."

De Sade continued on, uninterrupted by Faustus' rude outburst, saying: "This is their collective unconsciousness... since they are all like-minded. No one is forcing anyone to be here or to stay... and, like us, they're all, each of them, free to quit the group if they please. No one will stop them... though they might be remembered briefly and missed. But I assure you, monsieur, that they will be quickly forgotten as new experiences reveal themselves to the inmates of this asylum of the damned."

Freedom

"I'm sure that it's all their pleasure, monsieur," said de Sade. "What you see as impossible and unnatural comes easy to these..."

“It’s just so fucking evil…” saith Faustus, to himself more than in speaking to the others.

“Freedom… free… damned…” squealed Azelma, her arms spread out in mock crucifixion, her body slowly turning, spinny and swaying… until she made her somewhat dizzy. “Free… free… me…”

“What you see as evil... they see as a common good,” said Éponine.

“Who’s to say for certain whether they’re right or wrong...” stated Azelma, tripping—as it were—and falling into Faustus’ embrace, her draping herself dizzily o’er him: “Nor are you!”

“I was born a free man…” began Faustus, unable to relieve him of the young maiden’s limp form clinging to him.

“Freedom means being able to say and do what you want,” said Azelma.

“People want freedom,” said Azelma.

De Sade stated: “Freedom to think, to move, to say and do what they like.”

Éponine stated: “People do not really want freedom…”

Faustus—finally relieving him of Azelma’s clinging arms—answered her, saying: “People don’t really understand what freedom is…!”

De Sade interrupted him, saying: “Nor what it means to be free… because freedom involves responsibility, and most people are frightened of responsibility.”

“You are a slave if you do not have freedom,” said Faustus.

“Even a slave has Free Will to Power,” said Azelma.

“Freedom is a social convention,” Éponine said.

“We need only one thing from our fellows... freedom.” De Sade saith, sweeping his arms to conduct Faustus’ gaze o’er the squirming mass of grunting and groaning orgiastics around them, everywhere as gfar as the eye couldst see: “The freedom to live for one’s own self alone; neither sacrificing one’s self for others, nor sacrificing others to one’s self.”

“But this is not freedom...” responded Faustus. “This is an anarchistic mob… in which all the participants are pursuing each their own selfish ends.”

“What a man can be,” said de Sade, “he must be.”

As the small group circumvented the swelling throb of ecstatic bodies, making their way through the tangled mess of limbs, here-and-there hands caressing them in their passing, voices urging them to shed their garments and join them... and everywhere there was a disgustingly pungent odor, a mephitic, undulating putrescence caused by the stench of their waste... this leaving a bad taste in their mouths, and making breathing a difficult chore; all the meanwhile, the importunate sonorousness dirge; O the moaning and groaning and wailing of the convulsing orgiastics—these everywhere resounded amidst the mushy wet sounds of flesh slapping against flesh—amidst a cacophony of discordant voices, some shrieking, some crying, some taunting amidst a reechoing chorus of "yes" and "no," "more" and "no more," and many cries for "O god."

Then Faustus saw Apollyon the Destroyer—an utterly dismal, dreadful serpent-man with unusual physical strength, having perlaceous, iridescent skin and nacreous opalescent insectoid wings.

Apollyon

Apollyon radiated an unclean osmotic black light... and was wearing an essedariian coolus helmet, a linen linothorax breastplate, and bronze greaves on his shins. The Anti-Arch-Angel was surrounded by a plague of locusts which swarmed around him, flying around him and crawling over him, resembling horses with crowned human faces, having long unkempt, dreaded women's hair, lions' teeth, membranous insect-wings, iron breastplates, and tails with scorpion stingers. The sound of their wings was the sound of chariots... of many horses running into battle.

Apollyon was very beautiful, attractive, and Faustus had a hard time not being deceived by his appearance.

"Don't look into its eyes…" whispered Azelma. "And it won't notice you."

"Just keep moving," whispered Éponine.

But it was difficult for him to look away... and like Lot's wife… his own sad soul began to turn to salt as he watched Apollyon selecting certain random souls of the dead and dying from amidst the tangled bodies.

"What you think you are seeing is invisible," said de Sade to Faustus, shaking him by the shoulders. "If your eye could see them for what they were you could not endure it."

Éponine slapped Faustus on the cheek, to get his attention: "They surround us on all sides…"

Azelma likewise slapped him on his other cheek: "They are more numerous than us mortals."

"But all that I can see are that monstrosities footsteps burning on the rock," saith Faustus.

Weary by his unworldly experience, Faustus fell down in a heap—and was unable to rise back up onto his feet, until assisted by his companions—them seeming not to care as to whether of not

him hurt him in falling: He looked... watching in utter disbelief as young, beautiful sociopathic succubae and incubae—having both avian and reptilian features, such as furry, leathery wings, talons, serpentine tails and long forked tongues manifested; some were horned and others had cloven feet; their foul genitals were all teeming with fat, white lice and smaller reddish-orange crabs; they were vain, malevolent and predatory, and albeit all of them seemed be suffered from syphilis or gonorrhea, the creeps wantonly copulated with each other—fornicating—laughing, grunting, groaning and moaning with their pleasure, all crying out: "I am a sinner. O god… take me… I am yours… do with me as you will…"

These could be seen everywhere tormenting the conglomeration of mortal orgiastics... and, as Faustus watched—him seeing out wide, unblinking, staring eyes as their ecstasy transformed into suffering. What he had hitherto perceived as a most reprehensible sin... Faustus now observed to be an utter agony… and he couldn't believe his eyes.

Four Feminine Demonesses

And to desecrate Legion's sacred sexual power came four feminine demons, their vulvas seeping with urine and other fluids—four queens of demons and mothers of plagues—naked, orgasmic, each emerging from nowhere and coming together amongst what now seemed be a multi-cellular slug-like languishing mass that was the "living soul" of Legion.

First and foremost was Mistress Agrat bat Mahlat of Sorceresses, whose unholy mother was an illusion—the fear in the darkness hiding within shadows; an attractive hellion with red, glowing eyes and two horns growing out the sides of her skull; her wild red hair a dreadful, squirming mass of writhing snakes; her fingernails and toenails were painted orange; she wore a grey, tattered and torn garter belt with worn leg garters with rusty snaps holding up ragged, torn, net-hosierie; her stockinged feet disappearing into scaly opera stilettos. She had two large black bat-like wings but chose to fly through the air in a chariot pulled by an ox, with eighteen myriads of messengers of destruction following in her train—and these were speaking together in a myriad of voices, some loud roaring and others soft whispering, in every language of mankind, including antiquated tongues and dead ones—all, making an awful noise—a saddening cacophony calling out for "retribution," "lex talionis," and "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

She swooped down close by Faustus and screamed out, "Die you piece of shit!"

He loudly exclaimed, "O my God..." and cowered in fear of dying, realizing that it was too late to turn and run and nowhere to run to for to hide.

But the demoness became more interested in one of the dying spirits within the orgiastic mob, and, laughing insanely, she bounded out of her chariot and fell upon the wretch, brutally tearing at its guts and strangling the poor soul with its own intestines. Putting her face in close to her dying prey, looking into its eyes, still laughing manically, she sucked out the dying embers of its life energy through her eyes... before blasting it to smithereens with a diabolical dark energy.

She licked her blood-dripping talons, smearing blood all over her bosom, already looking around for another victim. Looking right at Faustus, or he was sure she was doing so, her saying, “I’m looking for someone that can play rough with me...”

But she was talking to the corpse..., saying: “Come now—show a girl how to have a good time.”

[She had once mated with Shepherd-King David and, of this union, produced a cambion son, which was Asmodeus, King of Demons.]

Eisheth Zenunim, Princess of Whoredom, a thin, graceful pale-golden-glowing Crone with long, black hair, and two horns growing out of her skull and down on either side of her head, where they into points, slightly touching her face; she was wearing a six-horned crown; her body was a fluid, fiery electromagnetic plasma. Her eyes were glowing red coals. She wore demonic black leather corset which cupped her large breasts, her swollen nipples exposed. She also wore spiky black leather gloves with shiny spikes. She was a bold, bat-winged lesbian warrior, although immature and childish; wanton, greedy, full of lust... and O how she hungered—an unrelenting nymphomaniac sexual appetite—of ever unfulfilled need and for all sorts of debasement whatsoever. She feasted on the souls of the damned; a seductive devil drawing the unwary into the sins of the flesh and sucking on menstrual blood. The most viscous of the four... her heart was a raging storm; she raped and killed at her leisure and delighted in consuming their dying spirits... as she damn well pleased. Sadistically enjoying their screams, sobs and dying breaths; laughing diabolically as her victims bled, agonizing in pain; she took pleasure in their suffering and inflicting increasing pains upon them just to appease her torrid appetite.

Mahalath daughter of Mahlat daughter of Kasdeil the Egyptian sorcerer came dancing and stroking a harp, reeking of incense and burning spices, singing: “For my soul is full of trouble,” and “Who eat up my people as they eat bread?”

Naamah, Demoness of Sacred Prostitution, pleasant and pleasing goddess of divination, a crouching lycanthrope with hairy limbs, pushing her snout into the rocky ground and making strange sounds as if she were being repeatedly sodomized by an unholy spirit—the shadow of death to the otherworld. Her flesh was a living fauna... leafed veins and a blooming-and-dieing kaleidoscope of ever-changing, churning colours.

Bogey Men

Then appeared the Orqui, which were neither demon nor ogre... being something between corpses and evil spirits, bred of the subterranean heat in slime; they were brutish, aggressive, repulsive, malevolent, corrupt humanoid creatures with hearts of granite; aggressive scavengers and opportunistic cannibals who love eating mortal flesh; green, grey, black, or brown, and sometimes dark red like dried blood; of various sizes with bow-legs and long arms; ugly and filthy, with long fangs and grotesque facial features—a mixture of ape-like and pig-like; possessing low cunning and only the rudiments of a crude culture, they are a subject race; violent by nature and ferocious if compelled, but tending towards chaotic behaviour, they were cowards.

And with them came a horde of goblins—evil grotesquely-deformed, cunning, dwarf-like ephemeral daemons with hooked noses and, stout or slim, all had warty, slimy green skin. Their brows were fully covered with thick hair; their mouths filled with yellow, crooked and rotten teeth; they had coarse and raspy, slightly high-pitched voices, and spoke mortal tongues as well as their own undecipherable language…

Both species were wrag-riders - wrags being fearsome albino, cave-dwelling descendants of the extinct "dire wolves."

And these monstrosities collected up the devastated and ravaged flesh of the dying and the dead souls... flying with or carrying these to the ogres manifesting in the distance, which Faustus watched through disbelieving eyes as these monsters tore the corpses limb from limb, rending torsos, crushing heads in powerful, taloned hands... throwing the fleshy pieces into great iron cauldrons glowing white-hot and red-hot over black, smoky coal fires.

The ogres were large and hideous humanoid creatures, bigger than a man but smaller than a troll; hulking, unintelligent and clumsy brutes, having large, ugly, disproportionate features; they were solidly built monsters with huge rounded heads, large stomachs, and abundant and hirsute hair and beard. They had big mouths filled with prominent teeth, yellow, rotten, and wormy. Their awful breath reeked of decaying meat and their bodies smelled... terribly... horrific. They were gluttonous and cannibalistic, having a fondness for the flesh of children.

The ogres filled the cauldrons with the torn, rendered pieces of the mortal flesh chosen by the four demonesses—as well as with the moss, fungi, and mold growing intermittently throughout the cavern... and the shit—and the shit was everywhere strewn… all across the rough rock floor—like a slime covering everything… and in places, as in cracks and crevasses, piled high.

A foul liquefied bile that oozed with maggots and seeped into steamy holes in the cavern floor, and here-and-there bubbling up from beneath the surface where stagnant ponds had collected from the drippings falling from stalactites. The mangled wings of the demonesses' victims were cast by them onto slow-burning pyres where they were consumed in black, stinking smoke. The putrid goop that was boiling in the caldrons was greasy and pale-greenish in colour, bubbling, and resembled vomit...: a thick yellow mist crawled out of the cauldrons, seeping over the edges and draining down into the glowing coals, where it steamed.

Prince Orcus of the Undead was a wild, black, hairy, bearded prehistoric ogre with the head and legs of a goat, ram-like horns, 'having a single cycloptic eye in the middle of his forehead, a bloated stomach, bat-like wings, and a long tail. He was attired in a simple, leather modius, or flat-topped cylindrical headdress—ornamented with strange symbols and an uraeus—and was covered in a hairy animal hide, with the itchy hair side turned in and worn close against the monstrosity's flesh. Orcus was banging on a large copper kettle-drum with a meaty, bloody humerus. A Chthonic **di inferi mane**—he was the living embodiment of abysmal sickness—an infectious asymptomatic carrier of migraines, fever, shivering, joint pain, vomiting, anemia, jaundice, blood in the urine, retinopathy, and convulsions... whose only purpose was inflicting misery and evil.

Demogorgon, the supreme primal god father of Pan, was a dark, wailing spirit towering eighteen feet high; his body at once sinuous like that of a snake yet powerful like a great ape. Two baleful baboon heads—one called Aameul and the other Hethradiah, which both tried to dominate (and even kill) each other... constantly cursing at and spitting on each other, and snapping their teeth at each other's faces—both leering from atop lumbering shoulders, from which writhed two long tentacles, instead of arms. His lower torso was saurian, like a reptile with an immense forked tail.

Demogorgon's hypnotic gaze drove the bogey men insane. Its whip-like tail lashing them into frenzies—and its leprous tentacles caused flesh to rot if touched.

The hatred between Orcus and Demogorgon is legendary. Orcus may have been the beating heart of Legion... but it was Demogorgon which was the tongue. Malcanthet was Demogorgon's adulterous concubine... and the whore fanned the flames of his jealousy by flirting with Orcus… as with other lesser demons.

The Succubus Queen

Malcanthet was an incredibly alluring human-like figure with a sardonic smile on her ruby red lips; her eyes smolder with dangerous red sensuality. Large, leathery bat-wings stretched from her back, the joints of which were laced with razor-like claws; curved horns jutting from her brow and holding back her long, tangled, dark hair; and a long sinuous prehensile tail tipped with a curved spike-like stinger. The 'vampiric succubus queen of the sluts' was wearing a revealing gown of diaphanous silk and razor-studded leather straps around her wrists... and toyed with a glittering, sparkling scourge made of fine adamantine spiked chains... taking great pleasure in tormenting the orgiastics.

Thirteen notorious and intolerant lilitus served their lascivious mistress, Malcanthet; each one having a soul-draining locket and a bright-shining halo—all shining in different hues: Midnight, Violet, Crimson, Snow, Jade, Ash, Cherry, Emerald, Rose, Hyacinth, Tawny, Ivory, and Azure. Their devotion was total and unwavering. These seductive, murderous minions were wingless, but nonetheless they floated and flew of their own volition; whipping and kissing the orgiastics, radiating chaos and agony throughout the churning mass of mortal bodies… and driving the thralls into churning madness.

The mortal thralls of Malcanthet were hedonistic seducers—profane women which had totally given their mortal lives over to the fulfillment of pleasure and pain. They were now, here, all present in the midst of the mob, which was Legion—them subverting the morals of the innocent amongst them. These thralls, alone of all the orgiastics, were aware of the demons and their servants... and they gave themselves willingly into thralldom; those slogged bowls carved of stone or fashioned of clay back-and-forth from the cauldrons to the hungering, prurient souls of the salacious spirits—of Legion. These bowls were both greedily grabbed out of their hands and guzzled by the thirsting plebs, which spilled more than they consumed, or placed them on the ground where the wretched horde drank from them like common animals, grunting and slurping. The larger pieces of meat, such as the joints of bones and the broken skulls, were thrown reckless into the mass of bodies... to be fought over by the starving drudges, which never shared.

All this that Faustus beheld occurred between his raising himself from up off the ground to standing. He stood statuesque... awed... breathless. His eyes were wide open, pupils big like black saucers covering all of the iris, blankly staring a thousand yards away into the darkness, seeing things that he really shouldn't have seen to begin with... but too curious and too fascinated by the macabre, paradoxical anomaly to look away.

As he watched the demented, absurd pageant unfold before him de Sade grabbed him by his shoulders, shaking him, slapping him across the face... time-and-time again, calling out his name... but Faustus' gaze was transfixed, focused upon the abounding horrors around him. Azelma kicked him in the ass over-and-over again... but nothing could break the man's hold on the unreal... or shake him free of its unnatural grip on him. He was slowly becoming as if one possessed... and beyond redemption.

If they couldn't revive him... they would have to abandon him and flee to save their own skins. For the more reality Faustus attached to the intangible hallucination that he was enthralled and bedeviled by... the less real he became, and the more he faded from the phenomenon of the real world, and the more he manifested in the phantasmagoric demon realm... and the more didst the nightmare absorbed those unexpressed fears within his soul.

"Leave him," spat out Éponine, disgusted with Faustus for having a weak and submissive mind. "This imbecile will be the death of us all."

Faustus could feel de Sade shake him... but it was as if in slow motion; and he could hear him yell at him... but it sounded all murmured and far away. He could hear Éponine cuss him... but every word was long drawn out... stretched and indistinguishable. It was in this trance that the lesser demons incarnated within Faustus' thoughts—almost impossible to detect, they were unseen by the others of them at first, but quickly materializing... they quick became sentient of each other.

The Lesser Demons

Then began manifesting the lesser demons: the daevas, noxious creatures devoid of goodness of heart and mind, promoting chaos and disorder amongst Legion's commonality as evil thoughts freezing the mind and, like an infectious communicable disease, spreading unnatural lusts; these discontented oppressors were dominant, destructive, poisoners of righteous thoughts—full of perversion and strife: they were, moreover, apostates uttering falsehoods, idolaters driven by greed and avarice, slothful and wrathful and blaspheming, deceitful, disgraceful whores—a pollution and a contamination—scornful and envious slanderers. Creatures of irreconcilable shadow—inside-out and backwards—being invisible to the human eye, naked, except as obscure adumbrations of their own penumbras, each having one evil, black-flaming snake-eye, which twinkled—unsleeping eternal orbs of light shining from its own intrinsic luminosity.

The daevas soared silently, effortlessly, through the air, covering great distances quickly, and penetrating and passing through everything... even each other.

The genyes, too, are also abusive creatures… being made of smokeless and scorching fire, which were expelled from Paradise for not bowing low before Adam; they were invisible and capable of traveling large distances at the speed of thought. The genyes, humans, and Angels make up the three known sapient creations of God—having Free Will to Power like humans and unlike Angels (who are slaves to God's Will).

The large, blue-bodied mārid are most powerful and most attractive, but arrogant and proud, having little empathy for mortals; they have the ability to form as gas, liquid or solid.

The infernal ifrit are enormous winged pyromaniacs formed from the blood of murdered victims, noted for their strength and cunning; wicked and ruthless beings which kill, torment, and rape mortals; ignorant, untruthful, oppressive and treacherous. They can take different animal forms, resembling snakes, vultures, scorpions, dragons, dogs, asses... or other creeping animals.

The shayṭān are exceptionably ugly things capable of taking human form, though their feet always remain as hooves. They appear to be carved from stone, with glossy skin and glittering eyes... and when they move it sounds like stone scraping on stone. They can burrow through stone, as with telekinesis, them gliding through stone as if was air—as them was shaped of stone and metal and their design was psychokinetically-made. Shayṭān are dirty, boastful, egotistical, and prone to sulking. They eat excrement and their breath and voices were diseased... them existing on the borderline between light and darkness. These were fiery whisperers of hubris… and the enemy of mortal and genyes alike—ever-plotting the downfall and destruction of both.

The ghul are shape-shifting cannibalistic and vampiric creatures that feast on the flesh and blood of mortals—especially children stolen from the grave. Ravenous anthropophagous, promiscuous and stupid, they were dangerous cowards. They are described as gaunt, lanky armed, zombie-like humanoids with the legs of a donkey and the horns of a goat, but can assume animal shapes, especially hyenas. Their arms and legs end in razor-sharp talons, they have bulging eyes, and large mouths filled with rows of needle-like teeth… and their bite was diseased and pestilential.

The Se'irim existed as peripheral nightmares—as living embodiments of ever-hungering darkness—heartless primeval psyches abiding without restraint and languishing in pure indulgent consumption—stirring fear within unknowing souls, feasting upon the emotion, and draining sentience. They were a bastardization of God's creative process created by the fallen angels after the Lucifer Rebellion as unfinished, malformed abominations: A formidable malevolent swarm of barely-imperceptible, flickering half-living shadows... less than vapor. Things no longer satisfied to ingurgitate the essence of life… rather sated only on the slow, sure destruction of the energy manifest in a soul's psyche. Some Se'irim took on dusky-brown or gray reptilian skin, and developed into the forms of hairy, bestial chimeras with matted fur, sharp claws and, their hearts beating and lungs breathing, circulating curdled poison for blood, they sated their desires for warm blood and raw flesh by feasting on victims from the unwitting orgiastics. These foul disgusting things, though, found light abhorrent and cowered, lurking in the dark places where the spectral lights from the fire-pits couldn't reach... luring victims telepathically.

The Shedim are the malevolent parasitic first-born offspring of Death... disembodied souls which manifest as translucent apparitions resembling large jellyfish and anchor themselves to dead and dying bodies (or to "unoccupied" ones—as in the case of zoetic psyches in states of astral projection): these, thusly devouring Legion's orgiastic members and causing these to be brought before the king of terrors. In their celestial state, all shedim appear as shimmering black clouds with flailing limbs, fluttering bat-wings (pulsing to the beat of infernal madness), wide-staring black eyes, and - unlike jellyfish - other mostly unidentifiable organs. They have an undying hatred for living beings. Lesser drone shedim are dominated by puppet-masters, which are more intelligent, more powerful, and more malicious—these have the power to open astral gateways into the unlimited potential of the collective unconsciousness and its psychic emotions… as well as other altered states of consciousness and cosmic realms of supernatural dreams and other multifarious parapsychological extrasensory perceptions, including corporeal quantum forces, electromagnetic energy fields and gravity, even time and space.

Faustus Saved by Azelma's Quick-Thinking

"I told you not to look..." snapped de Sade, slapping Faustus across the face again, even though he knew he had his full attention now...: But it was too late... they'd been noticed.

"Quickly," said Azelma, removing her dirty blouse and revealing perfectly ripe tits to Faustus, two cherry-toped mounds of pure white cream: "Take me now, you fool."

Éponine, still holding her blazing torch, and de Sade were likewise exchanging kisses... caresses. Faustus, though, was prudish… and him resisted his natural urges and inclinations to inveigle the alluring waif giving herself to him.

"Don't fight it," commanded Azelma.

"Try and close your mind, you old boob," said Éponine, "what you can't see won't hurt you."

"They'll lose interest in us as you forget them... succumbing to your lust," uttered de Sade betwixt hot, wet kisses shared with Éponine.

Still, Faustus was unable to grasp the seriousness of the situation... the predicament he had put them all in, in him wanting to look at what he shouldn't have seen in the first place... insomuch as him being proud and up-righteous—and though he feigned resist the young hussy's sexual advances… he indulged in her sensual pleasures bestowed upon him of her mouth.

So it was the bogey men came near unto him... and the others—those monstrosities sensing him if not seeing him outright. Sure, Faustus tried to close his eyes and wish them away... wishing he was any place else but there, now... wishing he'd never been born... yet all the wishing in the world wouldn't… couldn't save him now, here—in an unimaginable hell of his own imagination's making… with the slut Azelma pleasuring him with her wet sucky-lipt kisses, her tongue caressing his icy-cold flesh—and him began succumbing, more to her than to his fright.

stylus

Smiling ghoulishly, bogey men closed in on Faustus (and Azelma) from all sides as he began losing cohesion in his world and begin taking solid shape in theirs.

Azelma could feel Faustus' physical body deteriorate in her arms. She got down on her knees and crawled under his robe... and began fellating him. He was helpless—either her victim or theirs—and… as he capitulated to the drippy kisses of the young tatterdemalion's amorous mouth, the demonics slowly dissipated, vaporizing into flickering dreamlike light and losing shape, colour, dimension, and awareness.

"There gone..." breathed Faustus, at last... for he'd been holding his breath.

"You can stop now."

But Azelma had no intentions of stopping anything—at all... and continued gratifying herself on Faustus. She gloried in his resistance as he tried to disgorge her from himself, but she was hidden safely within his robe... and freely pursued her pleasure. Then... her misadventure coming to its natural conclusion, she swallowed... emerging from beneath his garment, whipping her mouth with the back of her hand, smiling and laughing lustily.

"When all is said and done..." she said to Faustus, "you're as good as any man I've had."

"What a trashy whore," laughed Éponine.

"Don't call her that," Faustus remarked, feigning chivalry.

"I was talking about you," laughed Éponine even hardier: "Slut!"

Azelma laughed and slapped Faustus hard across his face—removing the smile he tried to hide: "Slut!"

"Come..." said de Sade, to which both girls heartily laughed, relieved that their certain doom had been so artfully circumvented.

"We have to leave this place..." urged Faustus, fear tangibly audible in his voice. "It might succumb to curiosity again."

Azelma, licking her lips, smiling, just laughed. "Come…" she said, taking her victim by his clammy hand and following after de Sade.

"Come on…" saith Éponine—her, torch in hand, leading the way.

Thus, thus the four pilgrims trekked onwards, exploring a long, downwards descending tunnel... whereof the declination thereof in the passage was almost indiscernible to the seemingly lost wanderers of the catacomb. Faustus, mumbling some kind of prayer, unhesitatingly followed the others blindly as they made their way through the empty darkness.

Hekátē Treyia at the Crossroads

The drippings from the ceiling—and thereof slime-covered stalactites—made the rock-ground increasingly wet and slippery. The rocky walls were damp, as well, being blanketed in black mold and toxic mycotoxins in the air were causing a burning sensation in the mucus membranes of each member of the small group as they moved through it... their sinuses and lungs were inflamed, runny, itchy... and they were all having difficulty in breathing, enduring paroxystic respiratory distress and coughing blood.

“I hate this place,” said Azelma, spitting out bloody sputum.

Their eyes were bloodshot and jaundiced, and so made sore; their vision began to blur; and their skin, especially the hairy areas like their groins and armpits, was crawling with itchy rash. They all were experiencing malaise: fatigue, pain in their joints and abdomens, and feverish nausea.

“It is unseen spores...” crouped Faustus, “which is making us sick. We have to get out of this awful place.”

Éponine answered, saying, “We’ll be out of it soon enough.”

Faustus though was thinking that they had jumped from the frying pan into the fire, and he mumbled (in Latin): “incidit in scylliam cupiens vitare charybidim.”

Azelma barked at him, “What’s that supposed to mean, motherfucker?”

De Sade laughed, “He said that he runs on Scylla, wishing to avoid Charybdis.”

Éponine cursed, “Quit blubbering gibberish, you two... your philosophy isn’t helping us here at all.”

De Sade continued laughing, “Éponine dearest… was it not it you yourself who said that what we can’t see can’t hurt us?”

“Shut up,” she snapped at him.

The path they had been following suddenly emptied, at last, into a dark cavern—in the midst of which was a slime-covered pillar surrounded by low-rising fetid, mist-covered sludge. The pillar, had been carved into a graven image of the triple-goddess Hekátē, having the one body for three female forms, each holding two stone torches, and wearing luxurious sacred peplos; and each looking down one of three jagged conduits opened in the cavern wall: one of her forms had a horse-like face, another a snake-like face, and the third a boar-like face.

All this was made visible not so much by Éponine’s torch but because of crystal clear and translucent quartz which acted as the flames of the stone torches... and as the eyes of the

goddess' faces. Thus, the humble flickering light cast by her torch was reflected and magnified and transformed into a kaleidoscopic light show filling the entire cavern.

Faustus sighed heavily, rubbing his eye... "What the hell are those things?"

Azelma enveloped him from behind, wrapping her arms around him, her hands and fingers playing into the folds of his robe, searching for his groin—and finding her goal, she began rubbing, softly, caressing her treasure whilest holding him closer: Thus, so doing, she spake, saying: "O baby… I'm so hungry…"

Sybaris and the Lamiai

Child-eating, forked-tongued lamia, which were beautiful large-breasted women with serpents bodies having humanoid torsos and arms ending in clawed fingers—their faces distorted, having dark snake-eyes (with no discernable eyelids), which were ever-open and weeping, which had been slithering around in the darkness of the cavern were illuminated now. Each had four venom-dripping fangs, two in the top and two in the bottom of their snake-like mouths. Each was between nine and eleven feet long—and capable of raising upright off the ground.

Some of the lamia were in the opening stages of molting their reptilian skin from the waist below... the eyes of these were cloudy and blue, and, meandering in the darkness, these paid no attention to the wayfarers, but the others, having yellow eyes with black vertical slits for pupils... were aware of and keenly interested in the four mortal souls which had stumbled into their midst. The lamiae's black, slippery-looking, forked-tongues waved and oscillated, flicking in-and-out of their scaled mouths, smelling the invisible chemicals in the air around them. But these serpentines were also able to feel vibrations through their soft underbellies... as they slithered around.

"These are the ghosts of dead women," whispered Azelma: "The undead daughters of the witch Hekátē Soteira the Virgin."

"These reptilian horrors prey upon mortals," said de Sade, "but they prefer the blood of infants and children."

"Don't look them directly in the eyes," said Éponine, "as their hypnotic stare will turn your blood to stone... you'll be entranced here forever, mortal flesh frozen in terror."

"Look at your feet and be humble," Azelma commanded, "god-damn it... because even though you want it… I'm not giving you another suck-job, asshole."

Faustus did as he was told—and he turned his gaze and his thoughts inward, reflecting on the memory of wetness of the girl's mouth and softness of her kisses. He licked his lips...

"We can either go back the way we have come," said Éponine, "or we can go on... down one of these two paths."

stylus

Faustus, unfettered of his lusty thoughts, so spake, saying: “But which one? Where does each go? More-so, where do we go?”

“One thing is certain, monsieur,” responded de Sade, “one of these paths leads to where we want to go... and the other does not.”

“But which path should we take?” Faustus said, “both paths are exactly same - dismal, dark and gloomy, foreboding.”

Occult sigils had been hewn into the walls between each of the three pathways... but they were made illegible by the slimy gunk oozing over the rough rock walls. Faustus tried to wipe the mawkish glop away, but just sludged and spread the turbid residue... making his hand sticky with the stinking, foul mess. But even if he could have cleaned the writing well enough to read it... he couldn’t have read it because it had been written in a long dead alien tongue.

The lamiai queen Sybaris forthwith emerged from out of one of the craggy tunnels: She was an exceptionally powerful and beautiful, scaly-winged drykaina with wild red hair. She was a huge and her savage in appearance; a monstrous creature with raptor-like talons and poisonous breath... guilty of terrible violence—and to meet her meant doom and death for any mortal. And with her were her attendants—the mormolyceiac sister-witches: Méroé, Panthia and Pamphyla. These three antiquated hags of Sybaris’ coven had wrinkled skin—one being white, another black, the third grey—and all were covered in pimples and warts, and each had long claw-like fingernails.

The horrible harpies carried in a struggling man, and Sybaris began flailing him alive with an ornamental flaked-flint dagger.

Méroé thrust her right hand into one wound—as a hideous howling broke forth from the man—her delving down into his innards and digging up his viscera… and then, all three of the vicious bitches began uttering nameless sounds, which vied in intensity with their victim’s morbid shrieking—and, as she was withdrawing the poor unfortunate’s still-beating heart—a whistling sigh occurred…

Panthia slit his throat, his voice, or rather, an inarticulate gurgle emerged with the air along with his last garbled breath—and Pamphyla forced open his mouth, as he so died; and she tore out his tongue. These—the dead man’s heart, still bleating its last life and draining of blood, and his tongue—both, were presented to Sybaris who took them up one into each of her hands.

Faustus watched as Sybaris devoured each—the heart and the tongue—and he saw her see him, watching her—awed and aghast with utter fear, so trembling.

Sybaris left them no alternative as to which direction they should choose... leaving them only the one option: to flee back the way they came... or to take the other path.

So it was that they snuck through the chamber—this softly illuminated by a strange-glowing crystal clear pool of clean-smelling water with a statue of the naiad Salmacis sitting in it's midst, pregnant, combing her hair and gazing lovingly at her reflection. Scattered around the pond were men castrating themselves, cutting off their penises and testicles with sharp stones... and women were cutting off their breasts in a wild, uncontrollable frenzy.

De Sade said, "Any man who drinks from this fount is made effeminate and driven mad. The women, too, are driven mad... as you can see."

Betwixt the way they'd traversed to enter the chamber... and the exit opposite them... on either side were two statues surrounded by piles of bones and rotting corpses: a breasted Phrygian Agdistis, holding her severed genitals, and the Greek Hermaphroditus—each had both male and female genitalia and a woman's breasts.

Nine naked Korybantes stamped their feet and pounded drums and danced around—the floor slippery with blood and littered with lumps of meat that had once been breasts or testicles or penises.

The wailing of the Galli was disparaging...

Other wraithlike souls were drawn inexplicably towards the tangled bodies of the orgiastics… weary of the persistent boredom of life with the grottos of the bordello of the damned.

Jezebel's Sorority of the Bad Women

Faustus watched as pagan black-and-grey-skinned slave women, and children, danced tribal dances in uncontrolled lust around the abominable iron image of Moloch in the furnace, whilest white-skinned men babbling in 'kikelish sheenyid,' beat and raped these grotesque females, and throwing the children into fiery Moloch's arms to be consumed by flames which burned about the oven—and the Moloch seemed be brayed as these innocents wept.

Black-and-grey spotted men wearing rams' horns were everywhere… their big-bulging blood-stained eyes rolling, as them drooled, smacking big red lips, and calling out to each other, saying awful things—and all of them, every one had huge dripping erections which they shook at the pale-skinned "wimmin" they encountered as they violently took them—them all singing: "We are beautiful" and "We are free" or "at long last… free."

Many of the pale-skinned and dappled women which those monstrosities encountered gave themselves freely—sexually-willing to those spooks... each of those fuckees calling them fuckers, "Daddy"—as each was taken or given over freely to be so taken and used, abused, misused and otherwise maltreated in sexual degradation.

Then came in a group of pale-skinned men wearing long, flowing white robes, with hoods, some carrying torches, others clubs, whips and ropes fashioned into nooses… and all of these began

beating the black-skinned devils, yelling out: “Git yer dirty paws offa my sister—or wife—or daughter.”

Others merely cursed at or spat at the horny black-and-grey-skinned male monstrosities, who... despite of the violent opposition they were receiving, persisted in groping and pawing at the victimized women, poking and prodding them with their huge, slime-dripping erections, having their way with all of those females… and them taking pleasure with them, for, much to Faustus’ chagrin, the dirty sluts gave themselves up freely to those monsters... some alone and others in groups—all all-together mounting each one one-another—all riding them every-which-way, moaning and groaning and screaming, “O fuck me, Daddy; fuck me.”

Some of the uppity black-and-grey-skinned males were castrated and lynched by these hooded white-skinned, white-robed men, who were all the while vehemently screaming out, “Godam... how dare yo touch our wimmin.”

They also beat upon their women, too—all the while, they were all cussing so as to shame them for so easily succumbing to their perverted lust.

A choir of black chantresses sang: “Where is the Prince?”

Thence, cometh riding on bulls and stallions, lecher-quenching Bacchis—surrounded by motley prostitutes, every one of these screaming like mandrakes torn from their graves—and these hoe-witches were wearing nothing but the bawdy skin-coats they were born wearing and shadowed by sin.

Mary Ann Shadd was among them, agitating their oppressive bad behaviour… right along with the depraved rake (pimp), Caligula—a whore-hunter and whore-broker. Abigail was there, too—and Black Margaretta—and baldpate friars; cuckolds crying out: “Our wives spend the evening fornicating... leaving us nothing but buttered buns to eat.”

Sure, eh! And all those creeps amidst this bardashery were going to the toilet wherever, like animals—as they so pleased, doing without forethought, nor any afterthought, either.

Miniscule fungus was growing everywhere—flinging pathogenic spores into the air… and microscopic, long-branching filamentous oomycetes, and hairy rhizoids, and moldy hypha mushrooms sprouted…

A deep-bosomed goddesses cupping their breasts and standing on the heads of lion-headed sphinxes appeared—as being formed or formed out of the noxious particles floating about in the air, everywhere. The frenzied, writhing mass of entwined bodies slithered on the floor like snakes around her, kissing each other indiscriminately, women kissing women and men kissing men, performing cunnilingus and felatio together, inserting moist fingers into every orifice, pulling and pinching and scratching at each others flesh; and there was much sodomy, the depraved mob of orgiastics oblivious to shit-stained erections, sucking on them with much ado... and the ground beneath them was wet with urine. All the while moaning and groaning and

praising God in delight. And amongst them were transgendered mortals caressing their breasts and masturbating, and scaly reptilian immortals with the heads of frogs and snakes.

Faustus was mesmerized and repelled at the same time: “O my God.” he said. “This is not happening—it’s just... just... so unreal.”

De Sade laughed, spanking both his girls on their bums—all at once, together, using both his hands. He said, “Of course its real, you fool. This is paradise... and this why I shall never leave this place.”

Errol Flynn was standing in the midst of a group of nubile teenaged girls… all of them naked, and given over to the pursuit of sexual pleasure using each one another for this purpose. None of them seemed at all ashamed of their lewd behaviour… but this hellish place was a toilet of such vile expressions of the flesh.

Notwithstanding both Éponine and Azelma were induced to join them in their whorish revelry. But just as quickly, each returned her affections to de Sade… and Faustus, which Azelma took great pleasure in enticing… seducing… and slut she to him readily, giving herself of herself to him—yet, he ignored her concupiscence.

Here and there were pools and streams of what looked and smelled like waste—shit and piss and blood.

De Sade spake: “Welcome to the bordello, fellow... abandon all hope ye who enter here.”

“Woe,” saith Faustus as he was pushed de Sade, and, so being pulled by the Thénardier sisters into a rocky area in the flames, exposed to the revelers thereat in the adulterer’s banquet... hosted by Queen Gulnare of the Sea.

When Faustus thus entered, him being so pulled in, he found it was indeed a whorish hell-house: a rocky place covered with thorns, thistles and briers, and consumed by fire—a cuckold’s haven wherein he first saw Laputan women stripping themselves of ill-fitting star-covered garments, and throwing these into the flames to partake in debauchery. It was an abode of jackals and a haunt of ostriches, wildcats and desert beasts, and hoot owls. Satyrs roamed freely, calling to one another and playing pipes. Everywhere Faustus looked there were cross-biting sluts and jilts, or giilots, robbing roguish bantlings.

Azelma laughed at Faustus: “All hope is lost…”

The Adulterer’s Banquet

Faustus is informed by his companions of the many banqueters reveling at the tables, alone or together in small groups, some surrounded by admirers plying them with tricks, attempting to impress them with their power and influence: foremost amongst them is delicate Aspasia, a

hetaera noted for her ability as a conversationalist and advisor rather than merely as an physical object of beauty, attended to by Fanny Targioni Tozzetti.

Azelma laughed at Faustus: “Behold… Aspasia!”

“Who is Aspasia?” asked Faustus.

“To ask silly questions about Aspasia,” answered Azelma, “is to ask questions about half of humanity.”

Other hetaera were present as well: “Campaspe, their queen, sat with her courtesans: Theodota and Naeara; yellow-skinned Phryne Mnēsrétē—a prophetess and priestess of Aphrodite, whose breasts arose pity; and Leontion, Pythionice, and Thais—all three holding on to the same flaming torch.

Rahab the Canaanite whore of Jericho, wearing a red cord wrapped around her belly, sat with two Angelic men [ ] from Bread Mountain. The Israelite Gomer—a promiscuous woman and adulteress was with salacious Theodora—an indecent wool-spinner who became Empress of the Byzantine Empire. Thargelia, too, was with these—she was noted for her physical beauty and endowed with grace of manners and clever of wit.

Nervous Mary Magdalene—a sinful whore and Beloved Disciple—the woman with the seven devils cast out of her as Odysseus cast out those suitors bothering Penelope, his wife, upon his return to Ithaca: she was periodically insane and victim of violent epilepsy; her hair disheveled, eyes glaring, cheeks sunken—with her was Joanna, wife of Herod’s steward Chuza, called the Apostle Junia, and Susanna, which were her myrrh-bearers. So, too, were Lydia of Thyatira, a prominent woman dressed in purple robes, and the Jewish Christians, Priscilla—a teacher, and Aquilla, both companions of Saint Paul the Apostle—all of them tent-makers expelled from Rome by Emperor Claudius. They all sat together at one table… with tax-collectors, prostitutes, eunuchs, and a host of unnamed women. These Dead Souls debated theology, muttering prayers heard only by them.

Also present (and identified by de Sade and Éponine or Azelma): Madam ‘Poly’ Adler—a Russian Jewess; hackney Mary Boleyn—a great, infamous slag; Alice Chambers—a dance hall girl who died of venereal disease and was buried in ‘boot hill,’ Dodge City… and Sheridan Ethan, “Whore of the North,” who was famous for her live sex shows in Amsterdam.

All were speaking and crying out in a confusion of tongues... nonetheless, Faustus understood what they cried, and the things they were saying.

Asmodeus, a son of Naamah, who was owner of the brothel and host of the banquet came forward to welcome them.

Asmodeus said to Faustus, “Have you no joie de vivre?”

De Sade smiled: “I love to fuck—O I’ll fuck anything that moves.”

Asmodeus motioned… and the small group was joined by Ananke, who embraces Faustus—Eros at her feet, playing cupidly, spilling out the contents of a Cornucopian horn—those contents flowing out as the milk of Ninhursag, which makes strong and immortal those who drink it.

Two Ways of Life

Sitting at one table, upon which was the gigantic hairy horned-head of Humbaba the Terrible, were Gilgamesh and his ancestor Utanapishtim (Noah), who was drunk on wine, and his friend Enkidu the wild man. They all wore robes, from which only their necks and bearded heads and hands could be seen.

“He was begging for his life...” laughed Enkidu, telling Utanapishtim how Gilgamesh had killed Humbaba.

Then they all laughed and drank heartily.

At another table, laden with sumptuous feast of lamb, sat Dumu-zid Ama-ucumgal-ana, the good, young shepherd—tear-stricken and weeping—and with him was his song-knowing sister Ĝeština-ana the Honey-Mouthed Lady—both were wearing purple robes—and, a platter on the table top was strewn over with precious stones, string jewelry, a flute of lapis lazuli, a porphyry ring, a carnelian ring, and a timbrel (tambourine), as well as cones of burning incense.

Ĝeština-ana was lamenting, dolefully saying, “O my brother... my brother... let me utter a lament for you... O my brother... my brother... let me utter a lament for you... O my brother... my brother... let me utter a lament for you...”

Dumu-zid was caressing his sister’s holy thighs, her skin was the colour of cold water in the desert... but her eyes, face and ears were lacerated with scratches—as were her buttocks, which were revealed as he began to rape her—right there, on the table. And, as he grabbed her and threw her unto the table, their drinking cups were knocked over to lie on their sides... with milk and ambrosia spilling out and mixing together under it all.

They were quickly surrounded by small and large demons, all wielding copper pins, nails and pokers; some had large, sharp copper axes. They were all saying, “Show us where your brother is.”

“We’re not here for a peep show,” said de Sade to Faustus. “Come along... let us find a table.”

Aeneas sat with his father Anchises at one table—smoke from incense burning on their table fluttered above them like two white doves. Palinurus, Aeneas’ friend, who is dripping wet... was sitting with them also… and sitting at the same table was Odysseus… and the shade of Elpenor, once close friends.

Faustus overheard Palinurus request of Aeneas, entreating him to “save me from this awful doom.”

Elpenor was saying, to Odysseus, “I ask that you remember me... and do not go and leave me behind unwept, unwrapped in sepulchre, unburied [ ] for fear I might become the gods’ curse upon you; but burn me... with all my armour and heap up a grave mound over me besides the gray sea so that those who come will know of me.”

Hermes Trismegistus—the thrice great psychopompos—stood behind Odysseus, him wearing his typical winged petsus (round helm) and winged sandals, and holding a golden winged keykeion (caduceus) in his left hand… but he was otherwise completely naked, except for a red woolen chlamys (short traveler’s cloak or cape) adorned with purple stripes (clavi) around the border, being fastened with a fibula (pin) at the right shoulder and thrown casually around his neck, over his left shoulder. (Hermes is the synchronistic mediator between the conscious and unconscious.)

Imhotep stood nearby them as well, close by Hermes—he was the physician, high priest, scribe, vizier and architect (who built the first pyramid) of four pharaohs: He was a demigod genius who emerged from the mists of antiquity as a clean shaven, bald-headed man—and he held a papyrus roll. He was wearing a white “SnD wt.” (a type of kilt) of a fine linen byssus (woven from flax fibers) around his waist

[Early Christian writers identified Imhotep as one with Christ. He has also been identified with Joseph son of Jacob and the Greek physician Asclepius.]

Also, with him was King Ilimilku the Scribe of Moab, grandson of the abomination of Chemosh, who was standing with his teacher, Attēnu—a diviner, and these two men were discussing the stories of divine intervention in human struggle and moral lessons learned through of King Kirta of Hubur and Aqhat—a son of Danel of the Ephraimite clan of Rp’u—and his sister, Puġat, a wise woman, who was wearing a vase upon her head. They spoke the forgotten languages of the Aḫlanū, Suteans, and the ‘Apiru.

Banebdjedet, the lord of sexual pleasure and king of witches—representing man’s most basic urges—approached and stood beside Hermes... having, like Baphomet, two twisting spiral horns coming out the sides of his head, and a goat’s face and legs. His was the face of evil, decadence and immorality. He was also wearing a white SnD wt. around his waist… and on his head was a golden solar crown, or diadem with spikes radiating out around it and a uraeus (rearing cobra) in the center; and around his neck he wore a beaded wesekh collar, which was made of tubular beads of bronze, silver and gold, and gemstones: carnelian, feldspar, jade, jasper, lapis, rubies, and turquoise… as well as stone and faience.

Four Bau (birds with human heads) flew around Banebdjedet: Atum, who was the father of the gods, having a serpent-like appearance and wearing the pschent (double crown)—a tall bulbous white hedjet inside the red deshret; Shu, who separated the world into its opposites: above and below, light and dark, good and evil..., who wore a braided false (punt) beard (made of goat’s hair) and the four (ostrich) feather crown; snake-headed Geb, the personification of the Two Ladies (the fertile black earth and the red desert), also wearing the punt beard; and green-skinned

Osiris son of Geb, god of the afterlife, the underworld and the dead, wearing the atef crown—a tall bulbous white hedjet crown with two red and blue ostrich feathers on either side, which curl or curve at the upper ends—it was also wearing the punt beard.

De Sade said to Faustus, referencing Banebdjedet: "The penis, testicles, and their semen, rather than the uterus (the vessel which receives and incubates the essence of life) were believed by the ancient Egyptians to house the primary creative power... thus, myths about masturbating monads (like Atum) ejaculating beings into existence are acts of Spontaneous Creation."

Sitting at another table, Orpheus sat playing his kithara (harp) and singing a lamentation to his wife, Eurydice, who was holding a poisonous viper in her hands. On either side of her was sitting Princess Olympias of the Molossians, acting the role of hetaera, and Queen Cleopatra VII Thea Philopater, of the Ptolemaic Kingdom of Egypt, wearing a toga muliebris. Olympias speaking of Inanna whilest her began disrobing, slowly, removing layers of woolen and cotton fabric until she was at last, and sitting there naked as the day she was born. Partially filled cups of venom were on the table before each of them.

Flying around them, weeping crocodile tears, were three demonic virgins—the vengeful Erinyes, called Furies in hell, Harpies on earth, and Dirae in paradise: Mégaira (the Jealous One), Alēktó (Unceasing Anger), and Tisiphónē (Avenging Fury). These ugly sisters were monstrous foul-smelling crones with bat's wings, coal-black bodies and dog's heads with blood-shot eyes, and having snakes for hair. Each carried a brass-studded scourge in their talon-fingered hands. They were vicious, cruel and violent... and their victims always died in torment.

Orpheus was singing about how "human souls were divine and immortal but doomed to live—for a time—in a grievous cycle of successive bodily lives through palingenetic metempsychosis and transmutation of the soul."

As Faustus and his companions passed between the two tables... he couldn't help but overhear Anchises telling Aeneas of how "everything that exists—even the sky, the land, the waters, the sun, moon, and stars, as well as the living creatures... were permeated with a Living Spirit… and of how, "whence a Spirit becomes part of a living thing... the body pollutes the Spirit, clouding its vision."

Standing between the two tables was Mistress Despoine Prosperina, wife of dark-bearded King Haides of the Underworld, the ruler of the dead; she was a formidable, venerable and majestic queen in hell; here she stood, now, holding a golden bough in her hands, delicately examining it with a smile on her taunt, cold blue-black lips. On her one side stood the implacable black-winged Mistress Aganippe Demeter the Mare, broad of face and broad of eyes, dressed in an achiton and bearing a sheave of poppies in her arms, wearing a horned diadem and having the ghosts of small birds flirting about her, eating poppy seeds out of her black, dreaded hair. On her other side stood square-jawed and broad-shouldered Kore, the younger of the three, wearing an elegant red himation draped over a blue chiton, her face heavily painted with cosmetics—her lips were painted red, and her eyes black, and she wore a crown in her elaborately braided chest-length red hair fanning out over her chest and shoulders.

Nearby stood the incomprehensible Oracle Deiphobë, the dark-haired sibyl of Cumae, who uttereth prophecies... holding back the voiceless ghost of blond-haired Queen Dido Elissa of Carthage—the devotional fires of true love's flaming desire still-burning within her blue eyes, so that she could not approach her one true love—an unrequited love—her love of Aeneas, who had rejected her.

Standing in a crowd watching the spectacle of Deiphobë restraining Dido were Romulus, the founder of Rome; Julius Caesar—called the Queen of Bythynia, wearing a blood-stained toga with a Tyrian purple border—and him… he had been stabbed 23 times; and Caesar Augustus, wearing a toga with the end piece pulled over his head and a short-sleeved tunica underneath. His toga was draped over his left shoulder, covering his arm and gracefully fell around his body; as well as Marcellus, whom was Augustus' sixteen-year-old nephew, who looked glum... for having died so young.

"Even in death, the spirit retains traces of its old life," Anchises was saying. "The dead souls of must spend a good deal of time (sometimes up to thousands of years) being purified (sometimes involving torments), so that they can clear their vision."

Sitting at another table, nearby, were Aeschylus, the father of tragedy, and Euripides, the most tragic of poets—both men were bearded and wearing knee-length chitons fastened over their left shoulder –and sitting between them was a sensuous, androgynous youth with bright pink skin and rosy cheeks, Dionysius Eleutherios the Liberator, wearing a wreath crown of green grape leaves and thorny red roses wrapped around his head, so that the thorns caused blood to trickle down his face, and a fox-skin loin-cloth; he was drunk and spilt wine from a Lycurgus cage-cup (or diatretum), which Faustus noticed shimmered green although the light which passed through it was tinted red.

Dionysius' mother, the virgin Semele Thyone—a fiery plasma-like woman formed of heavenly purifying fire, having a deep bosom and flowing locks of flame, sat by her son... her arm around him... as she lustfully licked at his earlobes, kissing his flushed cheeks, her steamy breath full of silent unspoken words forged of her tongue like thunderbolts—pure and holy. She was wearing a diadem, like a Tesla-coil, discharging electric energy... surrounding her head like a halo. Their table (and the area around them) was crowded with bearded satyrs with erections and beautiful maenads wearing white silk ribbons knotted about their heads, these were embroidered with cult images of bulls, fig trees, and animal sacrifices... the two long fringed end-strips hanging down over their shoulders; they all dressed in fawn-skins and carried long fennel—thrysus—sticks wrapped in ivy or vines and tipped with pinecones or snakes in their hands, and kantharos cups filled with wine, milk and honey, and blood.

Although those buxom, sweet-voiced women were all very beautiful… they were brutes... whirling, screaming, madly dancing in frenzied states of intoxication to the sounds of invisible drums, flutes and cymbals. Agave was among them, carrying her son's lion-maned head on a stick. Three beautiful dark-haired, bat-winged maidens—the minyades—Alcathoe and Arsippe and Leucippe tossed a boy's head from one to the other... it was the head of Leucippe's son, Hippasus. Autonoë and Ino the White Goddess of the Beautiful Ankles, Agave's sisters, danced with them.

So it was that as he was led through the throng, Faustus was pushed so that he fell to sit at the table, whereat the men merely ignored him, continuing their discussion as if weren't even there.

"He who learns must suffer," said Aeschylus. "And even in our sleep pain that cannot forget falls away drop by drop upon the heart, and in our own despair, against our will, comes wisdom to us by the awful grace of God."

"The greatest pleasure of life is love," Euripides said. "Love is all we have; the only way that each can help the other."

"And there is no pain as great as the memory of joy in present grief," said Aeschylus.

"No one can confidently say," said Euripides, "that he will still be living tomorrow."

"Yes," Aeschylus said, "it would be better to die once and for all than to suffer pain for all one's life."

"In the world," Euripides said, "imprisoned men and women destroy each other daily by the intensity of their loves and hates."

Theseus—the slayer of the Minotaur—the hero who had once stolen Helen of Sparta (when she was but nine years of age), and Heracles were standing together in and open area, by a large stone with what looked like a statue sitting upon it... but it wasn't a statue... it was a mortal man: Pirithous, turned to rock—through his own hubris—and stuck there forever. All three were wearing white linothorax cuirasses over their torsos, short pants, and bronze greaves on their shins and bronze arm guards. Heracles also had the impenetrable skin of the Nemidian lion tied over one shoulder. None of them had on helmets nor carried weapons.

An eidolon of Psyche—most beautiful woman in the world, pregnant with Hedone-Voluptus (Pleasure)—the personification of lust, sired of Cupidos-Eros, son of Venus-Aphrodite—was there, but rather than her fluttering upon butterfly wings coloured like stained glass, she was sitting on a rough stone, alone and weeping tears that sparkled like diamonds. Hers was the human soul which is purified by sufferings and misfortune, and thus prepared for the enjoyment of true and pure happiness.

"There is no illustration of the immortality of the soul more beautiful than the butterfly," said de Sade, seeing Faustus obsess over the grieving goddess. "It bursts from the tomb in which it has lain on brilliant wings, after a dull, groveling caterpillar existence... to flutter about the blaze of day and feast on the most fragrant and delicate nectars of the spring." This said, they continued on... de Sade leading, the two girls, Éponine and Azelma, on either side of him... and Faustus, dumbly following after de Sade.

As they walked together through the crowd, Faustus could see many of the great soldiers from antiquity had gathered around Cloelia—a Roman girl attired as an equestrian soldier, her hair was wet… and, standing closest to her were Spartacus and Alexander the Great and his half-

sister, Cynane. He also saw Clovis, him “wet from his bath,” and Prince Sviatoslav Igorevich of Kyiv—Pecheneg arrows protruding from his body, and with him was Timür the Lame, called Tamerlane, Turco-Mongol conqueror, and Puyi—the last emperor of China—and he was happy smiling and content.

They also passed a table occupied by some women: Queen Geundoloēna and Shammuramat (Semiramis), along with Scythian queen Tomyris of the Massagetae, drinking fermented mare’s milk from the skull-cup that she made out of King of Kings Cyrus I the Great Achaemenid; Artemisia I of Caria, Sophonisba, a Carthaginian, and Chiomara, a Gaul princess shared the table, languishing in conversation together—and Cartimandua, queen of the Brigantes, sat by Boudica (Buddug) Gwenllian, queen of the Iceni, and her daughters—one pierced through with a Roman spear… the other having Roman arrows stuck in her body: These last three were sharing the same Gral Sanctaidd, which was filled with a fragrant posca—vinegar and poison mixed together (as blood and water).

Other women milled around them, at their table, some coming—others going. Faustus and his companions almost lost each other in the churning mill of humanity—there—in hell improper!

The Bructeri seer Veleda, prophetess of the Germans, stood with Boudica’s daughters—all three women satisfied with their immortality. On the far side of the table, opposite the, came-and-went three Arab women of the Quraysh: Hind bint Utba (al-Hunnad) and her sisters, Atika bint Utba and Umm Kulthum bint Utba—all carried bloody scimitars—each was perfumed with fragrances imported from India. Faustus overheard al-Hunnad say: “al-mawt lil-nabi…” or some such nonsense—and then they were gone, disappeared into the crowd, being replaced by Princess Marie Thérèse Louise of Lamballe, whom was holding her head in her arms—and it spake, saying something to the effect of “Of brioche I’ve had my fill.”

Anglo-Saxon Queen Æthelburh of Wessex, flaming torch in hand, danced by hand-in-hand with Saint Theodora—a Miaphysitic demoness. Warrior Queen Æthelfled, Lady of the Mercians, her wearing an emerald-studded crown, followed in suit… as didst Queen Ælfgifu de France—rex Francorum—of the Capetian lineage; she wielded a Norman-forged sword with cruciform hilt and a double-edged blade: It hadst been forged by Ulfberht… or by Ingelrii—its hard to know for sure which as there were only faded etchings inscribed thereupon the rough-chiseled and rusted blade—as it had seen much of battles and wars and bore those marks most decisively along each of its edges.

Her face as radiant as a pearl in mire and shining like the moon on a dark night, Saint Olga of the Kievan Rus, accompanied by small pigeons and sparrows like sparkling stars flirting in the air about her, approached them—that is, Faustus, de Sade and the two girls—her using a birch branch twig to part them (as a group) so that she mightest pass through their small party: the birch branch twig burned without being consumed by the flames—the same was true of the birds. Faustus moved to one side—and de Sade did likewise on her other side; each of the men was accompanied by one of the girls; Éponine with de Sade and Azelma with Faustus.

“Those who suffered worser deaths than life…” saith the saint in her passage betwixt them—speaking directly to Faustus, “found no honour at all to their taste.”

Faustus couldst smell fresh-turned soil mixed with sulphur lingering in her wake—as if in train following after her. Moreover, the ground beneath her was wet with a trail of fresh blood that stretched behind her wherever she went.

Azelma spake to Faustus: "This blood-thirsty bitch is equal to the Apostles in that she baptized with fire, rather than with water."

Even as Saint Olga went her way… cometh towards them (passing her), Icelandic shield-maiden Freydís Eiríksdóttir, whom was the epitome of feminine bravery—her bared breasts exposed—a blood-dripping ax held she in her left hand… and, in her right hand, she held a sword with which she was beating her naked chest.

Azelma spake again to Faustus, saying: "This bitch fights and kills better than any man."

Thence, as Eiríksdóttir passed on her way, Faustus saw "la Gran Contessa" Matilda of Tuscany, Vice-Queen of Italy and Margravine of Tuscany… whom bore an armful of flowers, creep out 'as it were' and enjoin she—and the coy coolness of her pale features reminded him somewhat of Proserpina Libera ("the free one") in the springtime: "This one released all her citizens from feudal obligations and taxes ere she died."

"Yea," saith Faustus: "Dante so madeth Matelda a 'baptizer' and a 'priestess' in the Earthly Paradise."

Yet, Faustus was more intent on searching other faces in the crowds… in truth, he was looking for a glimpse of "Bice"—and, although he bethought it probable that he caught sight of Lisa Gherardini… he saw naught of either woman for certain.

De Sade spake: "A 'sister-in-Christ… and the first to ascend Mount Purgatory…"

Faustus' thoughts drifted as if upon stilled waters of dreams—at once gently disturbed—to Leah the Wild Cow and Rachel the Ewe.

Strothe! Be certain, O Reader; the Mona Lisa, in fact, saw him and his companions… but these soured her smile and she quick looked away and disappeared back into the throng of the dead souls—all dripping wet thereof with the baptismal waters of their bath—gathered admiringly around her.

Éponine shrieked—as with glee, pointing as she shouted: "Look…"

The ground thence began to shake a little—and trumpeting as with a farting sound… and coming with noxious odours, so appeared Malacoda, a long-handled fork in hand—the barbs of its poop forming a tail, following behind the fiend. And several other lesser demons accompanied it—all of which carried hooks. Predominant amongst these were Calcabrina, stomping the ground and trampling persons—pushing people every which way—and farting: Alichino flew around the

stylus

other, poking it—whenever opportunity allowed—in the ass with a fork it carried… the one, releasing gas and, the other, laughing like a belching frog.

Thence, Alichino quickly flew towards Faustus, flailing the air with its trident and beating its wings about itself, hissing loudly like a strangled scream caught up in a clenched throat, wheezing out: “All your cunning produces you naught but greater sadness, Faustus.”

Hearing his name spoken so… the man trembled, as if struck with shame, and he wouldst have faltered and taken to the ground in a heap but for the two girls, which was one on either side of him—as chance wouldst have it… holding him upright so as not to let him fall.

“Be not thou overtaken…” said de Sade.

Thence didst Calcabrina fall upon its fellow demon and pester it with its fork. So it was that Alichino began to fight its tormentor in the air above them watchers watching—as well as them who didn’t give a damn and either ignored what was obvious or were otherwise disinterested, including them dull-wits which were ignorant of their environment and sat or stood with bland, blank expressions—too stupid to know or care and too dumb to care to know that everywhere about them were other devils fighting—at least nine, perhaps as many as twelve.

Empress Urraca the Reckless of León and Castile, and of the Galicia Land of Saint James, of a sudden appeared—her having a demonic suckling at her teats, not only approaching them but drawing them into her struggle with her half-sister, Theresa, Countess of Portugal.

Both girls of Faustus’ company began picking up hot pitch left behind by the fart-trumpeting devils which hadst just proceeded her—and this they hucked at her, booing her and hissing and scratching the air like kittens.

Éponine laughed, turning back to Faustus and de Sade: “This fuck cunt is a silly bitch…”

“A whore…” laughed Azelma.

Came from behind their small group a woman—and she was Princess Gwenllian ferch Gruffydd of Deheubarth—and she went up and sat down by Buddug, being given to drink of the plain cup of poison Sanctaidd venenum shared with her. She raised the cup and toasted Robyn Hode of Sherwood Forest, saying: “Many dinks toast Robin Hood but nary are yet any more-or-less than only a few of them ever shot a bow.”

This said, she drank a draught, deeply, slowly, enjoying the pleasant-tasting poison. The other Celtic warrior-women there with her all cheered: one cried out good wishes for Little John, another for Much the Millar’s son, and yet another raised the name of Will Scathelocke, and the last of the four women sitting there together in good cheer made a declaration announcing remembrance of Friar Tuck.

“Maid Marion is a bonny fine lass…” called out Faustus, without much thought; him adding, “Aye, she were most beautiful—more of a beauty than egg-born Helena of Sparta, nor less of a beauty than was Lillie Langtry…”

Éponine laughed at him, pinching his cheeks together to shut him up: “… a pagan Eve!”

Azelma slapped him on the bum, whispering into his ears, saying first, into one of them: “… no Virgin…” “Mary.”

“A moon maid…” quipped in de Sade, but him quick became much more intent to content his imaginations upon Friar Tuck between her legs, as concubine: “and a trull of tryst, to serve… a prycker… a prancer… a tearer of sheets… and a wager of bullocks whence Robin Hood sleeps.”

Éponine burst into foul laughter, releasing her captive’s cheeks—slapping the one side of his face softly, slowly… but her gentillesse was feigned for with a turn-cheek action the bitch back-handed him hard.

“Queen Clorinda of the Shepherdesses is truer in love to the outlaw interest than she…” saith Éponine.

Azelma danced around him, turning as she didst so, chanting: “She was a shepherdess…” and “She was an archer…” and “She was a sweetheart… and a whore.”

Queen Melisende d’Édesse (de Rethel) walked by them, not noticing them, her being followed by Queen Sybilla of Jerusalem—sister of leper king Baldwin IV of Jerusalem—the last Latin king of Jerusalem, whom was attended to by four young girls: two were her daughters, Alice and Maria. Both queens were praiseworthy women in their own times… here, they were attended by the nuns of St. Lazarus (of Bethany).

De Sade spake: “Melisende did more against the Holy City… of Jerusalem than any Muslim ever could....”

“Holy ha-ha-ha…” Azelma burst out into teary-eyed laughter, rolling down to the dirt: “My arse has a hole…”

Éponine laughed, saying: “A hole full of shit.”

“Saladin was less destructive…” de Sade continued unabated.

Éponine thence began helping her sister up, even as de Sade finished speaking his sentence.

De Sade touched Faustus on his arm, to get his attention, him pointing out Eleanor of Castile, coldly stating: “She hanged over three hundred Jewish ‘coin clippers’…”

Faustus saw the lady, and with her were poor Little St. Hugh of Lincoln.

“Look over there!” Éponine commanded, pointing out the mutilated body of the child. “See—isn’t that young William of Norwich?”

“No—no!” Azelma barked. “It’s Saint Simeon of Trent…!”

“No—no!” Éponine exclaimed, pointing at the boy: “See, him—the one carrying a cross of crucifixion.”

“Yes… yes!” Azelma responded, giddy with delight in rejoicing over those poor children’s sufferings. “I see… but we’re both wrong! It’s Anderi Oxner von Rinn…”

Éponine corrected her sister: “Yah! So where is the ‘stone,’ huh!?”

“Oh!” Azelma said… “I see—or, yes… there is no stone!”

Éponine remarked: “Nor doth this brat sport any broken limbs.”

“So… who is the brat?” Faustus blustered.

De Sade laughed heartily, saying: “Enough!”

The two girls, Éponine and Azelma began to hiss at each other, and pull at each other’s tangled hair, but before the two began to heartily fight.

De Sade yelled as loud as he could: “Quit your bickering, bitches. No one fucking cares! No one cared much enough then, for any of those poor child martyrs… and no one gives a good God-damn now!”

The two girls quit bickering and each in earnest scanned the horizon for a table.

“God I wish we could just fine a table and commence making merry.” De Sade said, “This place has the best whine [*Sic*.].”

Thence came amongst them the cursed Marguerite de Valois, slandered queen of Navarre and France—a rebellious woman whom hid a handful of Protestants ere the St. Bartholomew’s Day Massacre occurred—and with her was Isabella of Aragon, Queen of Portugal, dressed as a nun… and she took up the child martyr in her arms—as she did so, all the child’s supposed wounds vanished—as if it were her own son and none of the other children mentioned.

Our four heroes, though, continued their passage through the banquet hall—brushing past many other tables full of dead souls enjoying their afterlife experiences and remembering their lives on earth in discussions—none of which Faustus was able much to discern anything thereof. Rather, the small company—the two girls, Faustus between them, following close on the heels of de Sade was them led on through the thronging mass of humanity, as it were.

stylus

Shepherd-King David with Uriah the Hittite and J'asheb-Bashebeth ben Thakhamoni, carrying a great spear—a 'mighty man' and foremost chief of the 'Sheloshah,' or 'the three'— with them was Adino the Eznite, whom madeth a fourth of their group… and him hadst slain some 800 men himself—at one time. So it was that these seemed be captivated the four of them, that is Faustus and his companions—but it were more-so the whole of his group which carried them along with them in their midst… all going to a certain table. Yea—and there sat those commanders of the king's bodyguard: Abishai, Benaiah, Asahel, and Joab—the commander-in-chief of the whole of the forces. Benaiah son of Jehoiada the priest was with them, too, as was Ittai the Gittite… and Shagmar… and Eleazar son of Dodai the Ahohite and Shammah son of Agee the Hararite.

Crowded around a nearby table were prophets, oracles and mystics, including: Jeremiah, Isaiah, Daniel, Nostradamus, Edgar Cayce, Polish nun Feliksa Kozlowski… and standing by her were Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Ovid, Petrarch, and Joseph Smith and his older brother Hyrum Smith (Mormons).

Jesus the Christ

Saint Photini and her five sisters: Anatole, Photo, Photis, Paraskeve, and Kyriake (Samaritans) sat together, also, at another nearby table—all laughing and enjoying the fare. At the same table were sitting Jesus, Enoch and a bleeding nun. Enoch (who was a descendant of Cain) was wearing a red robe and a blue cloak. Jesus the Christ was dressed in nothing but a dirty, stained loincloth, wearing his crown of thorns—his face streaming with dried blood, his nearly-naked body scarred by the lash and covered in black-and-blue bruises and blood-red welts (which were more black because of the dried blood crusted to his flesh)—there was also a terrible wound in his left side from which seeped water mixed with blood, and his hands and feet had sore-looking gaping holes through them. Seated with them is the bleeding nun of the Castle of Lindenberg and she was telling them her story: see The Monk (a romance by Matthew Lewis).

Standing close by Jesus, Enoch and the bleeding nun are: Mani, Zoroaster, Buddha and Krishna.

Mani, a Persian known as Shuriak, or Cabricus in Latin, his countenance peaceful and shining with love, was dressed in white baggy cotton trousers (sirwal), which was simple embroidered at the cuffs, under an ankle-length white cotton garment with long sleeves (thawb), and a white cotton keffiyah (head scarf) with a black agal (cord) keeping it in place.

Zoroaster, a turbaned magician with a barsom—a bundle of short brass rods—in hand, and wearing a white cotton sudreh (nightgown) with a braided cincture (belt of sash) wrapped three times around his waist and tied in a square knot.

Gautama Buddha the Enlightened One, also known as Siddhartha, wrapped in saffron robes, was talking with the Monkey King, Sun Wukong, who was wearing blue pants, a red tunic and a yellow scarf tied around his neck, and a golden ring around his head.

A blue-skinned four-armed avatar (Krishna) also sat with them; he had milky white eyes and a red tilaka in the middle of his forehead, running down from his hairline to the tip of his nose—

stylus

this having a white edge all around it (in the shape of a U). Ostentatiously attired, he wore a peacock feather was on his head, a garland of brightly-coloured lotus flowers hung around his neck, and he was playing a flute. He wore silver bells tied around his ankles, a yellow coloured dhoti (skirt) covering his legs and knotted at the waist, and a yellow upper cloth... tied with a silver girdle. His bracelets and armbands were made of jewels set in a net of gold. He also wore gold in his nose and gems on his fingers, and ear ornaments that swung against his cheeks.

Saint Longinus stood by Christ's left side, wearing a cassis helmet and lorica segmentata scale armour over a scarlet tunic, with manica on his arms and greaves on his legs; his neck was wrapped in a scarlet focale (scarf) and a wool sagum (which had been saturated in lanolin to make it waterproof), fastened by a fibula (safety-pin-like brooch). On his feet he wore hobnailed, leather caligae, laced up the center of the foot to the ankle. He wore braccae (short woolen trousers) - over subligaria (underpants)—and a pteruges—a skirt of metal-studded leather strips. A pugio dagger and a short gladius sword were both sheathed and hanging from his balteus (sword-belt). In his hands he held a hasta—a thrusting spear with a six-foot long ash pole and an iron spearhead, blood dripping from its' tip... the same spear with which he had pierced Christ's side on the cross—the same spear which the poor Grail knight Sir Balin Le Savage (of the Two Swords) used to deliver the Dolorous Stroke to King Pellam the Grail King.

[Longinus had been slowly going blind, but after spearing Christ some of his holy blood fell upon his eyes and washed away the blindness... instantly he could see well again.]

The Bleeding Nun's Tale

The bleeding nun's tale was interrupted by Saint Faustina (Sister Josefa Menendez)—a Coadjutrix Sister of the Society of the Sacred Heart—an insignificant mystic who was dressed in the religious habit of a Roman Catholic nun: an elaborately starched white cotton coif and wimple and guimpe—and a stiff black card covering was worn over the coif to prevent it from becoming wet or soiled; a black veil pinned to the headwear and turned up over her head to expose a white under-veil covering her face; her holy habit—a loose dress made of blue-black serge fabric pleated at the neck and draping to the ground, with two sets of sleeves; a belt made of woven black wool was tied around her waist; she was also wearing two underskirts (which could not be seen): a top skirt of black serge trimmed with cord and bottom skirt of black cotton; a monastic scapular (symbolic apron) hung—both front and back—from her shoulders, being tied under the belt; and an white apron. Her black leather shoes were simple; functional... a rosary of wooden beads and metal links hung from the belt by small hooks, a small silver cross hung from a black cord around her neck, and a simple silver ring was on her left hand. She also carried a large wooden cross and a Holy Bible in her hands.

Saint Faustina, in her own modest way, was speaking out on the tortures of hell, and was saying, "The first torture that constitutes hell is the loss of God; the second is perpetual remorse of conscience; the third is that one's condition will never change; the fourth is that the fire will penetrate the soul without destroying it—a terrible suffering, since it is a purely spiritual fire, lit by God's anger; the fifth torture is continual darkness and a terrible suffocating smell, and, despite the darkness, the devils and the souls of the damned see each other and all the evil, both

of the others and their own; the sixth torture is the constant company of Satan; the seventh torture is horrible despair, hatred of God, vile words, curses and blasphemies. These are the tortures suffered by all the damned together... but not the end of the sufferings. There are special tortures designed for particular souls... these are the torments of the senses. Each soul undergoes terrible and indescribable suffering, related to the manner in which they lived—and sinned."

"O Jesus," cried out Faustus, feeling overcome with emotion. "I would rather be in agony until the end of the world, amidst the greatest of sufferings, than offend you by the least of my sin."

O holy and blessed dame, the perpetual comfort of humankind, who by thy bounty and grace nourish all the world," laughed de Sade, shaking his fist at the nun, "and hearest a great affection to the adversities of the miserable, as a loving mother you takest no rest, nor are you idle at any time in giving your benefits, succoring all men..."—his laughter overtook him so that he could finally say no more.

Meanwhile, Azelma spat at her—flipping a middle finger-bird.

Éponine called out, "Does your cuckold husband know you're here with these fuckers, slut?"

Faustus responded, quoting, saying, "The sorrows of death have compassed me: and the perils of hell have found me."

It was about this time that Mariamne Magdala the Beloved Disciple emerged from under the table, to sit in our Lord's lap, her licking her ruby red lips and smiling coyly—fluttering with her eyes at Faustus, who shied away from her soft-touching gaze.

"What did you expect, Bitch?" She saith: "What the fuck do you think us Temple Virgins are raised as…?"

De Sade laughed: "She's a fuck whore, Faustus—and no better than any woman."

Mariamne Magdala threw her red hair aback, turning chin to sky and sighed—turning her gaze to Faustus, saying: "We are taken into Temple as girls to service those dirty men—asshole! Are you a dirty fucker, man!?"

Éponine and Azelma were both in hysterics. Azelma finger-shamed Faustus: "You're such a bad widdle boy..., Bitch!"

Thus, as the two girls were laughing as they dragged Faustus away from the scene, which had so captivated the mortal man of flesh.

Azelma said to Faustus, "Without contraries is no progression. Attraction and repulsion, reason and energy, love and hate, are all necessary to human existence. From these contraries spring what the religious call good and evil. Good is the passive that obeys reason. Evil is the active springing from energy. Good is heaven. Evil is hell."

stylus

“My friend... bon ami...” said de Sade, putting his arm around Faustus and forcibly carrying him away, “come... come... we must find a table—there is no time to waste on foolish dalliance listening to the ravings of lunatics who try and pass themselves off as messiahs... when all the lying hypocrites really are in the first place is despotic little bipolar schizophrenics.”

Queen Laura Bell of London Whoredom—a whore with a heart of gold, adorned with Indian jewels, sat at a table with the Frankish princess Basina daughter of Clotilda (daughter of Charibert I) and Chilperic I. The two sluts waved over Azelma—and her readily put herself ‘loveta’ betwixt them—joined damn quick by de Sade: him already looking for a serving wench and beckoning so for attendance to his needs—his needs more than his companions’ needs. Thus were, at last, Faustus, de Sade, Éponine and Azelma so seated.

At three tables set up around a distant statue of Isais Philostorgos, queen of Aldebaran, and her daughter and granddaughter... were seated a group of merry men; some of them standing, others in chairs—all were beer-guzzling large decorative steins of foaming suds. And as for them on their feet, these of them were randomly moving about from one table to the other, socializing with each other—sharing handshakes and hugs; others were dancing jigs for joy: These were (as follows):

Gathered together at the center table—and the center of attention—twas Hanna Reitsch, wearing the Iron Cross First Class and the Luftwaffe Pilot-Observer Badge in Gold with Diamonds; with her were Martin Bormann on the one side, and his younger brother SS-Gruppenführer Albert Bormann on his feet behind them—a hand upon his brother’s shoulder; and on the lady’s other side sat or stood Admiral Karl-Jesko von Puttkamer, Dr. Hugo Blaschke—a dentist, and Rudolf Höss, with SS-Gruppenführer Hans Baur and Field Marshall Robert Ritter von Greim sitting opposite them—as it were.

SS-Brigadeführer Wilhelm Mohnke and SS-Gruppenführer Johann Rattenhuber were both of them playing the flirt game with Secretaries Traudl Junge, Gerda Daranowski (Christian), and Else Krüger. Reichspräsident (president) Karl Dönitz, Alfred Jodl, Dr. SS-Standartenführer Ernst-Günther Schenck—wearing the Iron Cross Second Class, gathered together flattering Constanze Manziarly—a cook and dietician. Also seated at this table was Walter Hewel—an agent of the Abwehr.

Dr. SS-Obersturmbannführer Werner Haase, Dr. Helmut Kunz—a dentist, Nurse Erna Flegel, Nurse Liselotte Chervinska stood together at this table, as well. These were engaged in song together with a group of men, at t’other table of the three, whereupon stood Schopenhauer—a crabby look upon his face, speaking loudly, sternly trying to be heard over the men singing together—and mostly ignoring the old man, him saying (as follows): “in Flucht geshlagen, wähnt er zu jagen, hört nicht sein eigen Schmerzgekreich, wenn er sich wühlt ins eig’ne Fleisch, wähnt Lust sich zu erzeigan!”

Some of the men were singing, “streck! streck! streck!” Some were singing, “meck! meck! meck!” Others were singing, “beck! beck! beck!”

stylus

Azelma the Spoiler revealed her true nature, abandoning her two new friends, climbing up on their table and skipping as a little girl to the song-singing of the men; her lightly stepping in tune with their melody… her "tra-la-laaing" along with them men, resplendidly rejoicing along, in song, sing: "feck! feck! feck!"

And swarming around them were their fellows: Werner Naumann, Dr. SS-Obersturmbannführer Ludwig Stumpfegger, and Reichsjugendfuhrer Artur Axmann—leader of the Hitler Youth, and SS-Standartenführer Julius Schreck. SS-Obersturmbannführer Erich Kempa sat apart from them all, him wearing a totenkopfring on his right index finger, his hand resting on the hilt of an SS-Ehrendegen "honour" sword: the black wooden handle was ribbed and featured a shining steel D-shaped knuckle-bow (cross-guard), bound with silver wire and inset disc, which featured the SS double-lightning bolt rune. The scabbard was also painted black and had a silver decorative silver top (locket) and bottom (chape) mounts… the long thin sword blade having been made to accommodate the height of the wearer.

SS-Hauptscharführer Heinrich Doose, who had been a driver, sat with Kaethe Hausermann—a dental surgeon on his lap, her leaning over with her arms around SS-Obersturmbannführer Georg Betz… and they were kissing each other tenderly, unabashed of the public spectacle.

At a table nearby Faustus, de Sade, Éponine and Azelma were seated seven other men: Darcy John Bouchard, Erik Nemoutis, and Dadeo 4. Cube, Guigno Schmüërz, Sam Dapce and Samule Lawless, who were sitting together listening to Citizen Mayfly harangue on about the plausibility of the death of the immortal soul and on the politics of the hierarchical and totalitarian politics of hell. They were joined by two women: Hilda Murrell (British) and Karen Silkwood (American). All the men arose in proper dignity straight-armed saluting der Führer…—and the two women, as well. Thence all seated, the men allowing the ladies their seats and sitting at their pleasure, as well.

A Swedish siren approached de Sade, and her commands her slave girls to serve them, these speaking as they serve the platters, naming the delicacies, saying each delicacy by name as the table was so set—piled high with dainties and other gourmet treats: "Yolks of eggs, cock-stones, lobsters, crayfish, periwinkles, oyster-pies, beef marrow, corn and potatoes spiced with coriander, eryngoes, sweet wine… and the skirit-roots have a great deal of spermatic virtue."

"Food is the first thing," said de Sade, "morals follow."

Éponine and Azelma each kissed him lustily in turn, then each took up one of Faustus' hands and sat with him away, all together indulging hungrily upon these delicacies—and de Sade indulged his appetites with less morals than at a Roman orgy.

Their servers were Lücke Behrens, Elizabeth Lorentz, and Katharina Meyer Summer.

"More of the old wine." called out de Sade, raising a goblet given him which was shaped like a woman's breast, guzzling it, spilling out his mouth and over his shirt, and emptying it so as to begin shaking it for more—and more of the same beaker was poured right in. De Sade said to the server, saying: "To hell with this new stuff."

stylus

Then, after his mastoi had been filled by a server yet again, he barked out a toast: “To Saint Ida’s dove—may it shit on her head! and to hell with Leoba the miraculous.”

“To hell with Leoba the prude,” Éponine called out—her so drinking as well.

“That roué is Giacomo Casanova, count of Farussi, Chevalier de Seingalt the sybarite,” Azelma said, as her returned her attentions to Faustus—her refusing a cup offered her by one of their servers to demand Faustus’ drinking vessel—and without him complying, she took it… spilling much… and greedily gulping the rest. Thence, her holding it out for more, she grinned—her face wet with wine, laughing away.

La Esméralda the Gypsy, wearing a paste emerald around her neck, appeared dancing around the tables with her tambourine, drumming it and jingling its tiny cymbals, followed by her clever goat Djali. Miriam the Chantress—her eyes painted with Egyptian blue-green kohl and wearing a honey-comb in her hair—also danced, she slapping her timbrel against her hip... belly-dancing.

“O looky-look and sees...!” Azelma said—her jumping up-and-down for glee, pointing out… “Lothario is there with his friend Anselmo’s wife, Camilla and her maid.”

A green fairy named Moll White was filling their earthenware jugs with green nectar (distilled from wormwood, hyssop and melissa, and spiced with fennel) from a wooden barrel.

“I hope you like this... absinthe,” said de Sade to Faustus: “Le eau de vie—or water of life.”

“It’s just piss to me,” Éponine exclaimed, emptying her vessel at a draught and demanding more…: Elizabeth of Dobershütz came and served her more, pouring the green liquid into her empty goblet.

“O ‘tis the universal panchrest...” sang out de Sade, haply holding out his goblet for more, once again: “The remedy to all diseases and elixir of immortal youth.”

“I can’t drink this poison,” spat out Faustus, spewing the burning absinthe out as quickly as he’d tasted it.

“You’re a fucking dumb cunt, asshole!” Spat out Azelma. “You treat the Green Lady with more respect or I’ll kick your ass… now drink!”

She poured more… and he, being so forced to do so, dranketh he more of the fiery alcohol.

Azelma reached out and pushed the cup up so as to make his gulp bigger, commanding him: “Drink!”—and he choked again.

“In her past life,” de Sade casually mentioned, taking the goblet from out of Faustus’ hand and drinking heartily, “this fine wench was beheaded and burnt as a sorceress... and a poisoner... but I assure you, sir, that there is absolutely nothing wrong with the green fairy.”

“See that poor old woman,” said Éponine of Anna Roleffes. “She was tortured, found guilty of maleficium and diabolism in league with the devil, condemned, beheaded and burnt, as well.”

“They were among the last of the witches to be treated so...” said Éponine, unable to contain her empathy for the witches, “so horribly by their communities.”

“For some strange reason,” said de Sade, “they were chosen by their peers as scapegoats, who attributed to them what they could not accept in themselves.”

“And there is Kate McNiven, the witch of Monzie,” said Azelma. “She was a healer and prophetess... but that didn’t stop them from treated her to fire and faggot.”

“Excuse, monsieur Citoyen,” saith Faustus, lowly, so that only de Sade could hear him, “but where is it that you—uh—I—uh—Sir… just where am I supposed to relieve myself?”

“Follow me, my friend,” said de Sade... and, abandoning the two girls of their company, he got up and led him away.

In due order, along their way to the toilets, our two heroes came upon a gang of devils of the French Foreign Legionnaires which hadst gathered around a bronze statue of “The Dying Gaul” and singing “Le Boudin”: Foremost amongst them was “La Miss” General Susan Travers; she was dancing for the men as they sang, her waving around her a Croix-Rouge française flag—the decorations that were pinned to her bodice bounced as she bounded—and these included a Légion d’Honneur; a Croix de Guerre, a Médaille commemorative 1939-1945 with clasps: ‘Afrique,’ ‘Itálie,’ et ‘Libération’; a Médaille Coloniale (du mérite syrien de 4e classe); Croix de liberation findlandaise; an Officier de l’Ordre du Nichan Iftikhar; and a Médaille militarie. Marshal Marie-Pierre Kœning was dancing with her—a dust cloud of sand floating in the air about him—him waving a Star-of-David flag about him as he bounded, wheeling and turning in step to the chorus: His decorations are too numerous to mention.

Père de la Légion General Rollét marched around them, as they danced together, that is La Miss and her lover, each brandishing their flags as they whirled about recklessly. HRH Prince Aage of Denmark was marching behind him, brandishing his swagger stick as if it were a long baton drum major mace… but, it be said, in truth, him used it more like a majorette’s twirling baton. Capitaine Jean Danjou—his hand fully restored here—also danced with them in procession, calling out as him so didst: “We are not men… we are devils.”

General de Castries and Marcel Bigeard, commander of the 6th Colonial Parachute Battalion danced together with French nurse l’Angé de Dien Bien Phu Geneviève de Galard—her wearing her decorations: Légion d’Honneur and a Croix de Guerre TOE. The Little Sparrow, Édith Piaf, danced along with the Geste brothers—and Marie Marvingt, attired in aviator helm and goggles, and adorned with a French Croix de Guerre medal danced with them.

Old Babette—one of the legionnaires which hadst fought and died at Camerone danced with them, singing loudly: “I’m a little teapot… tip me over and pour me out…”

Five Irish women were arm-in-arm singing and dancing or, in turn, dancing 'can-can' just outside the door to the toilets—and these were: fairy quean Dame Maeve of Connaught, whom reeled in a drunken frenzy, scattering spiders, grasshoppers, and crickets as she danced—and dancing around her were: Grace O'Malley, who was better known as Gráinne Ni Mháolle the Pirate Queen—a most notorious woman—her wearing a saffron coloured tunic and "cuir bouilli," which was tough and rigid boiled leather armour with bronze studs, and blowing "píob mhór" ("great Irish war-pipes"); and dancing along with them was Countess Markievicz, her clothed in a poor garment of shamrocks… and she was blowing on a carnyx horn; and flame-haired Betsy Gray, attired all in green, skipped a lively "port-cruinn" jig, calling out as she went: "We, ourselves alone!" And dancing in a wide circle around them was Maud Gonne, her waving a small red-and-black-and-white swastika pennant in her right hand and a red-and-gold hammer-and-sickle pennant in her left hand, calling out to Faustus (and de Sade): "Don't try to hide in my arse…"

Those girls all laughed then—stopping their revelry to point and mock and jeer at the two men as them entered into the toilets.

The Toilets

The two of them, Faustus, led by de Sade, entered into a dark grotto recessed in a far away wall of the cavern which was pitched in Stygian darkness—the gaping entrance streaming with torn wisps of dusty cobwebs.

"Here we are," de Sade said, bending at his waist in a sweeping gesture, swinging one arm towards the cavern entrance. "The toilets—"myne sewer"—as you requested."

Two men were fighting together, just inside the entrance—one was "Der Riechsspritzenmeister" Dr. Theodor Morell, which was disgustingly obese and unhygienic, wearing a dirty, gray suit and a white shirt (but no tie)… and the other was Dr. Karl Brandt, who had removed his gray suit jacket—this on the ground nearby—and had his white shirt sleeves, cuffs unbuttoned and rolled up to just below his elbows.

Brandt punched Morell, who fell backwards onto his ass... a variety of pills and needles fell out of his jacket pockets, which he clumsily tried to grab up.

"You dirty pig. I should throw you into the toilet," said Brandt gruffly, "like we did to (Eckhard) Christian."

"No! no! Please…! Don't," whimpered Morell, still gathering up the pills… picking them up one-by-one. "I have served my Fatherland as others before me..."

Before he could finish speaking, though, Brandt kicked him hard in the side of the head and Morell slumped down amongst the pills and needles, unconscious. Then, without much ado, he turned and walked away, passing de Sade and Faustus, thus exiting the chamber as them entered.

Inside what seemingly appeared be a cavern of sorts… Faustus noticed a loose group of dead souls wandering aimlessly in circles around the twisted mess of speleothem, seemingly avoiding each other.

Faustus asked de Sade, “Who are these lonely people?”

“Those are the apostates,” said de Sade. “No one trusts them... in the world they were spies and double agents. Who knows where their true loyalties lie.”

“O my God!” Faustus remarked, “Do you mean to say that these expatriated souls are ostracized and unwelcome everywhere...?”

“They are welcome to wander the Black Road alone,” spewed out de Sade, loud enough for anyone near them to hear. “No one wants them here...”

“What is the Black Road…? Faustus began to say… but de Sade ignored him speaking so as to cut him off, saying: “This is the place that we dispose of the human waste which wanders into our midst…”

As de Sade spake, a fat hairy boar-like fellow emerged from a shadow: The Right Honorable Francis Dashwood, 11th Baron le Despencer—an immoral ‘rake’ wearing a Turkish “diwan” turban; him being otherwise naked… and, obviously, having a curled pig’s tail and snout.

De Sade smirked, somewhat amused at his own private joke…

“Sure,” saith the pig-man, “some of us might be fooled by some for a time... but in the end no one can keep their true selves hidden... and whence the enemies of the people are weeded out…”

“Damn quick, too!” Other voices spoke thus in unison from the shadows without otherwise revealing them.

The pig-man continued speaking: “and being brought here, are thrown into the gaping chasm... to fall down into the shit-pit where they belong.”

De Sade pointed towards a gaping hole in the rough cavern floor. He wasn’t smiling any more.

Faustus shuddered at the thought... then, as he proceeded forward, cautiously feeling his way into the darkness… he peered over the ledge into the poop-hole, as it were, over the edge of the pit into the depths below—to see what was to be seen, if anything!

Faustus had a terrible thought: What if something was down there... just waiting for him... to crawl up and drag him down to a fate worse than death? Or what if he fell in and de Sade just left him there!

De Sade, meanwhile, began heartily laughing, and started talking on-and-on about the cruel fate that had befallen the many unwanted souls which had the misfortune of either falling in or being thrown into the shit below, saying, “This is where we threw the five maranos who invented the South American Indian slave trade—them which betrayed the Jew Cristofro Colombo.”

These five were thence so named by the pig-man, him squeeing and squealing as he so spake: “Alanzo de la Calle, Luis de Torres, Gabrielle Sanchez, Marco and Bernal.”

“Menasseh Ben Israel and his brother-in-law David Abravanel Dormido, who resettled the Jews in England during Cromwell’s reign,” de Sade said. “Both are down there, too! As with the Zionists Mayer Amschel Bauer Opened (Rothschild) and his five sons, taking control of the British economy after the Battle of Waterloo—dominating and enslaving the whole god-damned mercantile world to Babylonian Talmudism and its sister-whore, the glorious al-Qu’ran.”

Faustus, on hearing the name Rothschild, remembered the terrible vision of the damned souls in the cauldron of shit which was the Devil’s belly—at the beginning of this hellish adventure... and, shuddering at the grim recollection, he almost lost his footing, so stumbling and almost fell into the shit-pit.

De Sade merely continued his monologue, unconcerned as to whether or not he was heard or listened to, saying, “These are also down in the shit-hole: Jacob Barsimson, the first Jew to emigrate from Holland to New Amsterdam (New York)... and Hayman Levy, Nicholas Lowe, and Joseph Simon, who debauched and corrupted the peaceful North American Indians by trading smallpox infected blankets and poisonous firewater to the ignorant savages… resulting in the massacre of many an innocent colonist, and setting race relations back to the time of the Babylon Captivity and Egyptian bondage.”

The pig-man wheezed and began squealing again, saying: “The Monsanto family of Louisiana is down there, as well.”

The other piggish voices began squealing in the shadows, name-dropping: “Benjamin… Isaac… Manuel… Eleanora… Garcia… Jacob...”

“Not to forget mentioning those fog-gat cuck-sockireng Dutch-born race-traitors, Jan Huyghen van Linschoten and Cornelis de Houtman,” the pig-man squeed; “Flemish Willem Usselinex.”

“All the other Black African and White Christian slave-trading Jews and Barbary Muslims;” saith de Sade: “those damned by God as forefathers of the very first mulattos and quadroons: Felix (cha-cha) de Souza, the Prince of Slavers, second only to Aaron Lopez.”

“All of them other profiteers who exploited the civil unrest led by Oliver Cromwell,” squeed the pig-man: “The French Revolution and Napoleonic Wars, the American Civil War and Russian and Chinese Maoist Revolutions.”

Resounded thence a cacophony of oinking and squealing from the shadows—and though alphabetically arranged below, these names of slave-traders and opium traders were all blustered

stylus

out of sequence at differing pitches, all emitted with a variety of irritating and sickening sounds associated in the saying of each—each name cried out in a disordered chaos of piglike voices: "John Abrams, Abraham All, Isaack Asher, Justin Bosch, Joseph Bueno, Hyam Isaac Carregal, Solomon Myers Cohen, Henry Cruger, James DeWoolf, William DeWoolf, Isaac Dias, Isaac Elizer, Jacob Fonseca, Abraham Frankfort, Jacob Franks, Moses Ben Franks, Daniel Gomez, David Gomez, Isaac Gomez, Louis Gomez, Mordecai Gomez, Moses Gomez, Rebekah Gomez, David Hart, Ephraim Hart, Judah Hays, Moses Hays, Harmon Hendricks, Uriah Hyam, Abraham Isaacs, Joshua Isaacs, David Jeshuvum, Morris Jacob, Joseph Jacobs, Levy Jacobs, Samuel Jacobs, Benjamin S. Judah, Cary Judah, Benjamin Levy, Elizabeth Judah, Arthur Levy, Elzear Levy, Hayman Levy, Isaac H. Levy, Jacob Levy, Joseph Israel Levy, Joshua Levy, Moses Levy, Sam Levy, Uriah Phillips Levy, Moses Lopez, James Lucana, Abram Lyell, Jacob Malhado, Isaac R. Marques, Nathan Marston, Abrtham Mendes, Moses Michaels, (E)Manuel Myers, Naphtaly Myers, Seixas Nathan, Simon Nathan, Rodrigo Pacheco, David Pardo, Jacob Phoenix, Isaac Pinheiro, Jacob Pinto, Rachel Pinto, Simeon Potter, Itodrigues Rivera, Jacob Rob, Jacob Rosevelt, John Rosevelt, Raphall Abraham Sarzedas, Moses Seixas, Nathan Simpson, Solomon Simpson, Ezra Stiles, Jan de Sweevts, Simja De Torres, Jacob Turk, Abraham Touro, Benjamin Wolf, and Alexander Zuntz."

Then—a moment of silence—as Faustus listened to, or rather, heard, a cacophony of diminishing echoes… all coalescing into a resounding, throbbing silence in his ears—as throughout the cavern, seemingly cleansed empty by the disconcerted racquet of moments ago.

The pig-man was running in a circle, as if chasing its tail, calling out: "Rev. Isaac Touro and his youngest son, Judah Touro, and his brother-in-law Moses Michael Hays…"

Again resounded a cacophony of oinking and squealing from the shadows—and, as before, though alphabetically arranged below, these names were all blustered out of sequence at differing pitches, all emitted with a variety of irritating and sickening sounds associated in the saying of each—each name cried out in a disordered chaos of piglike voices: "Rueben Gompertssohn, Abraham Auerbach, Benjamin Cohen, Elias Bouman, David ben Aryeh Leib Lida, Zevi Hirsch ben Jacob, Abraham Berliner, Eleazar ben Samuel, Aryeh Leib ben Saul Loewenstamm and his son Saul ben Aryeh Leif Polonus and grandson Moses Saul Loewenstamm, Jacob Triado, Joseph Pardo, Joseph de la Vega, and Rabbi Isaac Abravanel."

The following Jews were known dealers, owners, shippers or supporters of the slave trade and of the enslavement of Black African and White Christian citizens in early New York history: "Issack Asher, Jacob Barsimson, Joseph Bueno, Solomon Myers Cohen, Jacob Fonseca, Aberham Franckfort, Jacob Franks, Daniel Gomez, David Gomez, Isaac Gomez, Lewis Gomez, Mordecai Gomez, Rebekah Gomez, Ephraim Hart, Judah Hays, Harmon Hendricks, Uriah Hendricks, Uriah Hyam, Abraham Isaacs, Joshua Isaacs, Samuel Jacobs, Benjamin S. Judah, Cary Judah, Elizabeth Judah, Arthur Levy, Eleazar Levy, Hayman Levy, Isaac H. Levy, Jacob Levy, Joseph Israel Levy, Joshua Levy, Moses Levy, Uriah Phillips Levy, Isaac R. Marques, Moses Michaels, (E)Manuel Myers, Seixas Nathan, Simon Nathan, Rodrigo Pacheco, David Pardo, Isaac Pinheiro, Rachel Pinto, Morris Jacob, Raphall Abraham Sarzedas, Moses Seixas, Solomon Simpson, Nathan Simson, Simja De Torres, Benjamin Wolf, and Alexander Zuntz."

stylus

The racket roused by the squealing, oinking cacophony of pigs from the shadows faded…

"May they all writhe in hell for ever more," de Sade commented as Faustus re-emerged from the darkness, having hanged his rear end over the vacuous pit to perform his dirty business... thus satisfying the mortal needs of his flesh.

As Faustus dropped his habit's hem he farted—and this made de Sade laugh, loudly guffawing, saying: "Well said, my good Man! Well said."

"I hate it here." Faustus remarked, speaking more for himself than to de Sade much less anyone else. "This place stinks."

"Ah my friend," said de Sade: "Quickly, let us back to festivities at the banquet. There is yet much revelry to exasperate ourselves..."

Benjamin Franklyn—as much a pig-man as any other of the poor friars of Saint Francis' Hellfire Club—bustled not past them… but, pushing his way between them, one this way and the other that, him appeared out of the gathered melee of spirits, there in that hellish place of unlife nor living of death… and the big pig disappeared into the darkness behind them, the asshole's piggy-wiggly tail disappearing into the murky stench… and then was gone.

Thus, our two heroes began laughing and returned to their adventure.

Taking Candy from a Stranger

As our two heroes quit the toilets, the first people them encountered was John Punch, arguing with Antonio 'Anthony' Johnson—the first Black slave-owner in America—and his wife Mary, their son Richard Johnson and two daughters with them. Putting him between the two men was John Casor—a Black African indentured servant whose contract was owned by Antonio, became the first legal slave for life in Virginia (America) after Antonio made a deal with ship's captain [ ] to enslave the man—them thus inventing the Black African slave trade in Virginia… and so seeding it everywhere across North American whereof the pirate ships of the Company anchored for trade—a tripartite service of import and export that enriched them and yoked everyone else to their commerce.

The two that is Faustus and de Sade encountered much the same as before as them precedes back to their table, and the company of those two very bad girls: Éponine and Azelma the Spoiler, whom Faustus was beginning to truly miss.

As the two men walked on, they encountered a pretty girl dressed as a cigarette vendor and wearing a bellhop hat, selling candy and kisses to strangers. She was in company of her pimp, Sleepy Hypnos—a young man with lips as soft as powder and cold as snow, having wings on his shoulders and scarlet poppies in his hair, who was drinking from a horn filled with an opium tincture mixed with waters drawn from the River Lethe, which came up close to Faustus—face-to-face, tongue in cheek, so to speak. His beloved Palisthea was with him… his free hand held in

hers. Their black-winged son, Morpheus, flustered about them on tiny wings… and him poured Faustus a drink from an earthenware jug him carried: unbeknownst to Faustus, it contained sleep, dreams, fear and death.

Such it was that Morpheus' twin brother Thanatos (Death) appeared, as if in apparition, to him—at least, it seemed so to his mind. So too didst appear their younger siblings, the triplets: the Oneiroi—Phobetor (scary dreams)—a huge and scary animal of a man, Phantasus (illusion), and Ikelos (realistic true-dreams).

Beautiful and kind Queen Alcestis of Thessaly, whom hadst sacrificed herself for love, was held at the waist with Thanatos' arm around her, his boney fingers enjoying exploring her forced compliance: She did not struggle, though, but was resigned to her fate. Moreover, she was naked… and as he was groping her nubile flesh, caressing and pinching her tits, pulling on her nipples, she shivered, repelled by his touch—at every grope. Thus, she squirmed…

It wasn't long before the drug (and the company) had their way with Faustus. His eyelids grew heavy, drooping, fluttering between being open and closed... his vision was hazy and blurred, he began seeing double... then trails... his mind was reeling as he lost all sensory depth perception—things which were far away seemed close and things which were close seemed far away... the things he was thinking of, even passing thoughts, took on form, swirling in the air around him... voices and faces from his memory… memories emerging from the long forgotten recess of his unconsciousness, also took on form, but the shapes had no permanence and dissolved just as easily as they came into being.

His most intimate thoughts and secrets seemed to be laid before the company at the table with him. Those thoughts began to resound within his mind, amplifying, reverberating, echoing, fading in-and-out, repeating over-and-over, sounding backwards within his mind. Hence, he grew dizzy, his mind reeling in the throes of the hallucinogen which had been secretly administered to him.

The last thing Faustus was aware of was a silent thought... or was it someone speaking to him, saying, "You're old enough to know better than to trust strangers, asshole."—and cold, cruel laughter seemed echo and resound in distortion, as waves washing ashore… growing distant into silence: and his thoughts turned to the blowjob given him by Azelma the Spoiler. The room and everything in it was spinning, colours swirling… shapes distorting... then, dropping his mug from his hand, he fell face first into a table... asleep... or somewhere crucified betwixt sleep and dreams.

In truth, de Sade had gotten a man from the collective to assist him in carrying Faustus on, back to the company of their companions… Mickey Finn, G.B.H. was one of the friends of the five Irish lasses that hadst been dancing together nearby the entrance into the toilets. The two of them carried—that is they one on each side of him half-walked-and-half-dragged Faustus back to whereat were the girls. There, the two men dropped him… and Faustus fell face-first into Azelma's soft lap, whereof her wrapped her legs around her prize…

Faustus' First Dream

Faustus dreamed that he rose up from where he had passed out at the table—his face buried in Azelma's lap—him as a wandering somnambulist, staggering back to the shit-pit... but when he raised his robe and exposed his buttocks in the chill air... to do his dirty business... he fell backwards into the pit. Thus, him dreaming but not understanding him was dreaming, it all seemed very real—as he had been so drugged! He fell into the utter darkness, flailing his limbs and screaming in terror... and after awhile he landed in the muck with a splat, sunk at once, and disappeared into the fecal waste. Struggling for the surface, his head emerged from the sea of filth... gasping for breath.

He could feel other bodies in the shit-bog with him... clawing at him, grabbing at him, pulling him back down into the foul crap. So struggling, he freed himself, and broke the surface again... gasping for breath. Striking out and kicking at the others clustering around him, clinging to him, he finally managed to tread the cesspool. Wiping the shit from his eyes—as best he could—and he saw fiery bright Angelic beings descending down into the stinking mire and pulling bodies from the reeking shit... then, without warning, he felt gentle hands take hold of him and pull him up out of the shit.

But, hardly had he begun to be lifted up... when the others in the excrement grabbed at him, pulling him back in. Thus, there was a tug-of-war between the two forces… as it were, with Faustus being pulled apart between them. Kicking out savagely in a fury he finally freed his legs from the others... and was raised up out of the shit by the fiery bright Angelic beings... and as he was so uplifted, his soggy-soiled robe began to singe and smolder and burn away until he was naked, his soft white flesh glowing and more-and-more taking on the appearance of a bright glowing flame in the darkness.

Thus, Faustus transcended... transforming into a fiery bright Angelic being himself... and so it was that he joined in freeing other filthy wretches from drowning in the shit. He took one poor soul by the arm and raised him out of the cesspool... and looking into the man's face he saw himself. Horrified, his grip loosened... and he—or rather the image of himself—was dragged back under the shit.

Then, of its own volition, his rescuing flame extinguished... and he fell back into the shit with a splash, submerged, struggled to the surface... beating off the others as he did before and calling out for rescue and redemption. After awhile, another fiery bright Angelic being took hold of him and raised him up out of the defiling corruption... only to have him pulled back in or fall back in time-after-time in a never-ending repeating process.

At last, Faustus managed to free himself... and to flaming flutter over the wormy scum as one of the fiery bright Angelic beings. But, like Icarius who flew to near the sun, his ambitious heart overwhelmed him and he burned too hot. In a heart's beat he flared up and, in a moment of silence, extinguished... such that him was neither flying, falling, nor floating.

Faustus merely endured as a disembodied sentience... persisting in being... then, like a flame pulsating and shivering in a breeze, he extinguished... and it became as if he were not being.

There was neither blackness nor light, no sounds... no feelings, no thoughts, no emotions... mere existence without the presence of reality... such that he experienced no passage of time. He neither existed nor ceased to exist. The emptiness within him contained him... and became nothing—an unbeing not existing. In essence, he forgot himself completely.

As soon as he lost himself, Faustus reanimated... as if he'd been reborn in the womb, except the embryo which contained him was the shit and piss and bloody waste within the pit. His eyes burned as they flashed open... his mouth and nostrils filling with the disgusting semi-fluid excreta. Having no buoyancy—neither sinking nor rising—his arms thrashing wildly, and he swam... knowing not if he was swimming for the surface or treading deeper into the cesspool. Then, bursting through the surface, gasping for breath... the filth seeping down his throat and into his mouth so that he was coughing, Faustus was transformed into a creeping, crawling multi-armed worm. Then he was walking on the wet bog... and crawling up the craggy rock face... it became as if he was disembodied, not watching—but aware of the slimy shit-covered worm that he was, and how he had crawled out of the sewer... even as if he was a sleepwalker approaching the edge of the shit-pit, stepping on the very worm he seemed be… and squishing it—himself—and dying, thusly… and, then again, he began feeling as if of being a man... falling into the pit.

Even as this was happening he awoke... sweating and screaming… his head yet in the soft folds of her dress, face buried in Azelma's lap.

Part Two: The Second Day of Damnation

Azelma was shaking Faustus awake: "Come on, Asshole! Its time for us to fuck this place…"

Éponine, too, was rousing him, her hand roughly shaking his shoulder: "Let's go, Fuck-up! 'wakey! wakey! wakey!"

Faustus blinked—not really seeing—nor didst his brain quite really register what it was him was seeing, which was Mattie Silks—a whore and a duelist—a woman sitting with de Sade, laughing at some cruel or unusual joke or another shared by them. Both appeared fuzzy, as if in a haze, and their voices seemed far, far away. In fact, both the voices of Éponine and Azelma were also distorted… as if slow, or dragged out, and without context. His head ached—and his mind reeled. He felt nauseous and wanted to vomit, but could only gawk and belch and gasp for a full breath of air.

Slowly, albeit somewhat dazed and confused, Faustus came to his senses again…

Where-at were the jubilant crowd of Germans before, now were others—and as him awoke, Faustus seemed to hear them folk discussing Hitler's insane order to flood the tunnels…—and principle amongst these were: Rittmeister der Reserve Gerhardt Boldt, Lt-Col Rudolf Weiß, Generalieutnant (Bundeswehr) Bernard Freiherr von Loringhoven. So were Rochus Misch—one of the last surviving occupants of the Führerbunker, and Johannes Hentschel—another of the last surviving occupant of the Führerbunker.

stylus

Faustus saw two younger men join them: Armin D. Lehmann, whom hadst been a Hitler Youth courier, and Siegfried Knappe. Thence these were enjoined, again, with what appeared be four pilots: Gruppenkommandeur Hans-Ulrich Rudel, wearing (among other decorations) the Knight's Cross or the Iron Cross with the first Gold Oak Leaves, Swords and Diamonds; and Captain Erich Hartmann, wearing (among other decorations) the Knight's Cross with Oak Leaves, Swords and Diamonds; and Hans Joachim Marseille, wearing (among other decorations) the Knight's Cross with Oak Leaves, Swords and Diamonds; and Heinz "Pritzl" Bär…

In short order, others came into their fold: Friedrich Paulus, Matthäus Hetzenauer, Horst Wessel, Gerd von Rundstedt, and Heinz Guderian.

Major Walter Koch, decorated with the Knights Cross, was one of them, as well.

Of a sudden, Faustus hears screeching—sounds like metal scraping on metal; then, those sounds registered clearer… as voices—the voices of women: "Hitler kaput."

The Nachthexen, "Night Witches"

Amidst much cheering and revelry, those German men were enjoined by a large company of Russian all-woman bombers, led by Princess Shahovskaja Eugenija Michailovna, her showing the first signs of pregnancy—her shoulder length dark hair hidden within an aviators cap (and goggles), and she was wearing a white blouse, a black tie, and a long black skirt that covered her feet.

"Hitler kaput," the Princess barked again—and all her host cheered, picking her up and parading around with her on the shoulders of two of them—one of the Germans… and one of the Russian women.

As soon as her feet found the floor again, the very first thing that she did was to take the Military Order of St. George medal pinned to her breast (which was awarded to her by Tsar Nicholas) and threw it on the table (as if it didn't mean anything), saying, "I was a member of the Secret Police and later chief executioner of Kiev."

The Princess was surrounded by four other Russian women drinking vodka from never-empty bottles and eating onions—and these were: Regimental Commander Yevdokia Bershanskaya and three other heroines of the Soviet Union: Yevgenia Ziguelenko—a flight commander, Tat'yana Makarova—a flight commander, and Nina Ul'yanenko—a flight navigator.

They were boisterously singing—in Russian—the song: "Pesnya o Vintovke"—and raising toasts and cheers to the 'Mosin Nagant' Kalashnikov assault rifle and the Dragunov SVD sniper rifle—and, of course, all sang praises for Francis Pegahmagabow—and giving honour to Finnish sniper Simo Häyhä the White Death whilest cursing Stalin and Lenin and Trotsky.

Vera Bjelik, Rufina Gasheva, and Nadezhda Popova, Polina Gelman, Natalya Meklin, Yevgeniya Rudneva, Irina Sebrova, and those other dangerous women carried Lilya Litvyak

upon their shoulders, each wearing their Hero of the Soviet Union medal and other decorations—and all were singing together, in unison,

Lethal beauties Natalia Peshkova and Lyudmila Pavlichenko—both off them attired likewise in their uniforms: cap, jacket, shirt, brown belt, skirt, and boots—them wearing their decorations, too. Both of these women were dancing before, and around, the other Russian Night Hags scattering AK47 bullets and red carnations in the air about their comrades… and strewing the same across the floor.

Nancy Wake the White Mouse and 2nd Lt. Elsie Ott—arm-in-arm dancing by and stumbled together of the cast-off cartridges and fell into Faustus—and, as he put out his arms to both catch them and fend for himself he took up one's boobs in hand… and palm-slapped the other's buttocks—unintentionally.

1st Lt. Reba Whittle, wearing her World War Two U.S. Army Air Forces flight nurse badge, and other awards (including her Purple Heart), danced up to the three of them in their tangle of limbs—as Faustus clutched at the one's boobs and the other's bum—or so it would seem be; she giggled: "If you don't know what to do, you can just go and fuck yourself."

Lt. Aleda Ester Lutz—wearing her Purple Heart and other medals—and Col. Ruby Bradley, an "Angel in fatigues" wearing her many military medals appeared and disentangled the laughing women from Faustus' arms—him making soft excuses rather than apologizing for insincerity and indulgences enjoyed by groping them: Sparkling nightingales flustered about the two women, shimmering, glimmering, innocent gleaming.

Then… all of them disappeared in the nameless, faceless mob thronging everywhere throughout the Adulterer's Banquet Hall.

"Let's go, Buddy!" Saith de Sade, taking up Faustus by the arm and leading him off—their two companions, Éponine and Azelma, trailing after them.

John Taylor, dancing and wheeling about drunkenly waving a black Jolly Roger flag with a skull and crossbones on it… and with him was Olivier La Bouche, just as drunk, dancing and wheeling and waving a black flag. Both men were loudly guffawing and singing, calling out disjointedly (as them was both so drunk and nigh insensible): "… on a dead man's chest" and "yo ho ho" and "a bottle of redrum…"

Buzzards flew around them.

American pirate Thomas Tew was with them, singing and dancing just as insensible: him waving a black flag with a strong white arm wielding a short buccaneer's sword. English pirate Edward Teach (Thatch), called Blackbeard, came out of the throng—him stinking of slow-burning lime from the long burning strands of fuse him hadst tied into his tangled beard and hair. He was cursing as he sang… pushing and shoving the others… shaking a black flag with a white horned skeleton with an hourglass in hand… and holding a dart poking a red heart and making it bleed.

stylus

Thence the mob swallowed them up altogether as quickly as they came, leaving in their wake the person of French pirate Guillaume Le Testu…—him carrying his head in his arms, its mouth spilling out silver and gold coins. Him, too, was as quickly gone as he had appeared.

De Sade keep dragging Faustus by his sleeve, the girls on either side of him, goading him to "get a move on" and to "keep on going."

Again—an interesting event transpired, whereof our small group of friends encountered several great soldiers gathered around a terracotta sculpture of Chiron, the superlative centaur, listening to Clausewitz—foremost of them was Simo Häyhä the White Death, who had killed at least 505 Russians during the Second World War. Napoleon and Cromwell were with him, one on either side of him, haranguing each other for their roles in empowering the Jews.

A group of four men walked up to them, passing them by without much ado given them, as them others were given over to talking together as if being seemingly in favour of a Final Solution to the problem of human conflict: Machiavelli, Rabelais, Demosthenes, and Blaise Pascal—all were great philosophers in their own times… and each yet is in their own right.

Cicero appeared—as if him were one of them, following only a bit behind the group and less interested in their arguments. He smiled at the girls, ignoring de Sade, and spake at Faustus, him saying: "There are those opposed, and those caught in the middle and those who don't care…"

De Sade ostentatiously remarked, "We are very good lawyers for our own mistakes... but even better judges for other's mistakes."

Faustus cared naught at all for what was being said, and done, being transfixed on a scene transpiring close by them… just a bit ahead of them, as it were—or so it seemed be to him: A group of naked men were being beaten with knotted cords and castrated…

Faustus, being pulled—as it were—and pushed… tripped up on a pile of broken locks and mangled chastity belts strewn on the ground before them.

Azelma shrieked in delight, kicking the awful things about, spitting and cursing men and their petty cruelties.

The voice of Father Charles Coughlin began scratching over unseen megaphones, announcing the courante song-and-dance competition—but his voice cannot be clearly defines, full of static and echoes. The music of the courante commences… at first in French fashion, but slowly didst the rapid tempo alter into a more fitting Italian baroque.

The mystic Sergei Nilus casually strolled by, accompanied by Martin Luther, Rabelais, Voltaire, and Swift… and a bevy of bodacious broads bearing armfuls of the grapes of Sodom, and a variety of apples and cherries rotting in bowls.

As the Lullian bowing of the double bass continued, gaudy-painted harlots with the heads of hens and drinking cordial beverages scampered around Faustus and his friends.

"… flea-bitten bitches," cursed de Sade!

Voltaire addressed him, saying: "Let them no longer offer their sacrifices to whom they are accustomed to whore."

Rabelais also addressed him—him saying: "They are sinkholes of filth and sin, plaister without, and rottenness within, cursed lump of lees, universal sores and putrid products of the common-shore."

Swift, too, had something to add, saying: "As blushing will sometimes make a whore pass for a virtuous woman, so modesty may make a fool seem a man of common sense."

The small group of philosophers was then lost in the crowd.

Faustus and the others came to a last lonely table, somewhat set apart from the others just off the furthest edge of the cavern… in a dark recess—and sitting there was Bela Lugosi—him fixing up… and movie director, Ed Wood, sat by his side—him wearing an angora sweater: he was very depressed and just as drunk. Kathy O'Hara, Ed Wood's second wife, sat at his side—and by her side was Delores Fuller, Ed Wood's first wife, whom was talking to Trans-woman Christine Jorgensen.

Sitting at the same table were Vampira (Maila Nurmi) and Fawn Silver—as the Black Ghoul (Ghoulita, Queen of the Damned—a Vampira look-alike) pale complexion, long dark hair, dark eyes, blood-red lips. Jean Moorhead, a Playboy model, sat between them… as they plastered her nigh naked bodice and neck with smooches—these leaving red lipstick stains all over her pale-yellow blouse and naked flesh. She was theirs to play with as they pleased… and she hadst given her up to the gorgeous vamps, in lust not out of fear—and her eyes were giddy and glistening.

Standing close by was Valda Hansen—a sensitive girl with a lovely smile, appareled as a ghostly ghoul, her long blond curls waving about her siren features, framing her soft smiles and shy eyes; she was being flirty with Tor Johnson, the Swedish wrestler, and the Amazing Criswell. Both men seemed be happy in her company.

Another small group of friends stood not much further afar off—and these were: Loretta King, Lyle Talbot, and Steve Reeves—a body builder; also there were: Tom Mason, Kenne Duncan, Duke Moore, and Carl Anthony, but all these remained shadowed in a recess, seemingly merely being there but not acting or otherwise saying or doing anything… except being there.

Conrad Brooks came from out of the darkness beyond them, him picking a fight with Ed Wood.

De Sade wanted to stay aback awhile and watch the trouble-maker stir up trouble… but Azelma and Éponine carried him away with them—arm-in-arm. This is something that they were only able to do because directly ahead of them was Ursula Bernell *aka* Uschi Digard *aka* Marie Brown, whom was attired at first as a convent nun—of sorts—complemented by a schoolgirls fashion insomuch as her undergarments were revealed whilest she peeled herself down into a

complete state of undress. Still, the nearer de Sade's lust-filled eyes drew nigh unto her… the older and more crony she appeared to become—until, at last, as they came quite close to her—she turned into a skeleton… and then to dust.

"Damn!" De Sade complained as the sexy bitch disappeared… but she just as quickly reappeared as before, naked and lusty misbehaving. De Sade was much pleased by this and quickly moved in to couple with her as him deigned desire right then. The slut welcomed his advances, urging him with demoniac utterances with both Swiss and Swedish tongues… her surrendering her ample 40DD bosom to his rough hands and their groping, prodding, grabbing fingers.

As de Sade explored Bernell's body, he and Ursula was joined by Serena Czarnecki… the more and more the atmosphere grew dark… dank—and whereas there hadst been a humongous cavern filled with every sort of iniquity thereat within the cavern of the Adulterator's Banquet… now was emptiness in silent perturbation found in darkness—a Stygian gloom. So, too, were it more and more obvious to Faustus and our fellowship—seemingly now betwixt realms in nothingness enveloped—the single intoxicating flame that was Gold Girl Pat Barringer (Barrington) table-dancing as it were floating above de Sade and the women—his lover's—her as St. Elmo's Fire just hanging in the air over them. She held a bleached white homo sapiens skull and the pieces of a broken heart and what seemed be myriad teardrops storming together as in a misty ball of sorrow—and these she was juggling—laughing.

As they go… a sparrow-blasting wind ushers in attended to by a promenade of promiscuous antlered demons, with erections, covered in slime and leprous sores demanding human sacrifice—and these devils began to pillage and ransack the fading memories of that bawdy house as Faustus dared wander away… Azelma the Spoiler intent on his company, but not wanting to abandon de Sade and unwilling to leave her sister, urged Éponine, whom hadst been pulled into de Sade's ménage-a-trois.

At last, with effort and some pleading—attempting to reason with de Sade can be exhausting, if he puts his mind to see it so—yet, the three of them, that is Azelma and Éponine and de Sade: de Sade casting a backward glance at his wayward companions… as dispassionate darkness soiled their memory.

In moments, though, they were bathed in a soft-glowing rainbow-flickering light… and the sounds of women in labour mixed with erogenous noises seemed captivate their senses—one and all. The air filled with a dank and bloody odour… and myriad spectral women began to manifest into permanence—consuming the four of them once again in a crowd of people… and in emptiness contained—as if forever and ever anon to so be…

The music for Iron Butterfly's In-a-gadda-da-vida slowly rose in pitch and temp… begins most quietly, slowly dragging on-and-on until growing loud and definite enough to know exactly the song. Lee Dorman and Ron Bushy laid down the bass beat and drums… Bushy was drunk, and though he tried to sing along with Doug Ingle, he slurred his words. Eric Brann seemed be featured—him on electric piano or synthesizer. Bobby Caldwell was pounding on a second drum kit, while Larry "Rhino" Reinhardt played rhythm guitar (to Ingle's lead). Rod Evans was singing and dancing along with Keith Relf. This we only mention as it serves as the background

music accompanying Faustus, de Sade, and the two girls: Éponine and Azelma the Spoiler on their continued adventure together—read on, O Reader—enjoy.

Tramps on the Edge of Here and Now

"These women tend to conglomerate together in the recesses away from the others... pretending that they are not the sluts that the other shameless hussies are," said Azelma. "See how they primp and preen each other, titivating each other, gossiping about one another, slandering and defaming the more honest whores."

"There is no such thing as an honest whore," Faustus replied. "They are all a bunch of lying, scheming, swindling, shrews...—viragos...—termagants."

"Don't be so misogynistic;" de Sade guffawed. "I love everything about a woman... especially her conniving, duplicitous nature."

"Don't flatter yourself," said Éponine. "We all know what you love best about the wenches... you dirty old lecher."

"He loves the arousal of their sexual desire," said Azelma to Faustus, rubbing herself closer into him in a feigned attempt at seduction... and she giggled, "the pig loves their orgasms... don'tchu pig?"

De Sade just laughed: "Come now..." And he began to say more... but the provocative temptress blurted out: "You'd like that, wouldn't you, piggy..." and she began grunting like an oinking pig.

Éponine took Faustus by the hand and led him away, followed by the other two, still laughing, together, going towards a small group of women gathered around a painted marble sculpture—a spread-winged "Victory" of the Roman goddess Bellona, sister of Mars-Ares, dressed in a linen chiton with one breast exposed, and wearing a military helmet on her head, a breastplate of plate armour, a sword on her hip, a shield (over her shoulder), and holding a spear in one hand and a flaming torch in the other.

Lingering thereabouts were glamorous femme fatales, standing idly alone or milling about together in small groups of two, three or four, comforting each other with tender words of admiration, solacing each other with gentle voices and soft caresses, teasing each other's hair with bone combs.

Then one of them, a blond with a strong German accent, suddenly spoke aloud to a dark haired beauty, so that all nearby could hear her, saying, "Mommy dearest."

The other answered by slapping her hard across the face, in a scarlet rage screaming out, "You dirty cock-sucking cunt."

To which the blond responded with grim laughter.

stylus

“Those two are Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich.” said Éponine to Faustus. Then she pointed out and named some of the others: “This bitch is Katherine Hepburn; she is Liz Taylor; and this one is Vivien Leigh; this one Rita Heyworth...; here is Lauren Bacall…; and Ingrid Berman.”

Azelma, too, named several of the women, pointing them out: “Ann-Margret Olsson… Jane Mansfield… Olivia de Havilland… Raquel Welch… Jean Harlow… Farrah Faucet… Natalie Wood... and so on, on-and-on, as the list goes on, my dear Magister Faustus: Simply too many dumb bitches too neither name nor care to mention all the same.”

Azelma the Spoiler fluttered her eyes at him… and gobbed up a scratchy-loud hork and spit tyhis out at his feet—her smiling.

Now Faustus hadst recognized many of them as named—or otherwise—yet, though, it weren’t for all these elegant women as if each named had been famous at one time… now, together!

Azelma continued with a tremendously exaggerated sigh, “Jeanne Simmons... Jean Arthur...” and then she yawned, putting the back of her hand to her mouth, saying “no more about these stupid women.”

Most of these women were yet appealing to him—for, strothe! He was a man… and they were all splendorous attired in glistening and glittering form-fitting dresses and gowns as those they hadst all, every one of them, obviously been buried in; but these were tattered, torn and well-worn... even their jewels had begun to lack luster.

“I hate these fucking bitches...” hissed Azelma, spitting phlegm to the rocky ground.

“Now, now, sister,” said Éponine; “in the whole history of the world there is but one thing that money cannot buy... to wit—the wag of a dog’s tail.”

At that, the three libertines began to laugh... but Faustus saw no reason to laugh; he barely understanding the humour behind what was said.

Ida Lupino turned and smiled straightway at Faustus… and he blushed at heart in her gaze, and upon being introduced to him, Sophia Loren also turned to him and said, “Beauty is how you feel inside, and it reflects in your eyes. It is not something physical.”

And they were all muttering to themselves and each other, saying, “Only the stars are ageless, aren’t they.”

“Is this your reward for fame and fortune?” saith Faustus to a girl (called Jodie Foster by Azelma).

“I would gladly pay the price moreover...” she answered him, “for just one more taste of fleeting glory.”

The artist Agnostino Carracci, suddenly there with Sancta Caecilia, singing in heart [ ] her blowing on a tiny portative organ akin unto pan pipes, and bursting forth from her pipes were a multitude of hearts and bloody teardrops and the sound of singing voices emerging from each… and each skipping around like tiny little lambs at play.

Carracci spake to Faustus, saying: "The 'ways' of the nineteen pleasures are engraved on the herma stone of misogyny in the great gallery of Temple Hall…"

Only of hapstance dist Faustus but a moment ponder the whereabouts of the Temple Hall—as him heard it so called.

Carracci sang out: "O the Temple Hall at the bottom of the toilet bog!"

"O sail beyond the sunset," sang out Édouard-Henri Avril—him also appearing—him wearing his Imperial Order of the Legion Honour. "Up the crack in your ass…"

Mihály Zichy was with them, waving a painter's brush and splattering paint as him did so—he was pretending to conduct his fellow's orchestration. The paint he was splashing, though, was more of a spermatic smega and cozy goo than any sort of paint whatsoever… and this stained the air with torrid wisps of sweat, accompanied by the sounds of bursting bubbles.

The background sound of In-a-gadda-da-vida was still playing, morphing into a burlesque jetty attuned to the beating hearts of all living men as given over to lust, passion and not romance the ditty's theme.

Franz von Bayros was also encountered, as Faustus turned and bumped into him, a bewildered look shining out his awed eyes like light beams—blinking and fluttering in tune with his own erotic desires. Faustus bumped into him—back-to-back so to speak, as he stumbled on drunken with shamelessness and ego-glory.

He was with François Boucher and Madame de Pompadour—and she was on her knees between them, pleasuring them both with her mouth—and young Marie-Louise O'Murphy was kissing her ass.

There is not much sense in addressing the behaviour of de Sade hereafter… suffice it to say that him left naught your imaginations unattended, though, as him continually attends to his own selfish needs, in skewing and screwing about the bush with any and as many of the bevy of bodacious broads forthwith hereafter introduced or otherwise encountered and dealt with—until foresaid.

The Holy Kedashah

Faustus was unable to tear his eyes away from them, but Azelma tugged his arm and pulled him away, following her sister, Éponine—her following de Sade, who stopped to chat with beautiful

Irish song and dance girl Lotta Crabtree: She was the first woman to bare her legs and smoke onstage.

The first girl that comes upon them was Mary Pickford, her thick tresses cascading over her tender glowing shoulders, ringlets trailing down into the crevasse of her bosom... a symbol of female virtue.

Faustus was led on away by de Sade's girls—his eyes removed from hers as he was removed to a lonelier place in the flames, where a raven-haired pale-white girl sat upon the stone weeping, attended to by other beautiful flappers, all of them very doleful and quiet-spoken.

"This young beauty is Virginia Rappe." Éponine said, "The blond attending her is Mary Minter, those other girls are: Mabel Normand, Edna Purviance, Mildred Harris, and Paulette Goddard."

"These women are goddesses..." said Faustus. "All of them..."

"They are whores," replied Azelma, matter-of-factly: "Whores who said and did what they were paid to say and do."

Thence did Miss Rappe look up from her tears to see Faustus with Éponine and Azelma, and she said—matter of factly, "Cupid is not here."

"Don't believe her..." Azelma said, smiling tenderly as her black heart would let her; "her name is Gladys Louise Smith."

Faustus turned to look at Azelma, but all he saw was Ethel Barrymore—and she said: "You're not going to get me to work this bordello and squeeze pennies out of the little people who are poorer than I am."

He absently-mindedly put his hand to his own pocket… and felt it safe, thus he was comforted and secure for a moment.

And then, as they wandered away, another blond vixen danced up close to them, asking, "Have you seen Norma Jeanne? For the life of me I just can't seem to find that dumb blond anywhere."

Then she danced away.

"She is Ginger Rogers." said Éponine, leading Faustus through the midst of the women, and as they went Azelma casually pointed out a few of the other starlets, naming them: "Claudette Colbert, Miss Hilda Trevelyan, Gabrielle Ray, Mabel Love, Maudi Darell, Mabel Green, Gertie Millar, May de Sousa, Ada Reeve, Arlette Dorgere, and Laurette Taylor. Here is Clara Bow. This girl is Theda Bara—flashing her eyes. Marie Prevost—a crystal wine glass in hand… the Godless girl Lina Basquette… and Phyllis Haver—one of Sennett's beauties!"

Azelma yawn, averting her eyes and in a mock gesture put hand to mouth—as she yawned.

“Each one is more beautiful than the other.” saith Faustus... his voice devoutly shaking with passion.

“And this blond goddess is Ione Bright.” said Éponine. And seeing Faustus much taken by her and staring, she croaked, “I bet you’d like to fuck her, eh, Faustus, you dirty old bastard.”

Faustus was transformed to stone before the goddess and could say nothing at first, but in reply he meekly muttered, “No... no...”

“What are you? a faggot.” challenged Azelma.

“No.”

Éponine responded, “This dirty old lecher is a pederast.”

To which both girls laughed, squeezing his hands, and leading him on.

“Come on, Fucker…” saith Éponine.

“Come on…: laughed Azelma, “Fucker.”

Faustus remarks, “When such women change to a life of sobriety they are better than the women who pride themselves on their respectability.”

Sitting on a high three-legged stool was Polaire; short, disheveled hair, emphatic mouth and huge eyes heavily outlined in kohl, was looking into a compact mirror, applying lipstick and blush.

“These two titans are Sarah Bernhardt and Rosemonde Gérard.” said Azelma.

“Here is Mistress Margaret Hughes, their queen.” said Éponine.

“And these prostitutes are her ladies in waiting.” said Azelma, pointing out several women around the queen, beginning to name them: “Nell Gwyn and Sarah Siddons…”

Éponine chimed in, continuing her sister’s sentence without missing a ‘heartbeat’: “And these three are: Elizabeth Lamb, Duchess Georgiana, and Anne Seymour Damer.”

Azelma, again: “And she is Lavinia Fenton.”

Lamb saying: “What was there God-damned crime?”

Damer answering: “My God, what did they do to deserve this fate?”

“Wrongdoing should not be punished so harshly.” Georgiana remarked.

“God-damned!” Faustus bluttered out.

stylus

Azelma laughed, “Fate!”

Mistress Hughes bitterly laughed, as well; saying: “You talk as if we were dead and forgotten.”

“You really are a fool, Faustus.” said Azelma.

“This is life eternal, Faustus.” said Éponine. “There is nothing else.”

Faustus then hearkened upon a group of women sitting together and singing Sapphic hymns led by a girl identified by Azelma as Umm Kulthum, the Star of the East—an Egyptian.

Marion Harris, Vaughn De Leath, Ruth Etting, Annette Hanshaw, Lillian Glinn, Cléoma Falcon—a Cajun, and Helen Kane, singing “boop-boop-a-doop.”

Black singers stood close by singing as a choir: Ethel Waters, Ida Cox, Clara Smith—Queen of the moaners, Sippie Wallace, Blanche Calloway, Bertha “Chippie” Hill, Victoria Addie “Sweet-peas” Spivey, and Helen Humes—all as a choir led by nasty Eartha Kitt. They was all singing: “Boop-boop-a-doop.”

And three big ladies of the blues: Ma Rainey, Bessy Smith and Lucille Bogan emerged from the group of Black African lady singers—all of them, singing: “boop-boop-a-doop.”

Strothe! Thence appeared a group of women dancers filled with childlike alertness and a happy, infectious gaiety, sashayed and made pirouettes, and leapt and bounded, and twirled around those other women.

“She is Stacia Napierkowska,” said Éponine, pointing her out.

“The Sublime Anna Pavlova,” announced Azelma, pointing out a naked ballerina in pointe shoes, leading the other nude dancers in their play.

Éponine and Azelma took turns introducing them all, saying their names at random as dancers floated by: “Leslie Caron, Bessie Clayton, Isadora Duncan, Fanny Elssler, Dame Margot Fonteyn, Samai Gamal—a belly dancer, Martha Graham, Carlotta Grisi, Katherine Dunham—a Black, Ruth St-Denis, Doris Humphrey, Malika Kalontarova—a Jewess, La Argentina Antonia Mercé y Luque, Anne Millar, Maya Plisetskaya—another Jewess, Juliet Prowse... Dame Maria Rambert, Peggy Ryan, Agrippina Vaganova, and Mary Wigmam—yet another Jewess... and her collaborators: Gret Palucca, Yvonne Georgi, Inge Weiss, Meta Vidmar, Hanya Holm… and Valerie Bettis… and Margarete Wallmann…”

“And the queen of these dancing women is Margreet MacLeod...” said de Sade. “She was better known as Mata Hari.”

“This jazzy swinger is Jewel McGowan,” said Azelma.

Éponine saith, as well: “And that couple is Vernon and Irene Castle.”

One girl danced close by Faustus and, smiling, said to him, “What we are is God’s gift to us, what we become is our gift to God.”

“Who is this theologian?” asked Faustus of his guides.

“She is the exuberant Eleanor Powell,” answered Azelma, blowing kisses after her.

De Sade blew a fart—and laughed aloud.

One of the girls left the other dancers and, going among the others, sat down and mingled kisses and caresses with the others. De Sade said, “That’s Lisa Fonssagrives.”

Then Éponine shewed him four exquisite models: “These four are Jean Patchett; Dorian Leigh, with the silver streak in her black hair; big-boned Suzy Parker, with carrot-red hair, pale-green eyes, and freckles; and Evelyn Tripp, with a high rounded forehead, prominent chin and broad cheekbones.”

Azelma added, “Dovima, the last of the great aristocratic beauties.”

“This femme fatale is Anita Colby,” said Éponine. “And this swinger is Jean Shrimpton.”

Then, a thin androgynous girl with large eyes, long eyelashes and short hair, sauntered by... “Her name is Lesley Lawson,” said Azelma, “but she’s known as Twiggy.”

“This understated model is Peggy Moffitt,” said Éponine, as a fashionable muse passed them by, with Kabuki-like makeup and an asymmetrical bowl-cut. “This is the incomparable Veruschka von Lehndorf.”

“Here are Sunny Harnett and Marisa Berensen,” spake Azelma; “and she is Hiroko Matsumoto—a Japanese.”

And all these enchanting goddesses fluttered in the flames around a central woman of their harem, identified by Azelma as “Elizabeth Arden… a well-bred woman blushed with rouge, wearing tinted powders and eye makeup.”

At her foot, flamed Donna Reid and Mary Hartline—entwined as lovers—one more bluish and the other more of a yellow-white temperament.

“And that girl is Marlo Thomas,” said Azelma, pointing out a perky, wide-eyed innocent flaming in the fire.

So too were seen therein Elizabeth Montgomery, Barbara Eden, and Natalie Wood—each blowing kisses, like sparks bursting forth out of the flames.

stylus

Afar off, it seemed, couldst be sensed—more than heard—a sultry French femme fatale singing: "À quoi ça sert l'amour…"

The Sacred Pornai and the Zonah, or "loose women"

"Here..." said Azelma, "these sluts should merit more interest for you."

Faustus was led into a group of women with easy eyes and stunning figures, wearing lingerie and carrying fans, balls and balloons, in short these women had sex appeal... and all of them had hair under their arms and upon their limbs and pubic hair.

"Welcome to the circus, Faustus," Azelma tittered.

Faustus saw that Bacchanalians were everywhere engaged in acts of lesbian cunnilingus, felatio, sodomy and group sex with their slave boy gigolos and other hairy brutes and goons that wandered aimlessly throughout the brothel, shamelessly and immodestly engaging in debauchery and revelry and making offerings of "bread and oil," giving themselves up in hieros gamos—that is as in "sacred marriage" to the cult imago—fornicating, carrying women, and passive or effeminate men carried away by force and violently raping them, committing sodomy and adultery—and upon each other shame heaping.

"This sow is Nadītu..." said Éponine, pointing out a woman on her knees worshipping a marble statue of the sovereign goddess Anahita riding upon a goat, calling to Mullissu, goddess of the south wind.

"Allow us to introduce you to some of the performers," said Éponine.

Thus both de Sade's minxes began pointing out girls and naming them, as before.

"This cheap trick with the 73 inch bust is Lillian Stello," said Éponine; "a Jewess calling herself Chesty Morgan."

Azelma continued: "This bit of cheesecake is Faith Bacon, and this blond bombshell is Lilly Christine the Cat Girl, here is Dee Milo "the Venus of Dance," Sandra Storm—who is both naive and sassy… Ann Corio… Tempest Storm... and this sensational black hussy is Josephine Baker."

A raven-haired woman stood nearby with a cooing dove perched upon her hand, which she was gently kissing. "She is Rosita Royce," said Éponine.

"And this one with the feather fans is Sally Rand." Azelma continued. "And this fire-ball with red hair is Betty Rowland."

"This graceful legend with the killer body and sweet smile is Blaze Star," de Sade spake, his hands exploring her body—thence moving on to blond Sally Rand.

stylus

“And this curvy blond with the bustline is Jennie Lee the Bazoom Girl.” Azelma spoke, her hands exploring one of her breasts, enjoined by her sister taking in hand her other breast—both girls began suckling.

The Bath Menagerie

“I am in Heaven!” De Sade cried out—running headlong into a sweet-smelling chamber and the growing warmth of a steaming mineral pool.

The first woman he encountered was Soledad Miranda—and her he immediately began ravishing—much to her delight.

“I like a nonchalant smile and a bit of bounce.” Éponine said, pointing out a stunningly beautiful girl, “Gypsy Rose Lee—a Jewess: Her mother, a lesbian, once shot and killed one of her lovers for seducing her daughter.”

“Those eyes; those lips, those fabulous legs...” said Azelma, licking her lips.

“This blond diva is Lily St-Cyr.” Éponine said, putting herself between she and her sister. “And this is Dixie Evans.”

De Sade howled with hilarity: “Both nasty sluts.”

“This is their queen,” said Éponine, curtsying before...: “Lydia Thompson.”

They encountered one last dish—her tits were shimmering and her hips gyrating—and Azelma introduced her as “Virginia Bell.”

Thence our small group sauntered further into the flames.

“Now these women are easy, ripe, and luscious,” said Éponine, as their small group ventured hither.

“O boy, more artists,” squealed Azelma.

De Sade smirked, saying: “I love these promiscuous girls so much.”

Faustus saw a group of sensuous nudes being flattered by several promiscuous men.

“This is Jeanne Hébuterne,” de Sade said, pointing out a beautiful dark-haired girl being flattered by a man…

“Amedeo Modigliani.” Éponine said, spitting—as if the name left a bad taste in saying it.

stylus

“Édith Piaf,” said Azelma, identifying a beautiful dark-haired French singer singing a sad ballad of long lost love, carrying a long-stemmed red rose from person-to-person and group-to-group. She was singing, “À quoi ça sert l’amour…” which hadst all this time been sounding in the background, waving—as it were—as if our friends traversed aboard a lifeboat, journeying into the unknown uncertainty of enduring the experience unfolding around them and containing them.

“And this degenerate is Martin van Maële,” saith Azelma the Spoiler.

Éponine says: “And that one Alexandre-Jacques Chantron.”

De Sade clumsily bumped into Gustave Courbet; and spilling his wine de Sade apologized… to the wine!

“If I were to paint you,” Courbet exclaimed. “The canvas would remain unpainted!”

Muse Johanna “Jo” Hiffernan of Etretat, la belle Irlandaise, manifest as a Roman goddess, saying naught but only observing.

“And there is Cheney Johnston,” said Éponine, “and those are his girls: Billie Burke, Ruby Keeler—she married that black-face Jew Asa Yoelson, and Rosie and Jenny Dolly...”

“O sister,” said Azelma, “they’re so god-damn melodramatic, though.”

Éponine continued pointing out and naming the starlets, with Azelma in turn contributing her comments, saying: “Ina Claire… Marilyn Millar—who is drunk… Grace Moore the Nightingale, who won’t perform with blacks.”

“And this shaking and quivering little flapping black bottom is Ann Pennington,” said Éponine, pointing out a tiny, scantily-clad girl with long dark red hair, very pretty, and charming; she was dressing another girl in jewels.

“And that bimbo is Fanny Brice—a Jewess,” Azelma said.

“There is Ruth Etting: she married a gangster named, Moe the Gimp,” Éponine narrated. “He tried to kill her, his daughter Edith—from a previous marriage, and her lover Myrl Alderman, who was separated from his wife, Helen.”

“It really was a torrid affair,” chirped Azelma, happy for their misfortune.

““This toughie is a really sweet kid,” Éponine said, curtsying, “is Pearl White, Queen of the serials.”

Faustus saw a broodingly handsome Japanese dude with an aura of sex appeal and extravagance in the midst of the girls... and he was popular and welcomed among them.

“That’s Sessue Hayakawa...” said Éponine.

stylus

Faustus looked at her, asking, “But what’s that little monkey doing amongst these pretty maids?”

“What do you expect from such shameless hussies,” barked Éponine. “They are all cheap sluts and pinko whores.”

“This parasite is Rudolf Valentine,” Azelma chirped. “The bitch hanging off that heart-throb’s shoulders is Norma Talmadge… and the two girls with her are her younger sisters: Natalie and Constance (with her friend Anita Loos, the writer).”

“She’s a bold, ambitious flapper, and the Lorelei which wrote Gentlemen Prefer Blondes… and, But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes,” added Azelma.

“They’re all a bunch of alcoholics,” continued Éponine, “and addicted to tobacco and other substances.”

“But that’s so common with these dumb flappers,” said Azelma.

Faustus had to ask, “How do you two girls know so much... so many people?”

“We’ve been here a long time...” said Éponine, “and seen a lot of shit happen.”

“But sissy,” whined Azelma, “they all think they’re Carlotta Campion.”

“They remind me more of Norma Desmond,” answered Éponine, swatting her sister on the ass.

Azelma dances away, saucily singing, “Dear Daddy, we miss you and wish you were here with us to love.”

Éponine screamed out in a violent rage, “Shut up, you bitch... shut up or I’ll slap your face.”

Azelma just laughed, clasped her hands together over her heart, singing, “I love you...” over-and-over again whilest blowing her sister sarcastic kisses.

“This is nothing but a madhouse of self-indulgence for the mentally challenged,” Faustus declared.

“Like I said,” said de Sade: “We’re in Hell!”

“This voluptuous, frizzy-haired prostitute is Fernande Barrey... queen of these disgusting degenerates,” said Éponine—ignoring de Sade.

“She’s a real slut,” remarked Azelma, casually feigning a yawn. “O the stupid cunt married a homo... a Jap... an… a—um—perverts… fucked… men and women together.”

“This attractive pussy is little Fernande Olivier...” said Éponine, pointing her out. “She’s a tempestuous and jealous lover.”

“She had love affairs with both Picasso and Apollinaire...” interrupted Azelma, excitedly.

“Yes!” Faustus remarked, “The forefathers of cubism, orphism and surrealism.”

De Sade led the way—pointing disinterestedly without looking back—first left, then right, seemingly bored, saying: “That agrarian is Rudolf Koppitz. There is Julian Mandel. Charles Gilhousen. Radley Metzger… Tinto Brass… Hans Rehfeld… Charles Guyette… Émile Otto Hoppé…”

All those aforementioned guys were wandering casually around the females of the coven, seducing—or so being seduced, as especially so by the younger more innocent of the vixens.

The two girls then rushed past Faustus—first Éponine, pushing him rudely to the side, right into her sister’s path—and Azelma, following, pushed him back away from her… and he thusly faltered of foot, and fell.

Faustus fell right onto a davenport between two couples: John Willie Irving Klaw and Bunny Yeager, and Betty Paige and Jackie Miller. All those demoiselles were scantily clad and sexy-misbehaving.

Russ Meyer appeared as if out of a mist or a cloud and made like as with a camera using his hands and fingers. But the director was more interested in Lavelle Roby—a bawdy Black bitch that cavorted around them all—a very friendly pussy-cat of a girl, too.

A Coterie of Less Modest Women

Then they came among a coterie of less modest women, glamorous girls wearing horned helmets and ivy-wreaths and draped in fawn-skins, which embraced each other in the heated throes of torrid lesbian passion beneath a Greek marble statue of the Venus de Milo. The men were lollygagging around them, most of them being Aryan, though there were “niggers” [*Sic.*] and a few “chinks” [*Sic.*] among them, all of them masturbating and drooling over the horny sluts... but these unwholesome brutes were all heartily welcomed by the very hardcore whores them was debauching, and the air was filled cooing and moaning and with wet noises, sucking sounds and pounding slap of flesh against flesh.

Faustus began to fill aroused. His hips were grinding, teeth chattering. He felt compelled to say something, anything, but all that came pout of his mouth was condescendence, “There’s nothing wrong with being sexy as long as its done with taste.”

Azelma laughed and pointed out one particular promiscuous slattern with the snake, “She is Gunilla af Hamstad.”

“Most of those other women are proud and stuck up, Faustus,” said Éponine. “And they look down on these carnally debauched daughters of Venus.... but I don’t. They are no more sinful than Lilith was, or Eve... or Pandora.”

All Faustus could think of was that at one time it was still a disputed point whether or not women even belonged to the human race... and he remembered that Plutarch had said that women were unable to feel even the shadow of true love.

“See that Asian slut?” asked Éponine, “Her name is Tura Yamaguchi... the poor dear was gang raped by five men when she was walking home from school... she was only ten. Her attackers were never persecuted... because the judge had been paid off.”

“O my dear sweet Jesus,” Faustus responded.

“You really are a hopeless.” Éponine just laughed. “It’s a commonplace occurrence!”

“And this scream queen,” said Azelma, identifying a mysterious chick with large brown eyes, high cheekbones, running her fingers into her hair and grasping a tangle of long jet black hair, pulling her head aback a bit to lift her chain for to caress and set to tremble a thick bottom lip, so spitting words as a scream close-up into her face, saying: “This bitch is the quintessential witch, Faustus... meet Barbara Steele.”

Azelma threw her away, thence… damn quick too!

“These women are,” Azelma spewed, disgusted with their names in her mouth: “Linda Blair… Sybille Danninger… the legendary blond-bombshell Cheri Caffero... and this magnificent cooness is Juanita Brown.”

Azelma forced her affections on the subtly resisting Nègres—and both slowly melted in passion together to the floor.

“Enough of this,” laughed de Sade—him taking up young Azelma the Spoiler by her ankles and dragging her away… Éponine taking up one of the damozels dainty ankles and following suit, with Faustus crawling on the floor behind her, attempting to lift her up even as she was being dragged off.

“There is Anna Magnani talking to Roberto Rosellini,” laughed de Sade, kicking Faustus in the arse and making him and Azelma tumble together…

Éponine was laughing, too: “And the knocked up duff wrapped her arms around him is Ingrid Bergman…”

Azelma was a giggler—and she was giggling, saying: “O looky-look look-see: She’s prego...”

Faustus overheard Anna say, “Great passions, my dear, don’t exist: they’re liar’s fantasies. What do exist are little loves that may last for a short or longer while.”

Of a sudden, Faustus noticed Margaret Markov… and he adroitly exploited her beauty, falling to his knees on the dirt beneath their feet—now turned to buring coals, smoldering, stanching of sulphur: "You look beautiful."

"Thank you."

"More beautiful than water to a man lost at sea…" whined Faustus… and as Azelma kicked him in the ass, he said: "A more precious beauty than air to a drowning man."

Delores Fuller and Loretta King approached them—applauding and cheering Faustus.

"This is Uta Erickson;" said Azelma, "and these extraordinary nymphos are Liz Renay and her daughter Brenda—and all three group-hugged and shared cheeky kisses. And we mustn't forget this blond goddess, the Queen of Softcore, Marsha Jordan."

"She's nobody…!" said Éponine to her sister. Then to Faustus, saying more: "Allow me, Master, to introduce you to the Queen of Hardcore, Linda Lovelace Boreman."

She there sat—a goddess with marshmallow lips, flowing brunette hair and brown eyes full of transgression... and she was wearing red lingerie.

"Her husband was a creep," said Azelma, "a violent, sadistic bully who tormented her."

Miss Lovelace was posing for a strikingly beautiful young sculptress with chestnut hair and large blue eyes, who was wearing a red Phrygian cap and a tattered, homemade Parisian chemise—a sleeveless shift dress—it was hanging from her shoulders to just below her knee, and she wore saggy silk stockings, and Victorian era black ankle-high lace-up boots. She was standing amidst soverchio (superfluous pieces of excess stone) littering the ground around her block of marble as she freed the shape within it.

Faustus remarked, "She's beautiful."

"That's what you said last time, Asshole!" Azelma responded.

Éponine spat: "Hypocrite!" She took Faustus by the cheeks again… pinching him… and soft slapping his face… "What's so beautiful about this slag—huh!? Is it she as the artist, or as the artwork… or the model?"

"All of them," answered Faustus.

"Both these bitches are nuts," said Éponine, disgusted by Faustus' obvious love sickness.

"She's a genius..." saith Faustus, amazed by the woman working the stone with mallet and chisel.

stylus

“The schizoid will probably just destroy the work when she’s done...” Éponine laughed.

Faustus had to ask, “Who is she?”

“Mademoiselle Camille Claudel,” answered Azelma. “Her former lover August Rodin took credit for several of her art pieces and had her committed to an asylum when she tried to tell people what he was doing.”

The tortured artist overheard, though, responding compassionately, humbly saying, “I am in no mood to be deceived any longer by the crafty devil and false character whose greatest pleasure is to take advantage of everyone.”

“Those three are Bill Osco and Michael Benveniste and Howard Ziehm…” said de Sade. “The cock-suckers with them are Fifi Watson… and, the blond is Judy Angel… and the dark-blond with her is Fran Spector—both harlots.”

“The slim, shapely and appealingly sexy mantis in lace is Susan Stewart,” said Éponine, she was licking her lips as wouldst a hungry lioness watching its prey.

Azelma quickly interjected her opinion, saying, “That schlocky minger is as splendidly sleazy as any psychedelic psycho can get... a real gem.”

“That’s Alex de Renzy,” said Éponine; she began pointing out naked woman afar off amidst a small cluster of dark shadowy forms churning together in a far off, dimly-lit grotto.

“The angelic-looking virgin with the regal bearing and off-cast look with him is Annette Haven,” said Azelma. “The dizzy goof with the endearing charm with them is Desireé Cousteau—a gorgeous Southern belle with voracious abandon.”

Éponine laughed, saying, “Do you think that she is gorgeous, Master Faustus?”

“I can’t really make them out...” answered Faustus, being distracted by a sexy harlot with flaming-red hair and freckly milky-white skin which came up to Faustus and said, “I’m not wearing any panties...” but he could see the little darling wasn’t wearing anything at all.

“This classy sophisto is Colleen Brennen,” said Azelma, slapping her in the ass, shooing her away.

“Do you think sex is sinful, man of flesh,” chortled Éponine.

“Take me now,” commanded a mature redhead with a curvaceous body and a glint in her eyes, jiggling her round butt and huge, firm boobs at Faustus, trying to seduce him by running her hands over her body, licking her lips.

“None of us would be here now,” continued Éponine, “without it... why! Monsieur... even your own dear mother and her mother before her, your grandmother, also had sex at one time or another... and they probably enjoyed it, too.”

“This horny bitch is Connie Krumpert,” said Azelma, slapping the girl on her ass. “She’s an indiscriminately tireless, completely unbridled lover whose energetic lust for sex is virtually unmatched.”

“Why don’t you take her, Master?” sniggled Éponine. “Or is it that you prefer my horny sister’s mouth more?”

“Here is Candy Samples...” said Éponine to Faustus—him quickly turning attention away from man to woman, saying to her, “Those boobs look heavy... may I hold them for you?”

“This sinfully sexy strumpet with the petulant face, the long eyelashes, and the chesty yet rim little body is Rene Bond,” said Azelma—and the two shared a romantic moment together.

“And this sex kitten is...” said Éponine, pointing out another carnal beauty with the smoothest, creamiest skin that Faustus had ever seen... “Brigitte Maier.” And the lithe innocent had the nicest, ripest breasts he’d ever seen.

“The lewd son-of-a-bitch with her is Jew Reuben Sturman,” added Azelma—”a pornographer.”

“In his time... he was a king amongst pornographers,” added Éponine.

Éponine then pointed out a man surrounded by a group of lavish sluts who were inviting all comers into their embrace as they explored each others bodies with their hands and their mouths: Although she didn’t name them, present were: Tina Russell, Cris Cassidy, Merle Michaels, Jennifer Welles, Clair Dia, Andrea True, Suzanne Fields, Linda York, Andy Bellamy, Kim Pope, Sandy Dempsey, Linda O’Bryant, Kay Geddes, Bambi Allen, Clair James, Kathy Thomas, Anna Welles, and Honey Hunter and others—many others.

“That dirty head whore with those golden butterflies is Lasse Braun,” de Sade said, “another of the early kings of pornography.”

“He popularized pornography on such a massive scale,” interjected Azelma…

Éponine finished her sister’s sentence, saying: “… that its legitimization was inevitable.”

Braun noticed Faustus and, seeing his disgust, smiled at him, saying, “I am fond of sex... because it is forbidden.”

Faustus ignored him, turning his attention fully to a beautiful French brunette with long hair in his arms... Claudine Beccaire.

stylus

“This skanky jungle bunny is June Dulu and this voluptuous wild woman is Desiree West,” Éponine went on... “She’s a real slut with a need for raw, passionate trysting.”

“And this hottie is Georgina Spelvin—ever a virgin,” cooed Azelma, her eyes caressing one of the most authentically sexy women that Faustus had ever seen.

“And this tiny tart is pure purr-fection...” said Éponine, lifting the wide-eyed dirty-blonde’s hair and letting it drop back down across her face to her shoulders, “Connie Peters...”

Éponine ran the back of her hand over the girl’s face.

“A knock out set of breasts...” she said as her hands caressed the girl’s soft flesh, downward dropping... “A freckle-splattered body...”

“And this little cutie, this waif,” said Azelma, caressing another petite girl’s tiny breasts, pinching them and pulling on her nipples, the smallest breasts of any of the women Faustus had encountered so far.

“This spicy, sizzling, unsung heroine is Mimi Morgan.”

Then Azelma forced herself on the sexy starlet and kissed her hard, on the mouth, swapping spit.

“And the mythic Deborah Downey,” said Éponine.

But Faustus couldn’t make her out, as she was lost in a shadowy mass of sweating, grunting flesh.

“And this brassy full-bodied, large-breasted black lady is Mauvis DeNoir,” said Azelma—yet, though she spoke Faustus saw her naught at all, so enveloped was she in a hard-pressed writhing body of sweaty flesh.

“She’s a torrid hooker... sure.”

But Faustus wasn’t hearing her, he was watching a woman sitting alone upon a crescent-shaped moon floating above the rocky ground and flames, hanging by some unknown means; he inquired of her, as to who she was, why she was alone, as it were, ostracized from the others, and how the swing she sat upon was suspended.

“Her name is Bodil Joensen…” said de Sade: “She’s a Dane. When she was about 12 she was violently raped by a stranger. Her abusive mother whipped her for it, accusing her of leading him on.”

“She’s all fucked up.” Éponine said…: “As a means of retaliation she has sex with animals: dogs, boars, even rabbits.”

“No one really likes her,” said Azelma.

“I do,” said a ravishing blond which passed them by to go and kiss the moon-maiden’s feet.

“Don’t be fooled by that one,” Azelma whispered into Faustus’ ears... “That dirty cunt is Candy Darling, a transgender woman who was born a man.”

“Don’t go,” begged another young girl—free-bleeding profusely, tugging at the hem of Faustus’ garment: “Stay with us.” And she instantly ceased to menstruate.

“Who’s touching my coat?” quipped Faustus, turning around to look into green glowing eyes floating in a creamy, sensuous face framed with red locks.

“This little hussy is Lilla Allen,” said Éponine. “Her Aunt Flo is visiting... and she’s pissing me off.”

Éponine kicked her arm so that she let go of Faustus’ long jacket, taking him by the hand and leading him away... into the flames.

Azelma skipped ahead, pointing out the last of the seductive sirens as they went, naming them thusly: “Tina Laury, Penny Boran, Jane Tsentas, Becky Sharpe, Monica Wilson, Daria Barton, Simone Fallique, Joy Ball... and Fran Carlstadt, Leni Kjellander, Darcy Brown, and…”—and she turned, bent, putting her hands on her knees and smiling… then standing with a curtsy, so saith: “and most beautiful of all... Crystal Dawn.”

“I am Nancy Hoffman,” said a sensual, extremely youthful, very pretty lassie with small, tight breasts and achingly beautiful face, running up to Faustus, a most alluring and desirable creature, laying her hands upon him... and kissing him tenderly upon his lips.

“What a romantic scene,” laughed Éponine. “Its so sweet... such a lovely, energetic tryst.”

And she embarrassed Faustus more than the lusty virgin did.

Debbie Osborne, a cute, bubbly and enticing pixyish redhead, came and dragged the lusty young temptress away. Plying her with compliments and wet kisses and soft caress—every part of her body was examined and felt.

Faustus watched out woeful, doleful eyes as the two harlots sauntered back into flames. Seeing a ravishing maenad emerge from the fire... a divine salamander carrying a thrysus wrapped in ivy vines and tipped with a pinecone.

“That tramp is Marilyn Chambers...” said Azelma.

Simultaneously speaking, Éponine said: “The Ivory Goddess.” She could not hide the admiration in her voice.

A girl in pigtails came out of the flames up beside Miss Chambers as she embraced the other two girls, singing, “The Queen is dead, the Queen is dead. Long live the Queen.”

“That bimbo is Berta Russ,” said Azelma.

Faustus watched her get down on her knees, singing praises to the new queen and kissing her heartily upon her ass, licking at her firm white tushy, sucking and biting tender flesh.

“These disgusting perverts are all slaves to their carnal lusts,” said Faustus, puffing his chest up with amour-propre and false modesty.

“And you...” said Azelma, “Master Faustus... you are so free?”

Other women, and skulking men, emerged from the flames, joining the ecstatic revelry, enjoying hot, wet flesh together. Éponine and Azelma tugged and pulled at Faustus as if weren’t moving fast enough... but he no longer had any desire to remain with the impassioned prisoners of lust.

As newcomers passed by, in search of their queen, Azelma named them: “Brandy Saunders... Susie Mathews... Judy Gillis... Nancy Welsh... Vicky Lovelace... Lana Joyce... Gilda Arancio...”

Then, a stunningly-gorgeous brown-haired girl-next-door-type with deep brown eyes and a luscious full mouth, approached Faustus... she had a heavenly aroma and a fresh-scrubbed aura and an innocent, virginal charm.

“Have you by chance encountered Lina Romay?” De Sade saith to Azelma.

She replied: “I want that sassy brat to kiss my ass.”

And, receiving no answer from her… the trio left...

The Harem of Aradia

Éponine and Azelma said no more of the harlots... leading Faustus away from the flames and on into the darkness... and he saw no more sluts after that. The cave floor seemed to begin rising upwards... as if they were walking up a long, inclined hill. He stepped into wet puddle.

“Better watch where you step from now on,” said Éponine. “We’re getting close to their grotto.”

“Who’s... what... where...” stammered Faustus.

“You silly old fool,” giggled Azelma. “We’re taking you to the grotto of the menstruating women.”

“You’ve got to see this to believe it,” said Éponine. “These bitches gather together to menstruate, worshipping the idol Aradia, queen of the witches.”

“These stupid bitches worship menstrual blood,” Azelma said, gagging as such as she did so.

“But the gracious goddess Aradia is a daughter of Diana,” Faustus said. “She’s a Giver of Life.”

“She’s a scum-sucking minouette,” said Éponine, sternly.

Trickles of blood turned into streams, pooling in low places and crusting, teeming with bloated blood-sucking bugs... all leading into an isolated grotto dimly lit by a few pits of flaming lava... as elsewhere throughout the cave. As his eyes became accustomed to the dim light, Faustus began to notice some wicked women, seemingly perverted by the Devil, seduced by illusions and phantasms of demons, all bleeding menstrual blood, their legs stained with the bloody seepage, milling around a graven statue of Aradia, carved naked, young and beautiful, and crowned with the crescent moon.

They were swearing at it and spitting and pissing on it, some were vomiting or inducing vomiting, others were pooping, all were screaming as they did so: “Aradia, beautiful Aradia, powerful woman, queen of witches, I invoke you and call you with an upraised voice, come now to us.”

But she never appeared.

Then one of them harpies saw Faustus and screamed in a high pitched screech, emptying her lungs of air doing so, “It’s a man... sisters. A man is among us.”

Too Much of a Good Thing: The Sycophants

Faustus—first noticed—and the others, that is de Sade and Éponine and Azelma the Spoiler at immediately set upon by many of the women of that group of Erinyes.

The first women they encountered were the androgynous cross-dresser George Sands (Amantine Dupin), the Good Lady of Nohant, a promiscuous but frigid nymphomaniac and schizophrenic—her black hair tied back, exposing olive skin and a hooked nose, and smoking a cigar; she was sharing an embrace with her was Marie Dorval... trying to seduce her. As they approached the couple, Marie Dorval sparked a match and lit her lover’s cigar... thus did Faustus see that both women had vampiric smiles.

“Welcome to la Belle Époque,” giggled Azelma.

“Don’t look so surprised,” remarked Éponine, casually - having noticed his reaction to the women’s smiles. “All sycophants have vampiric fangs...”

“And they’re not for sucking cock,” said Azelma, bursting out laughing (at her joke).

stylus

“For the most part,” continued Éponine, “most of these women detest men... but they all prefer women.”

Christa Winslow was there, talking to Leontine Sagan—a pedagogic Jew—in a language that Faustus could not understand... but one thing was made perfectly clear by the way they touched and caressed each other... they were lesbians. Dorothy Thompson joined them... as Faustus watched, recognizing her as she had been a famous journalist in the living world. She was famous for her affair with the Jewish assassin Herschel Grynszpan.

Eleanor Roosevelt, which didn’t like sex… naughty-not that much, was sitting by a fire-pit between Nancy Cook and Marion Dickerman, who really didn’t like each other very much. Esther Lape, who outed Roosevelt as a lesbian, was sitting beside her life-partner, Elizabeth Read, across the fire-pit from the others. They were all laughing merrily at a joke told by Lorena Hickok… from everyone’s expressions and responses—it was obviously a joke about Faustus.

The pedagogue Marie Souvestre walked up to Faustus, as they further traversed, headed towards yet another fire-pit, around which several women were sitting. She said, as they walked, “Mata Hari once danced at one of Barney’s parties, riding in on a white horse harnessed with turquoise cloisonné.”

“That sounds like one hell of a party,” said Azelma.

“O it was, dear,” responded Madame Souvestre. “But to really appreciate it you’d have had to have been there.”

Marie Souvestre then said, “Barney wrote once that one is unfaithful to those one loves in order that their charm does not become mere habit.”

Natalie Barney, a great seductress and a female Casanova infamous for her pursuit of sexual liaisons, sat at the fire-pit, surrounded by lovers—socialites, dancers, courtesans, artists and writers—and foremost among them and closest to her was Liane de Pougy, the love of her life, and her lesbian wife, Élisabeth de Gramont, the red duchess.

On her right hand sat her younger sister Laura Barney.

Surrounded by lesbians was the stupendously egocentric Baroness Mimi Franchetti—untamable femme fatale known for her lustrous short, curly hair.

Renata Borgatti and her lovers: the adulterous tramp, Faith Mackenzie nèe Stone, and Winnaretta Singer, Princesse de Polignac, were with the Baroness Olga de Meyer, an adulterous scandal-mongering lesbian who married to a homosexual man... she was notoriously addicted to the opium pipe and a cocaine sniffer.

The charismatic gender-bending Romaine Brooks, dressed like George Sands, in a top hat and tails... was near them, chatting with her homosexual husband, who was whining his want to go to the secret grotto.

stylus

Then Faustus watched in fascination as the eccentric muse Luisa Casati made her appearance in black and leopardskin finery, in company of a pair of leashed cheetahs and wearing live snakes as jewelry... her long, dark false eyelashes fluttering over white eyes.

Una Vincenzo, Lady Troubridge, her lesbian lover Radclyffe Hall, and Jewish painter Gluck (Hannah Gluckstein) were exchanging caresses, kissing each other. Ida Rubenstein, an orphaned Jewess, and a fragile androgynous beauty, was with her lover, Elizabeth Eyre de Lanux, likewise engaged.

Dolly Wilde, niece of the faggot Oscar Wilde, like Renée Vivien, was hell-bent on self-destruction (in life)—she drank heavily, was addicted to heroin, and had attempted suicide several times… but here they sat together, passionately embraced—together embracing with Renée Vivien, who wanted nothing more than to lose herself entirely in suffering—for the sake of her art... and so was haunted by a desire for death by alcoholism, drug abuse, and anorexia nervosa.

Mathilde de Morny, commonly known as Missy, (or Yssim), shy, red-haired blue-eyed Valtesse La Bigne in her arms, were exchanging kisses, too. Also there, around the fire-pit, flattering and fawning over each other, were: La Belle Otero, Carmencita - a Spaniard, beauty icon Cleo de Merode, and Emilienne d'Alençon.

The incomparable Eva Palmer-Sikelianos… with ankle-length red hair, sea-green eyes and pale complexion was there, too.

Faustus sighed. "She's utterly beautiful."

Azelma kicked him in the ass. "Marten up…"

Baroness Hélène van Zuylen, a Rothschild, sat on the opposite side of the fire-pit with Camille du Gast, whom was a Quixotic feminist of pugnacitious daring and ambition, and with them in conversation was Germain Krull—a bisexual photographer who had sensual and sexual relations with her models.

The silent actress, Olive Ann Alcom then—as in slow motion gliding—came towards them.

Éponine asked Faustus, "Don't you recognize her?"

"Who is it?"

"She's the philanthropic Florence Nightingale..." answered Éponine.

"The Lady with the Lamp," respond Faustus, full of disbelief. "She's obviously a virgin! What's she doing here?"

"So she is," laughed Azelma. "But then again"—her heartily laughing—"so am I."

stylus

“A what the fuck…” quipped Éponine.

“I’m a fucking Virgin.”

Both de Sade and Éponine burst out in unrestrained laughter.

Azelma proved herself a spoiler in dancing around Faustus, making funny faces and singing out: “I really don’t know why I am here! I wouldn’t be here if it weren’t for you... at least, I don’t think so. Why are we with this... this... this man, sister? And why aren’t we together us off alone and having fun, instead.”

“We’ll be rid of him soon enough, sister,” answered Éponine. “Be a little more patient... our compact is nearly fulfilled and we can be rid of him to do as we please.”

Faustus was going to say something in his defense, but the Lady then quoted Rousseau, saying, “He who loves well, punishes well.” So said, her laughing a little laugh, she left them... and vanished into an orgiastic crowd of lesbians.

Faustus recognized a man-eating femme fatale in their midst... it was Marilyn Munroe, the world’s most archetypical blond and most desirable woman on the planet—an icon of feminine sexuality.

“My God!” blustered Faustus: “This is utter insanity... what’s she doing here... with all those women?”

“When people love each other...” said Azelma, “it’s beautiful. Love is beautiful. Its as simple as that... and if you can’t see for yourself to figure it out... then I feel sorry for you, Master Faustus. I really do.”

“O you’re breaking my heart, Azelma,” mocked Éponine, pretending to wipe a tear away from her eye. “You can be such a little girl sometimes... really.”

“Fuck you,” spat Azelma at her sister. “Anyway… you’re a dirty whore all the time.”

Somewhere along their way together all sounds slowly diminished, now silence seemed predominant. For a moment, cold silence reigned.

Meanwhile, Colette and her scandalous step-son lover Bertrand de Jouvenel—a half-Jew (from his mother’s side)—came joined the little group and sat down at the fiery lava-pit opposite Natalie Barney. He put his head in her lap... and she began playing with his hair.

The Divine Sarah Bernhardt—an illegitimate Jewess—renown as the most famous actress the world has ever known… and a tempestuous and scampy diva... along with her lover, the painter Louise Abbéma, also came from out of the darkness and, sitting down with the other sycophants in the Sapphic coterie, began gossiping and laughing with them.

Faustus pointed out a beautiful woman with alabaster skin, a small waist, chestnut hair, and a large bust: “Who is that?”

“O her,” answered Éponine, nonchalantly, “that’s Alice Keppel... a royal courtesan... and with her are her daughter, Violet Trefusis... and her lovers: Rosamund Grosvenor, Vita Sackville-West and her sister, Vanessa Bell, Virginia Woolf, and Madge Vaughan, the eldest daughter of John Symonds the Uranian... and the two adolescents with them are Clarissa and Sally Seton.”

“The poetic lesbo pawing at and licking Vita,” said Azelma “is Dorothy Wellesley, Duchess of Wellington.”

“That Alice Keppel is a naughty girl with the sexual morals of an alley cat,” said Éponine, “but her husband is no cuckold, he’s a nasty philanderer himself.”

“You mean she’s married...” said Faustus, aghast, “but look at her with those women... why they’re... they’re...”

“Yes they are fucking each other…” cachinnated Éponine: “aren’t they!”

“I think that they’re all a bunch of disgusting phollophorien homosexuals,” said Faustus, puffing himself up and pouting as he spat out condemnations,

“No,” said Azelma, “these women are pantalonudan viragos... valkyrie vagitarians.”

“Where did you learn to talk like that,” spake Éponine unto her sister!

“Whence Faustus blew his load in my mouth…” Azelma gurgled in laughter, “As was the warrior goddess born of Jove’s thoughts… so was some smartness born within my mind…” “Thus making me smart,” she replied, laughing herself to tears.

“O yes,” laughed Éponine. “He’s a brilliant philosopher...”

“I don’t doubt that one bit,” responded Faustus in contempt. “But I don’t... that is… why are we here, together—and where are we going… if we’re going anywhere together! Wherever… and why can’t we just leave this loath place which is despicable wherever we go?”

“If you want to get to where you want to be...” said Azelma; “then shut up and do as we say and follow us. We know where you’re going… and that’s where were taking you.”

“Yes, Master Faustus,” said Éponine. “Don’t you want to get where you’re going?”

Faustus was too angry at their impertinent responses to be coy: “I just want to get out of this place. I’ve seen enough of this queerness to last me a lifetime.”

“Just a little more patience... Ssh! be quiet and follow me. I know what I’m doing,” said Éponine.

“The way we came in is not the only way in...” said de Sade: “or out.”

“There’s a secret way out of this place, Master,” whispered Azelma softly into Faustus’ ear. “Very few people know about it.”

Tartini’s “*Il trillo del diavolo*”

Its about now that the Devil—a worthless bastard accompanied by many scaly cherubim of hell, each adorned with various gem stones for eyes, including: ruby, topaz, emerald, chrysotile, onyx, jasper, sapphire, turquoise, and beryl—all were playing gold-work tambourines and dancing in the air about the Devil, which was badly playing or trying to play Tartini’s Il trillo del diavolo upon a fiddle made of rotten old bones.

The Devil was accompanied by Šamyăza Ouza—a fallen angel and leader of The Watchers—a choir of good and bad and rebellious Holy Ones, which hadst naught fallen, rather, but hadst come down from Heaven unfallen. Greater than giants were these—and all were discordantly singing—a menagerie yelling out in various voices of different tone and pitch—resounding: “Chop down a tree and destroy it, but leave the stump of its roots in the earth… in the tender grass of the field… and it will keep on growing.”

All these began entering into where from Faustus and his company hadst just left—them devils all seeking to consummate pleasures of the flesh with those women behind by our fellows. Some began singing out: “Let us all swear an oath… and all bind ourselves by mutual implication to do these things…”

Thus everyone of them devils found wanton mates amongst those wenches—and so our companions left them all so self-condemned in consumption of unearthly pleasures as such until the end of time and consumed by the abyss of fire outside the realm of unreality beyond the shadow of life, in pain, and of death forsaken by God.

A Descent into Madness

As they made their way together, going onwards, Faustus following wither the two girls led him... at last, they brought him up to the edge of a ledge... and looking down—way, way down… Faustus saw that several anxious souls were gathered together trying to stop others from going into a hole in the craggy cavern wall, which was illuminated by a flickering light, and out of which came raucous and jubilant laughter.

They stood for moments together, silently, each pondering whether or not to venture forth into the gaping chasm and rejoin the women being ravished by those devils—the haunting trill still ringing from afar off.

“Come on,” said Éponine, taking Faustus by the hand and leading him down a steep goat-path. “This is the place we’re looking for.”

“You won’t like this, old man,” giggled Azelma. “You’re going to think that you’ve died and gone to hell...”

“I assure you, dear child,” said Faustus to Azelma, “that I have had my fill of hell, and hellish experiences I want no more.”

“What you’ve seen so far is nothing,” answered Azelma, cockily. “This is the place that the ugly, unwanted outcasts go to after feeling ostracized and exiled by everyone else.”

“This is where the freaks, geeks, and retards come to feel normal and acceptable to others,” said Éponine: “As for being in hell—already! What makes you think that what were experiencing isn’t heavenly... and the places you’ve been to aren’t of Paradise?”

“Yes,” said Azelma. “What makes you think you’re so great, Mister Master Magister?”

“I... I...” stuttered Faustus, but Azelma wouldn’t let him finish saying what he was going to say. “You’re no better than me...” she said, “or Éponine... or anyone else for that matter.”

Éponine laughed, saying, “Azelma... you’re such a revolutionary.”

“What about Jews or communists... or the niggers, chinks, and shit-skins—whether they be rag-heads, rug-riders, rock-chuckers, or otherwise...” said Faustus, exuberantly; “all of those so-called people are against everything we are—our history, our heritage, our culture, our society, our freedoms and liberties... our philosophy, religion, and politics... even the future of our way of life as naturally intended as inheritance for our children’s children.”

Éponine was laughing, she said, “You forgot to mention the god-damned faggots, Faustus.”

“Those filthy nancies and queer poufters...” grunted Faustus, as he stepped heavily onto the level ground at the bottom of the incline they’d just descended. “Those Janey Muffers and slacking Molly Dykes—heh heh heh—they aren’t even worth mentioning.”

“If you think them of such little value you won’t like it where were going,” cackled Azelma.

“But he might like these idiots,” saith de Sade; “as him is an idiot—at best.”

They came upon a small group of people which were approaching them and trying to stop them from going into the mossy cave opening before them.

“This place may not appear to be a secret,” said Éponine, leading Faustus through the group of persons protesting their intention to go into the foreboding chamber... but what goes on in there is secret... and this place’s forbidden secrets remain secrets... in there, at least.

“I take it,” said Faustus, “that these people aren’t keen on bragging about their depravity if they come amongst you in the world of the dead.”

“No,” said Azelma, “they are liars... all of them... lying, deceitful pretenders. Though, very few of them ever dare to venture out of there once they’ve given themselves over to hubris and sin.”

“This place is the haunt of worse than horny devils,” said Éponine. “It is a final recluse for many monstrously deformed half-devil hybrids has been spawned in that sterile grave.”

It was about then that the crowd surrounded them, blocking their way, shouting, saying things like: “homosexuality is a mental illness… and can be cured” and “turn around and go back, its not to late” or “I can help you... if you will just let me into your head.”

They were all talking at once so that none of them was really heard, pushing and prodding each other in putting themselves in the forefront. They spoke to Faustus and the girls, to each other, and some of them were speaking—yet having nothing to say but wanting to be heard—to no one and anyone at the same time.

None of them chose to be young... or beautiful... but presented themselves as wizened oldsters, antiquated know-it-alls who were only concerned with these strangers better mental health and psychic well-being; yet none of them were behaving very rational—although all of them had been notably ethical and morally unrighteous psychoanalysts during their previous mortal fleshy existence on earth.

The cocaine-addicted psychoanalytical Jew Sigmund Freud was the first one to fall upon them, aggressively, saying to Azelma and Éponine: “Lesbianism is the highway to mental illness...”

Anna Freud, his daughter, who had violent fantasies while masturbating and hallucinated about forbidden objects, said to Faustus, “Don’t be anxious about castrating yourself, young man.”

Sándor Ferenczi—another Jew—began loudly yelling: “You tongue is just confused about your sexual identity... traumatized emotionally by physical abuse and emphatic failure (of your masturbation fantasies).”

Anna Freud called out again, speaking to the two girls, “Don’t envy your father’s penis, girls... you have a clitoris.”

Sandor Rado could be heard ranting about genital supremacy, saying: “Archaic oral-sexual longings are merely needs for security and maintenance of self-esteem, simultaneously...”

“You must master your primitive desires for oral and anal stimulation,” Madeleine Klein was saying. “Don’t project your paranoid hatred of your mother’s bad penis... overcome the need to adore your idealized man’s good penis... you can sexually gratify the good mother with plentiful semen...”

“Man’s inhumanity to man is equaled only by man’s inhumanity to himself,” cried out Edmund Bergler—yet another Jew. He also yelled out things that were mostly lost to the roar of the crowd pressing in on them on all sides, like: “urine is not milk...” and “don’t cannibalize your mother’s vagina...” and “your oral fixation leads to spite and libido charged aggression.”

Abraham Brill was shouting out, “Don’t narcissistically love yourself... you homosexuals can be cured.”

“Humiliation is the essence of neurotic sadomasochism,” cried out Wilhelm Stekel. “Don’t be neurotic...”

Emma Eckstein had become the prototypical psychological victim of Sigmund Freud and Wilhelm Fleiss—both Jews—which, after a botched operation that disfigured her face, took to her to couch… an invalid who never fully recovered from the ordeal.

Princess Marie Bonaparte, who had her clitoris moved closer to her vagina—twice—in search of an orgasm, came forward out of the crowd and helped guide them through the flailing limbs and bodies which were blocking their progress and holding them back by getting in their way.

With her was Evelyn Hooker, a race traitor, who said to them (as she escorted them out of the thronging mob): “Homosexuality is considered a mental disorder to be cured by these people, a sin by the world’s religions, a crime by civilization’s natural laws of morality and decency.”

“People should be allowed to make up their own minds about how they want to live their lives,” said Faustus... “As long as they don’t hurt others or damage property.”

“People live by the Golden Rule,” said Éponine.

Faustus was unsure of what she meant, so he spoke without thinking, saying, “Do you mean... he who has the gold makes the rules?”

De Sade began to sputter with laughter: “There are no rules in life nor after life in death.”

“Piss on you,” spat Faustus. “Rules are rules…”

“People piss golden showers on each other in there,” said Azelma, stifling a reserved laugh.

“I mean,” said Éponine, “the rule in here ‘is do unto others...’ period!”

It was just then that Helene Stöcker started cussing at them, yelling out and spitting on Faustus, saying: “Sex criminals deserve worse than death... they deserve to go to hell.”

Faustus, on hearing her, could but laugh at the satire—the irony of it all was so damn hilarious... as if this wasn’t hell... then what was it!

Seeing Faustus laughing, Helene Stöcker picked up a rough stone and threw it at him, hitting him in the side of the head as he turned away, leaving him with a sore bump and a bruise; he put his hand to his head in a reflex action... when he took it away, looking at it, he could see his hand was stained by a trickle of blood.

Helene Stöcker shook her fist at him, calling out: “Sex without the intent to procreate is as evil as sin can get... you reprehensible monster.”

William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson sat together like temple-lions, one on either side of the cave opening... muttering and sputtering something or other about wanting to go in but not being permitted entrance.

Une Chambre Secrète

Unseen by any, there, were three women hidden within sleep’s catacomb, together—Saraya-Jade Bevis and Aubrey Aubert (Edwards), ballerina, and Alyssa Ratto (Coach Campanelli)—and all were like small frightened children peeking out from under blankets… trying to catch a glimpse of Clara the Iron Shunt.

A powerful blond Amazonian woman stood in the opening, though, blocking Faustus’ way; she was tall, blond, had deep-blue eyes, and a perfect smile; she was wearing a spotted animal hide tied over one shoulder—with her other glowing breast exposed. She was a formidable female Heracles... and when he and his three companions tried to go past her... she stopped them.

The Herculean woman said, “What business do you have here?”

“Our own business,” replied Éponine stiffly.

“Take your business elsewhere,” said the woman. “You’re not wanted here.”

Coach was too curious and like a kitten scampering around she dislodged a small pebble that rolled down, gaining momentum and picking up other debris so as to cause sort of a small avalanche: “Meow!”

Saraya and Aubrey were quick to assist their friend… and no one was the wiser that them was there watching—watching Clara the Iron Shunt.

“Excuse me, Clara,” said Bodil Joensen, entering the secret grotto with Candy Darling on her arm—both women having also emerged from the outspoken crowd of eminent windbags totally given over now in glee, promiscuous-behaving with the former devils come tither to tantalize and make rapine with their wanton sex-holes.

Faustus blurted out, angrily, “Why let them in and not us?”

“I know them...” said the woman, “and what they want... and what they bring.”

“Listen here—um uh—Clara...” began Azelma, rubbing herself up against the Amazon in an attempt to seduce her.

“Clara the Iron Shunt,” whispered Éponine to Faustus, so stating matter-of-factly: “She used to perform in sex circuses when they had sex circuses... her mother was an acrobat and her father a strong man. If you put her finger into her cunt (or asshole), she can break it if she wants to.”

“What’s so special about this place,” said Faustus to Éponine. “I don’t need to go in or see what’s going on inside there. What I don’t know can’t hurt me.”

“Fine—I’ll let you women in... but he...” said Clara, indicating Faustus. “The prude can go to hell.”

“Please...” Azelma whined, going down to her knees to plead before the Titaness. “I’d do just about anything...”

“Prudery is always the cover for brutality...” responded Clara, coldly.

“But this place is full of brutality,” responded Éponine, angrily.

“Kinky sex play is not necessarily brutal,” said Clara, crossing her arms across her chest and making herself look bigger.

“Don’t be such a cunt,” said Éponine, trying to sound friendly, smiling. “You know us... we’ve been here before... when did we ever cause trouble?”

“Very well,” said Clara the Iron Shunt, “I’ll let you in but the little bitch owes me...”

“Yes,” chirped Azelma, dancing past both of them haply, “do try and open your mind; sister... and Mister”—speaking directly to Faustus, saying: “What you won’t see can’t hurt you.”

“Don’t you use my own words against me, you little bitch,” said Faustus, kicking out at Azelma but missing—which made her laugh—and thence the others laughed as well, except for Clara the Iron Shunt.

Thus did the trio gain admittance into the secret chamber, Azelma blowing kisses at Clara the Iron Shunt and waving bye-bye to her as they did so.

“In here,” said Éponine, “one’s strength can be realized through seeming powerlessness and acceptance of one’s own negative qualities.”

“It’s all about psychological power,” spake Azelma, smartly reciting something that she’d heard somewhere from someone else: “A descent into the unconscious.”

“Don’t be such a smart ass,” said Éponine, smartly swatting her sister across the back of her head.

“Ouch!” Azelma yipped, “You fucking bitch… that fucking hurt.”

“Well,” said Éponine, “we’re in the right place for pleasure in pain.”

“Pain…” quipped de Sade: “What is pain, if not the least of pleasures…”

Looking around him with disgust, Faustus could see in the dim kaleidoscopic light cast by the occasional burbling, oozing lava pit—there were many and these served the double purpose of keeping the grotto warm and giving dim light, which was reflected by gems-stones embedded in the rock walls and ceiling... even in the floor.

Thus, our travelers couldst sort of see their way—and the first sight they beheld in this secret place was Sebastian Droste, on his knees kissing Eberhard von Nathusius’ ass, who was on his knees kissing the ass of Henri Châtin-Hoffman, who had his face stuffed into Sebastian Droste’s ass. Two Jewish homosexuals, Marcellus Schiffer and Mischa Spoliansky, both stood over them, singing as they pissed on them.

A statue of Inanna stood in their midst, naked but for a sting of pearls which someone hadst long, long ago placed around her neck. She was archetypical of dynamic, feminine dominance, forcing gods and men into submission before her.

A stream of cool water tricked out of her vagina, like one of those statues you see on fountains of little boy’s going pee... and all were welcomed to refresh themselves... but all had to bow in submission to her to do so and lick and suck at the trickling water like animals.

The place, as far as Faustus could see, was imbued with rituals of pain and ecstasy... as the Saturnaliacs engaged each other in sado-masochistical sex play.

A quiet brunette, Anne Desclos, was at the statue refreshing her on the cool water and, as if sensing his taciturn reticence—his feigned purity, she spoke to him, saying: “Don’t be such a egotistic narcissist. Beneath our unlikely exteriors a terrible passion enrages… a demonic nature of sexuality in any or all of us.”

“Listen to her,” said Éponine. “This bitch knows the power of sex.”

“What I know,” said the woman, is that sex can ignite compulsions to commit sudden, arbitrary violence and induce a yearning for voluptuous, annihilating death.”

The actress Louise Brooks was just arriving at the place with two of her bisexual friends, Pepi Lederer—who had a voracious appetite for rich food, alcohol, and cocaine—and Peggy Fears, looking to refresh themselves, as well.

“I couldn’t help but overhear you,” Louise Brooks said, “but I am incapable of real love, and for me... nice, soft, easy men are never enough…”

Peggy Fears spake, saying: “Sexual pleasure has to have an element of domination.”

Faustus responded, asking each of those beauties, “Why is that?”

“When I was nine years old,” Louise Brooks said, “a neighbourhood sexual predator abused me... and my mother chastised me for leading him on.”

Ambisextrous Tallulah Bankhead and her dyke lover Patsy Kelly next arrived at the fount... and Tallulah said in deep, luxurious voice: “Have any of you seen Alice Roberts?”

Louise Brooks came up close to her, laying her hands upon her and running them up her body to her bosom, answering her by saying, “What do you want with that sapphist tribade, Sexy? She’s naught but a besotted debutant. If you want a real woman... here I am.”

Then two slatterns, together—hand-in-hand, approached our small group of friends gathered at the statue.

“This sensual and free-spirited, openly queer woman is Gerda Wegener,” said Azelma, “and the mysterious coquette with her is Lili Elbe (Einar)—a cross-dresser, and the first man to undergo the world’s first sex change operation to become a woman.”

“Perverted deviants,” blustered out Faustus. “Egad.”

“Don’t be so god-damned judgmental,” said Lili Elbe; “cocksucker”—and she flipped the bird at him.

“You’re either jealous or titillated,” laughed Éponine, taking Faustus by the arm and leading him away from the fount into the chamber, “but I can’t figure out which.”

They encountered Phyllis—the adulterous wife of Alexander the Great, a buxom bitch with long bleached hair, blue shadowed eyes and pouty red lips, riding upon the back of the philosopher Aristotle, a scrawny, bearded man on his knees... both were naked.

“Really,” said Faustus, “what kind of pleasure can be had of this...”

“The pleasure is all in the giving,” said the Mistress, interrupting him… and swatting her mount upon his ass with a switch that her willed appear in her hand right then.

“I beg to differ, your hienie,” spoke out her slave.

The Mistress brought her whip hard down across his ass, again, leaving a long red welt. “Did I give you permission to speak?”

“No, Mistress,” wept the man... smiling at his pain but grateful for her attention.

“Just who the hell do you think you are,” she said to him, striking his arse again, dismounting him, and sternly taking his chin in hand so as to squeezing his cheeks together. “Well... I’m waiting. Answer me damn it.”

“I am a man…,” he timidly responded, most mechanically, him falling to the ground before her in a sniveling heap. “I am nothing...”

The dominatrix interrupted her slave, snarling, “And who am I?”

“You are everything to me...” the slave responded, kissing her feet repeatedly. “O bitch goddess, without you I am a dead shadow without a body to walk on me.”

“So,” hissed the Mistress, “you like it when I walk all over you, eh?”

“The harsher the treatment I endure at your hands—or feet” whined the slave, “the more I prove my love for you.”

The Mistress laughed... as Éponine and Azelma led Faustus away.

“It is a disorder,” mumbled Faustus, but loudly enough to be sure that he was heard, “in which acts of cruelty and bodily punishment become sexually pleasurable.”

“What kind of disorder?” asked Azelma: “Pleasure in inflicting pain on another person... or ceding control of a sexual situation to another?”

“A perverted sexual disorder arising from the repression of the subconscious,” answered Faustus. “Masochism being common to women… and sadism to men—each arises out from pent-up energy—violent unrealized potential.”

“You’re full of shit, Master,” said Éponine.

“You’re being stereotypical,” saith de Sade: “There is so little distinction between masochism and sadism that the two are complementary states.”

Then a beautiful naked woman approached Faustus, saying, “Are you the new Lord of Misrule?”

Faustus recognized her... it was Marlene Dietrich—now, here, again.

Dietrich exclaimed: “I had enough of a fuck with them devils that appeared after you left… so I came here for to rest the holes between my thighs.”

Éponine guffawed and de Sade blew a fart…

Another dirty whore, a scrawny, androgynous girl with heavily-charcoaled eyes and a jet-black heart-shape painted across her thin lips, wearing nothing but a low-cut loincloth, came upon them... saying: “This slut gives the best blow jobs in the world.”

She was laughing: “No matter whether you’re male or female.”

Her hair was cut in a short bob and dyed bright red—and she was delicately eating the petals off a wet-dripping white rose (which had been used to stir a mixture of chloroform and ether).

“That stupid cunt with the flower si Anita Berber...” said Azelma to Faustus, “a notorious cabaret performer.”

“That scandalous multisexual bitch is Anita Berber,” said Éponine, in disgust—pointing out the bitch. “She gets drunk and stoned and fucks anyone... even monkeys for Christ’s sake.”

The two women embraced, promiscuously kissing each other... and Faustus overheard the blond asking the redhead, “O have you seen Susi (Wanowski)?”

“No, darling,” was her response... “But you’ve found me.”

“When the apostolically hypocrite died—meaning, Anita Berber,” said Éponine to Faustus, “she was surrounded by icons of the Virgin Mary under heaps of cocaine and opium, morphine and syringes.”

Anita Berber then asked Marlene Dietrich—between kisses them hadst begun sharing, lustily licking drool from her mouth: “Have you seen Margo (Lion) or Ruth (Margarete Roellig)?”

“Really,” answered Marlene Dietrich, laughing; “aren’t I enough of a woman for you?”

“I’m so fucking stoned...” responded Anita Berber. “O... and so horny. Do let us go and find those two girls and fuck the shit out of them.”

Then in the wisp of a moment’s passing... they were gone, disappearing together into flickering shadows.

“When she died... it was no big loss for the world,” added Azelma. “Here... the filthy slag is just another sucking, puckering orifice... a hole—nothing more, nothing less.”

A man—it was George Groß—wandered passed them, muttering to himself; Faustus overheard a few of the things he so spake, such as: “inequality and excess,” “disease, poverty, and suicide,” and “savage and grotesque” and “bottomless appetites flourishing among decaying morals.”

When the man had passed them, Faustus watching him, he turned and spat at Faustus, saying, “Humanity is essentially bestial... and the world is a sinkhole of depravity and deprivation.”

“Everybody and everything is owned and for sale, trade, or lease...,” answered Faustus, “or else is coveted and stolen or broken. Very few good things are hoarded and buried.”

De Sade replied: “There are no great treasures which are not found out and spoiled.”

“You sound just like a pig to me,” shouted the man, angrily—and he began making horrible oinking and snorting noises.

“There are four breeds of pigs that I know of,” saith de Sade: “capitalists; mercenaries—whether them take pay as police or soldiers; clerics—whether a priest or a reverend, a rabbi or a mullah or imam, or an archaka, purohita, guru, or shaman; and whores—the only trustable cunts of the lot of them; whose most common form is that of the sociable wife.”

The awful man then began laughing; him turning around, then, and wandering away mumbling to himself. He stopped once, turning back to see that Faustus and the two girls had turned their backs to him, already forgetting him, and he called out after them: “Which type of pig are you?”

“Sacré...” Azelma cussed, as her spun around to give him the finger… and stick out her tongue at him.

It was just then that they were titillated and tantalized by the presence of the Governesses, which seemed be emerge out of the thin air around them.

The Governesses worshipped their birch switches; they were experienced and tactful, and lived by the rule of the rod and willing to flog. Their birches were hard come by... as were the whips, chains, and other miscellaneous toys scattered haphazard throughout the grotto. The more perishable fetish attire, such as leather and lates, and lace; corsets, stockings, lingerie...; gloves and boots; gags, straps, paddles... all were irreplaceable. But the erotic nun’s wear was cherished and treasured above all.

Mistress Chalmers and Madame Noyeau were joined by Mrs. Jones and Theresa Burkley—her who had designed the Burkley horse—and all were serviced by several young women, most notably: Miss Ring, Hannah Jones, Sally Taylor, One-eyed Peg, Bald-cunted Poll and a Black girl called Ebony Bet.

Mrs. Bessy Burgess and Mrs. Pyrée manifested—and many cherub-like Putti creatures ran amok, flogging anyone they came into contact with... except the Governesses and other Dominatrixes... as these bitches those putti seemed to leave them alone.

The place was crawling with devils engaged in sex with the human souls within the grotto... it was they who brought the fetish wear and sex toys from the surface world. They had the ability to create their palpable bodies of flesh right out of thin air.

“Even the Angels of God are known to have had sex with human women,” said Azelma. “It says so right in the front of the bible.”

“And the daughters of men bore them sons and daughters,” said Éponine.

“So why not devils?”

Faustus looked at the stranger speaking... it was one of the devils; having hairy goat legs, but otherwise appearing like a man... with two small horns jutting out of his forehead. He couldn’t help but notice—and in truth, the devil was wriggling it around so that he had no choice but to notice it; but the devil was endowed with a mule-like penis and a bull’s testicles that were long and thick as his arm.

The devil smiled, seeing that he’d gotten Faustus’ attention.

“I cannot emphasize the intense pleasure of diabolical intercourse,” said the devil, “for days after being fucked by a horny devil the deluded bitches are worn out—and that includes the men as well as the women.”

“But your god damned cock is so big...” flustered Azelma, “it must hurt like hell... no matter how capacious a vagina or asshole your bitch might have.”

“God bless Saint Angéle de la Barthé,” cried out Faustus.

“Most are not able to hold it,” said the devil proudly, openly exhibiting his phallus to them, lifting it in his clawed hands and displaying it. “But I fuck the hell out of them anyways.”

Then the devil danced off grunting like a pig.

“Don’t even think about it, Azelma,” said Éponine to her sister. “I’ve heard that their mickle ejaculate is cold as ice…”

De Sade interjected: “And burns.”

“Don’t tell me what to think,” answered Azelma to one—and then saying to the other: “I can take care of myself.”

“Have it your way,” Éponine retorted.

“They burn women as witches,” said Faustus, “if they’re found out having se3x with a devil.”

“Now the virgin is telling me what to do,” shrieked out Azelma, grabbing at her hair with both hands, spinning around.

“If you’re impregnate during coitus with one of those things,” said Éponine, “you’ll either die or miscarry or give birth to a monster... which might kill you in doing so... and if it doesn’t... then maybe your devilish little bastard offspring will probably rape or kill you or worse.”

stylus

"OK," Azelma stamped her feet. "OK! You've made your point. You're right—again—as usual. I won't fuck with any devils... are you happy now?"

Éponine just laughed... but secretly she was relieved.

"Those three are Madam Mary Deubler, Governess Theresa Berkley, and Madame du Barry," said Éponine... pointing out certain guests indulging their erotic appetites on the former group of young girls: Miss Ring, Hannah Jones, Sally Taylor, One-eyed Peg, Bald-cunted Poll, and the black girl called Ebony Bet. They were all gathered around a nubile victim stretched out upon the cold hard group... and all were dripping hot wax on her tender white flesh and guffawing.

Fiery-tempered Madam Mary Deubler aka Josie Arlington, renown as the notorious "bronze virgin," was a beautiful German, smart, shrewd, ambitious; she commanded a kinky sex-circus of ten or twelve classy foreign prostitutes, specially trained for fetishes—sadomasochists and risqué burlesque girls which performed depraved acts for the amusement of all.

Governess Theresa Berkley, an English dominatrix who invented the "chevalet"—an instrument of torture used for flogging; her specialized in chastisement, whipping, flagellation, fustigation and scourging... here, now, she was Mistress of the Art (of inflicting pain for pleasure), using green birch switches (which she kept in water to keep them pliant), cat-o-nine tails, thin bending canes, and an assortment of brushes. She was a lewd courtesan... lecherous and a glutton for pain—not her pain… rather her pleasure was in inflicting pain upon others… especially young and innocent victims of her debauchery.

She was with an attractive blond having thick ringlets of bloody hair, and almond-shaped blue eyes, wearing the grandiose diamond necklace: Madame du Barry—a victim of her own opulence whom was guillotined during the Reign of Terror that was the French Revolution.

"Vive, la Liberté," sang out Azelma in defiance, shaking her fists at the noble whores.

"See the profligate slut?" said Éponine to Faustus…

Azelma leaned closer to him, smiling: "That filthy whore is Marie Antoinette, L'Autrichienne... who was guillotined during the reign of terror."

Marie Antoinette sat in a far off back hole in the grotto wall, where there were few gemstones and very little light; she was wearing a plain white dress, though it was somewhat stained and tattered with age. With her was her lover, the immaculate Princess de Lamballe, who suffered a humiliating death at the hands of the hysterical peasant mobs during the September Massacres of 1792. Another of her lovers, the extravagantly beautiful Duchess de Polignac, was there as well... as were Marquise de Tourzel and her daughter Pauline—Marie Antoinette's closest confidant.

Charlotte Corday l'ange de l'assassinat (the Angel of Assassination), who had chestnut brown hair, came and sat with them: (She had been guillotined for the assassination of the Jacobin leader Jean-Paul Marat).

stylus

Marie Antoinette and Corday had trouble keeping their heads set aright atop their shoulders—and every time these moved askew a bit, they bled… staining their elegant dress gowns—and their compatriots were all bleeding, likewise, from their sad wounds.

Azelma cursed, shaking her fist at the women: "Autrichiennes!"

Éponine spat at them. "I hate those fucking scum-sucking cunts," she said. "Come on... its time we got you out of here and to where you're going."

Faustus was roughly taken up by the sleeves of his coat and dragged away by both girls.

"Remember Azelma," spake Éponine, with the luster of pride shimmering in her voice, "how the streets of Paris ran red with blood."

"Yes, sister," answered Azelma, her voice also taking on a star-struck quality. "We rid ourselves of the parasitic aristocrats... it was a glorious revolution, wasn't it!"

"Egad," exclaimed Faustus with disgust, "Madame de Lamballe was renowned for her virtue and kindness... but was thrown to a gleeful mob in the street, who gang-raped and tortured her for hours, before cutting off her breasts—in addition to other bodily mutilations—her entrails were ripped out and used a belts, her heart was eaten, her pubic hair was fashioned into moustaches by the bloody masses… and her head—O her beautiful head was cut off and impaled on a pike, and both her ravaged body and head were paraded around Paris."

"I know," laughed Éponine, "you old fool... I was there."

"As was I," said Azelma, imperiously, drawing her finger in a cutting motion across her throat as she laughed.

"This is Dörchen Richter," said de Sade—interjecting the remark to attenuate Faustus attention away from the wild-eyed girls. They were getting pissed off at having to be with Faustus… and it was very apparent to de Sade now… that the girl's had lost their interest in him and their duty!

The fetish Jews Jacques Biederer and his brother Charles—as swine— seemed to interest the two girls more… and their attentions were easily misled and carried away with the two pigs. In due order all the company had been so led by the two up to the base of a marble statue of Elagabalus, which had been decorated with cosmetics and a wig.

L. Richard and his full-figured wife Nativa, in thigh-high-stiletto-heeled boots, tight laced corset, full-length leather opera gloves, and wearing a studded chrome bra with knickers made out of steel. She was violently wielding a crop—spanking someone's bare butt.

So, too, was Leopold von Sacher-Masoch there—him also getting a spanking on his bare bum by two women wearing prehistorically simplistic furs—as if untamed or wild savages; both Mz. Fanny von Pistor and Mz. Wanda von Dunajew, came shuffling by them, being walked by the women like a dog on a lease—on his hands and knees.

stylus

Faustus couldn't help but think that the pain and humiliation those poor mean must have felt as being unimaginable.

"Look!" Azelma laughed, "The despots are educating their servile."

The Sodomites Paradise

In a shady recessed grotto in the back of the chamber were a group of ithyphalloic men engaged in a homosexual orgy... their bodies littering the rocky ground around a marble statue of the pederast Antinous. Chief in popularity amongst them was 15 year old Giovanni di Giovanni...

"That poor bugger," said Éponine, pointing him out, "was a notorious passive sodomite who was publicly castrated and had a red-hot iron pushed into his anus by the podestà court in Florence (as a punishment for him having brought the wrath of God—the Black Death—down upon the populace: many other sodomites were punished the same way and burned at the stake to purify the city of evil)."

Azelma squealed: "Ew... looky-look… see…" she tugged at Faustus' sleeve, "there's the knight Richard Puller von Hohenburg and his squire Anton Mätzler."

"Faggots..." de Sade muttered, not looking to them.

"That's right," said Azelma... "They were suffered a fiery death at the stake for heresy."

"If a man lieth with mankind, as with womankind" uttered Faustus—quoting the Bible: "Both of them have committed an abomination, and they shall surely be put to death and their blood shall be upon them."

"Both Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo were gay," said Éponine.

"So was Casanova," quipped Azelma, tittering.

Tomasso de' Cavaliere, who was celebrated for his outstanding beauty, gracious manners and intellect—an exceptionally handsome nude youth, was sitting with his back against a globe of rock: He was pondering the ascent of the soul to the Divine.

Masks fill an open plinth on which he is seated.

Faustus watched in disbelief as a swirling dream-like mass of figures surrounded the youth—the vices: gluttony, lust, avarice, wrath, sloth, and envy were predominant. There were children stirring a cauldron, while others were stoking its fire; a hare and the head of a boar seemed to be hanging on the wall of the cave; another child entered the vision bearing a squealing piglet on his shoulders; another group were struggling with the carcass of a deer; other children were drinking from a wine butt, and yet another small boy urinated into a wine bowl. A man was passed out

sleeping on the floor... and an old satyr-like woman was suckling a babe. A most beautiful young man was being raped by an eagle... and another muscular young man was having its liver ripped out and eaten by two vultures.

Then the vision changed as a flying chariot burst into presence... and as the other specters vanished... it was seemingly struck by a lightning bolt and fell as if falling a long way to the earth... changing into a winged spirit—a personification of beauty and chaste love, which fell upon the youth, sounding a trumpet, awakening him from the deceitful illusions of the earthly realm to a new spiritual life.

As he rose from his seat, the vision dissipated... dissolving into the darkness of shadows and flickering light.

“I couldn’t help but overhear what you were saying, man” said Tomasso de’ Cavaliere to Faustus: “Love is not always a harsh and deadly sin.”

Faustus couldn’t help but be overcome with feelings... imagining that this young man was the paragonical light of the world.

Having already lost interest in Faustus and the two girls, Tomasso de’ Cavaliere walked away from them, speaking as he did so, saying: “Michelangelo once wrote to me, saying that he was captivated by love... his soul bound by beauty... and that pity and mercy, with their gentle eyes, had awakened in his heart a hope that could not be cheated...”

Then he was gone... lost into the churning mass of fleshy bodies within the flickering light and shadows.

Faustus, overwhelmed by curiosity, had to ask: “What were you girls doing here in the first place?”

“I was curious,” answered Azelma, “so Éponine snuck me in here... dressed as boys.”

“I don’t see how that could’ve worked,” said Faustus, looking at Azelma’s hard little tits: “I mean—uh—your sister is most obviously a woman...”

“You’re only saying that because she’s got big tits,” Azelma tittered... “Aren’t you?”

Faustus blushed, saying, “I just don’t see how you could have hidden it.”

“You mean my big tits,” Éponine quipped, exposing both her pure white tits.

Faustus didn’t answer her, though, but changed the subject—yet again: “I really don’t know how to thank you girls for all you’ve done for me...”

“You can start by kissing my dirty ass, cocksucker,” Azelma chortled.

“Azelma...” said Éponine—her voice disciplined and stern, yet sparkling with lusty laughter.

“O I’m sorry,” titled Azelma, “but your so right, Éponine... if the pig should be sucking on anybody’s asshole its yours.”

Éponine just laughed...: “Look,” she said, “here it is...”

Faustus responded, saying, “What?”

“A secret way out of this place...” said Éponine.

“Well...” said Faustus, “why are you girls still in this place if you know the way out?”

“You think it’s easy to leave this place, eh,” Azelma said. “You just wait until you get out there... alone... in the scary black never-ending darkness—you’ll see why us inmates choose to remain in the infernal perpetuity of our asylum.”

“Remember Legion?” Éponine added, “What’s out there is worse than anything you can possibly imagine.

Then the trio continued on in silence... each reflecting their own deep hidden thoughts.

After a few moments following the girls in silence down the darkening tunnel, Éponine finally said, “Can you feel it getting colder?”

Faustus, in fact, did notice that it had been getting colder-and-colder for some time...

“We’re here,” said Éponine.

But all Faustus could see or feel was the cold darkness around him... filling his being with its chill.

“No matter what you think of those people in the flames, Faustus,” said Azelma, “you’ll miss their company quick enough.”

“We will go no further with you, Faustus,” saith Éponine to him.

There was a long stretched out moment of silence—faint breathing could be heard.

“All that you’ll find in the darkness are lonely souls which have been cast out of our company: those evil men who prey upon weak and defenseless women and children; those men who kill them in vengeance; and the damnable killers of those men.” De Sade said: “In the cold fire, at least we have each other... and we warm each other as best we can... but in the enduring darkness you will be alone.”

“The darkness is nothing but a grave...” said Azelma, “haunt of ultra-violent sadists, pederasts, rapists, sociopathic torturers, serial killers, cannibals, and mass murderers.”

“Liberté, égalité, fraternité, Magister Faustus…” Éponine said, as she turned and walked away back down the tunnel.

“Adieu, Faustus.” said Azelma, standing up on her toes to kiss him delicately as she could on his flushing cheek. Then, when her face was close to his ear, she whispered very tenderly, “I truly enjoyed your cum, monsieur.”

Then, she was gone... following after her sister, skipping as she went.

The two girls almost immediately disappeared from his sight, their soft footsteps quickly fading into silence.

Azelma’s voice came aback out of the darkness, saying, “You’re facing a fate worse than death, Faustus... worser even than the lamiai or Legion.”

Her ludicrous little-girl’s laughter gently fading into echoes which all too quickly quietened.

Faustus, already missing their pleasant company, stood motionless a long while, staring at the place they had been... the last place he’d seen them... the place where Azelma’s voice had come from... and disappeared into... as this, too, was consumed by the silence and lost within the lingering echoes of his thoughts.

“Go fuck yourself…!” De Sade said, as him turned and sauntered off without another word… and he too is gone.

At first all he could hear was the vacuum whispering the name “Laura...” but an ominous, saturnine reticence settled dumbly within his ears. Turning away from the quietus, he wandered away a few steps into the darkness, pausing only once... to look back at the craggy hole he had just crawled out of... but it was gone.

He went back to try and find it again... but it was lost… he, too, was hopelessly lost (and alone).

The Black Road and the Dwellers in the Darkness

Faustus saw no more of the skanky banality or profligate whoriness... although he was beginning to miss it... him becoming more-and-more aware of being completely alone in darkness.

Here-and-there Faustus thought he could see or imagined seeing dark-shadowy figures… with what seemed be ejaculate-spewing erections… and prowling around in the flickering shadows caused by the few dimly-glowing lava-pits which lit the Black Road: (they were like regretful celibates in search of spasmodic sexual release preying on any vulnerable souls which they might get catch at unawares within the dank web of the caliginous gloom).

Dim far-away fires flaring in the dark gloom resembled memories of the stars in the night sky... Faustus was overcome with grief and sorrow. He sat down hard in a heap and sobbed to be so alone in such a desolate place. Then, recovering himself, he rose up off the ground, and slowly picked his way down the gentle slope, following the Black Road into foreboding darkness.

He'd never felt so alone or lonely in all his life. The pounding song of his heart, the blood-rush within him, his very thoughts quietened, died, and reincarnated as silence.

The swish of his garments and his soft footsteps, though, seemed all too obvious.

All of a sudden, he was put on by bandits—spies and traitors who were welcomed nowhere among any but each other: Virginia Hall, Nancy Wake, and Andreé Borrel… and Eileen Nearne and Krystyna Skarbek. These whorey cunts tore off his robes… and him half-heartedly expected sex-play… but those dames was only intent on robbing him—and they found naught on him of value whatsoever.

In this, the five beasts grew angry, anxious, berating and beating the man for him having naught that they couldst so pilfer. Then they were gone—leaving him naked and beaten and on the ground… and his tattered, torn garments were scattered over and around him. They had soild both his flesh and his attire with their spit and piss, as well. He was in tears, crying, and moaning for his bruised hurt and ached so.

Faustus got up and arrange3d his clothing around him as best he could… thence didst he walk on, away into the sinister gloom following along the Black Road—until coming to a pile of heads and arms and the corpses of children, which was crawling with venom-dripping snakes and worms, upon which a terrifying piebald woman sat: Hel—and her one side was half-blue-black, an ugly, gangrenous, rotting corpse with long ebony hair… but her other half was very beautiful... a pale-white strawberry-blond-haired woman with a fiery green-blue eye. She had a grim expression on her face and her lips were smeared with blood. In her right hand was a golden-glowing fiery sword... and in her left, a crystal skull with grim eyes of sparkling fire.

Faustus looked at her from his hiding place, wide-eyed and mortified in fear, unable to look away, unable to decide if she was either maiden, mother, or crone... for it was impossible to discern which.

And, although, fire and brimstone burned everywhere throughout the cavern, it was icy cold… and he shivered, his breath a hazy fog before his face. It was a disparaging place with crystals of moonstone, black onyx and hematite scattered across the ground and embedded in the craggy walls of her cavern.

Garmr—a massive blood-stained, black-blood-coloured, ravening bitch warg or hyena-bear-worgen crossbreed: A monstrous mass of muscles with a pointed rat-like snout, four sickly-yellow and golden-red eyes, vile fangs, and a bristling tail, was savagely befouling a corpse at her feet; sensing him, it looked up towards the place where Faustus was hiding, sniffed, whined, and barked, pulling at its chain.

stylus

Níðöggr—a flying, glittering dragon was busily chewing on the bones of the bolverkers—or murderers, adulterers, perjurious oath-breakers, and suicides—and sucking the marrow from them, its toxic breath spewing from it like spark-frilled smoke from a fire, and venomous saliva drooling from its maw.

She spoke, then, saying, "I am Hel. Come to me... be free."

Pedophiles and Pederasts and Other Deviant Sex Criminals

Faustus crept up a ridge and peeked over it... seeing a perverted wild man obsessing with the ghosts of girls, who seemed to be produced by his uffish imagination—these springing forth from his forehead like tiny Athena-Minerva armoured in lithon... and gently wafting in the air about him as owly wisps. Their silvery-bright eyes gleaming in severe pale-glowing faces… as graceful they appeared, brumes of bluish-green mist... leaving graying trails behind them as they soared—their very presence alighting the Stygian gloom.

"You are the guiltless pleasure of my old age," said the pedophile to the little specters. "You are the blessed hope of my resurrection from the dead... instead of me being merely filled with blank despair—a sadness and a sweetness of my own."

"The Victorian child cult perceived nudity as an expression of innocence and such images were mainstream and fashionable," said a girlish voice in the darkness, "rather than emblematic of a sick fascination with young flesh."

Faustus froze... someone was with him in the pitch black empty. His heart resounded loudly within his ears as he strained to hear the slightest sound. Then he felt a small, delicate hand touch his shoulder... and he almost jumped out of his skin, biting his tongue so that he didn't scream and give himself away to the wild man and his fancies.

"Ssh..." whispered a little dark-haired British girl, "don't be afraid. I won't hurt you."

Faustus did not feel the least bit relieved by the gentleness of the girl's voice, nor the softness of her hand upon him.

"My name is Mary Bell," said the girl. "You have to be careful in this place. It's very dangerous. This vacuous destitution is full of unrestrained violence..."

Sarah "Cindy" White came out of the dark gloom, her holding a flaming torch in hand—it burned but was not consumed… as it gave light, illumination of a sorts, the light more negated what it touched similar to an x-ray effect. Gangsta niggers could be heard rapping trash in the background—empty voices cussing and cursing out of nihility.

Faustus shivered out a whisper, asking Mary Bell, "Did you come from the flames?"

“No.” Mary Bell said, “I want to join the others in the flames... but feel self-conscious of my deadly crimes as a child predator. I expect nothing but condemnation and ostracization from them—and no hope of being forgiven... so I avoid the warmth of fellowship in the flames and haunt this lonely wilderness, instead.”

“You’d be more welcome than you imagine,” said Faustus compassionately, feeling more relieved and disposed to be friendly to her now... as he emphasized with the poor girl.

“Look,” Mary Bell whispered, “that’s Margaret Dodgson—the creep’s daughter. There is Alice (Pleasance) Liddel…” she said, inferring a pretty and vivacious 10-year-old spirit, “and those are her sisters: Edith and Lorina.”

“They’re all so young,” whispered Faustus.

“No! It’s naught what we see… its how he imagines them,” answered Mary Bell. “But I assure you... they are his heart’s deepest desire... his love.”

“But they’re just children...” muttered Faustus. “Who is he?”

“Charles Dodgson, called Lewis Carroll,” answered Mary Bell.

Mary next cast a glance and drew faustus’ attentions to Gertrude Chataway, who was first seduced when she was only 9-years-old—by him (age 43) (in 1875).”

“The cad...” spat Faustus.

Oz-nix

Around the cad were statuesque images of the other innocent girls this putrefied pedophile preyed upon—each attired as or defined by characteristics as portrayed in the Oz Books Series, inclusive of (as follows): Dolly Argles; Julia and Ethel Arnold; Florence Bickersteth; Edith Blakemore; Penelope Boothby; Isa Bowman—and her sisters: Empsie, Nellie, and Maggie; Mary Brown; Maggie Cunnynghame; Dymthna Ellis—and her two sisters, Mary and Bertha; Ruth Gamlen; Ethel, Beatrice, and Evelyn Hatch; Béatrice Henley; Xie Kitchin; Mary, Lily, Irene, and Louisa MacDonald; Mary Marshall; Beatrice Mary; Adelaide Paine; Flora Rankin; Bessie Slater; Isabel and Maud Standen; Polly, Marion and Florence Terry; Gertrude Thomson; Agnes Grace Weld; Menalla Wilcox; and Ella Monier-Williams.

And floating in the air as a mixing mist were (as follows): Florence Balfour, Mary Barber, Louisa Barry, Sydney Bowlis, Kitty Saville Clark, Beatrice Earle, Helen Feilden, Edith Hulme, Agnes Hull, Kate Terry Lewis, Janet Merriman, Marion Richards, Gaynor Simpson, Jessie Sinclair, Winifred Stevens, Wicklife Taylor, Magdalen Williams, and Lisa Wood.

As well as Edith Rix, Theodosia Heaphy, and the Drury sisters: Mary, Isabella, and Emily.

Just then the Jabberwock came burbling and whiffling upon them... having claws that bite and claws that grasp and eyes of flame; and with it came the Bandersnatch, the Jubjub bird, the snark, and the boojum.

“Come on,” said Mary Bell, taking Faustus by the arm and pulling him away from their hiding place: “We have to go now.”

“Where,” asked Faustus.

“Firstly,” said Mary Bell, “away from here... then, if not nowhere, surely, anywhere else would be better than here.”

“I was wandering the Black Road...” said Faustus: “Can you show me the way?”

“I will go with you as far as I am able...” said Mary Bell. “There’s nothing to do here and I get so bored... here, in the emptiness alone—so forlorn and without hope, myself; I’m so happy for the distraction… and your fellowship.”

“I wish you’d find your way into the flames...” said Faustus—him remembering Azelma the Spoiler… and his thoughts lingering in remembrance of her lips…

“You’d not be alone there.”

“No one wants me there,” said Mary Bell, sadly... he voice growing faint as she spoke.

“You’d be surprised, Miss Bell,” said Faustus. “People can be more forgiving than you’d imagine. You have to be pretty evil not to have your small girl sins forgotten—however brutal.”

“That’s just it,” said Mary Bell. “I’m having a hard time forgiving myself.”

Then they continued on a ways together in silence.

They hadn’t wandered far down the Black Road before they noticed a dim glow in the distance. Mary Bell wanted to avoid the beacon, but Faustus did not want to quit the road for fear that they’d lose their way forever in the darkness... so he convinced her that they could sneak past whatever might be there unnoticed. The unmistakable wet-slapping sounds of flesh fucking flesh intensified as they drew nearer the flustery light, as did the raspy guttural grunting and moaning of the hedonistic orgasmics.

Both Mary Bell and Faustus flushed as they crept through the darkness past a debauchery of three women, three girls and a small child, and one bearded man... sodomizing a dog. The mass of bodies and limbs rolled together on the ground by a small lava-pit, which both warmed and lighted the area... especially illuminating an unfinished stone sculpture of a nude woman’s torso.

“That reprehensible pervert is Eric Gill,” said Mary Bell, quietly, “and those women are his wife Mary and his sisters: Angela and Gladys—and her small daughter—and those are his daughters: Joan, Betty, and Petra.”

Disgusted by what they saw, both Mary Bell and Faustus quietly crept past... trying to remain in the shadows, but yet remaining on the road.

“And here I thought I had seen it all,” said Faustus, at last, once they were safely passed the place and found themselves once again—safely—in the quiet darkness.

They didn’t wander far down the road, though, before they noticed another dim-glowing brightness ahead of them. Cautiously, they proceeded... until they came upon another small burbling lava-pit, illuminating a man on his knees, slowly, spasmodically flailing his arms at unseen banshees flying in the air around him, which were revealed only as hazy shadows.

Still, the only sound was made by the effervescent lava.

Faustus recognized the man as the little tramp, Charlie Chaplin.

“After his father abandoned them, his mother was forced into prostitution...” said Mary Bell.

“The scandalous Semitophile is a pederast. Those unseen wraiths tormenting him are faded memories of his former wives: Mildred Harris (16), Lita Grey (15), Paulette Goddard (17), and Oona O’Neill (17)—and memories of his countless child-lovers trying to free them of bondage to his mind.”

“If he’s such an insatiable pederast,” said Faustus, “then maybe he deserves his fate.”

“He’s not here because he loved young women,” said Mary Bell. “If it were a crime to love young women... than this place would over-flow with anguished damned.”

“Then why is he here,” asked Faustus, “suffering so.”

“The son-of-a-bitch is here because he’s a Judeophiliac lackey.”

Mary Bell took Faustus by the sleeve of his robe and led him away, back into the cold darkness.

They came upon fire-pit after fire-pit in the darkness, each illuminating some degrading fantasia or other: Some seemed be excited his thoughts, whereof he couldst feel pangs of yearning within his loins. She, too, felt similar pangs… but her was yet a small child herself. So it was that the two kept company… struggling together through emptiness, dark and silent, seemingly going nowhere albeit remaining steadfast bound on following the Black Road(stretching e’er before them… unending).

At one pit they found that the great hero Larence of Arabia was being flogged by John Bruce to the amusement of a handsome Arab boy, named Dahoum, nicknamed Sheik Ahmed. Sots was

lashing Lawrence's bare buttocks with a metal whip... him ceasing to flail the other's buttocks until only after Lawrence had ejaculated.

The pain, humiliation and ecstasy released in Faustus a sincere fascination... terror and morbid desire... and his secret thoughts turned inward, reflection on the ripe young body lying on the ground next to him. As if sensing his lust-filled capriciousness Mary Bell moved backwards into the darkness... Faustus was quick to follow after her.

The Cult of Calamus

They came upon a marble statue of Dercetis the Boeotian nymph at another fire-pit—this pit a little larger than the last, and surrounded by a group of men, each wearing ragged black blankets like cloaks over their heads and shoulders—their faces ghastly reflections of shadow and light.

"These are the Uranians," said Mary Bell: "Immoral sodomists and pederasts in life—and in life they corrupted boys with intimate sexual relations... and here, they gather together… and, there, they lay like spiders in wait for the spirits of lost little boys and young men."

Karl Heinrich Ulrichs—the pioneer of gay rights—was standing and speaking, saying: "There are two types of men: the Urning, who desires men, and the Dioning, who desires women... but, it is important to note that male-male love is natural... and biological...: 'anima muliebris virii corpore inclusa' ('a female psyche contained in a male body')."
There was a round of applause with mixed hoots... until the speaker made exaggerated motions quieting the audience.

He continued, saying: "Remember... Plato wrote about two kinds of love in his Symposium—and these are symbolized as an Aphrodite being born form a man (Uranus) and an Aphrodite born from a woman (Dione of Sanchuniathon)."

There was another smattering of applause—the occasional restrained hoot.

"Gentleman," the speaker continued, "I am not only an openly gay man—a homosexual—but a proud pederast…—[applause and hooting]—who, because of societies convenient man-made laws of nature... am a decadent and wicked criminal—[more applause and hooting]—the shame of a civilized people—[standing applause and rancorous roaring]—but the law of liberty knows no limitations."

He had to finish his speech by yelling out loud... and became very aroused by the passion of the al the faggots [*Sic.*] around him.

After a few fleeting moments of idolizing Karl Ulrichs, the dirty old men—one-by-one—exposed their assholes to him, and one-and-all farted, before sitting down again… together, around the fire-pit as they had been.

One fellow, though, named John Addington Symonds, was overly-excited and prancing around like a fairy—as for him, he was remembering stripping the youth Norman Moor... and touching his mouth to his young flesh.

Thence him began passionately reciting a few lines of some pederastic poem which he had composed in life... and Faustus heard him saying, "in his arms of strength / [and] in that kiss / soul into soul was knit and bliss to bliss."

"Bravo, bravo," applauded a bearded man—Walt Whitman, American free verse poet—patting the other on the back. "What beautiful poetry."

The eunuch-like Benjamin Jowett, whom had a Platonic relationship with Florence Nightingale, pranced around him…

Magnus Hirschfeld—a Jew, came up, speaking in Latin (saying): "Per Scientiam ad Justiitiam (through science to justice)."

To which—the others applauded and hooted: Magnus Hirschfeld puffed himself up with pride... and tried to look very dignified. William Johnson Cory joined him… and they kissed each other.

"There is no real humanistic world, where exploitation and oppression have been eliminated..." said Mary Bell, quietly into Faustus' ear.

He turned to her—their faces close, her breath burning on his lips—and his mouth felt dry.

"There will always be a truly revolutionary force... against the natural—as its only natural…"

Faustus could but help remember the lovely Thénardier sisters... especially dwelling on memories of Azelma's mouth sucking on his genitals (and the pleasure she had given him).

Then in the secret place within his thoughts... his deep, unrealized potential... he yearned for Mary Bell. After all... they were about the same age...—that is she and her! So he tried to rationalize… and the lusty little brat was tauntingly beautiful.

Faustus repressed these feelings, ashamed of himself for his thoughts, his cheeks flushed and eyes shifted, narrowing into slits. Even his breath changed... softly, deeply panting for requited empathy from the girl.

She looked away, turning her face and speaking to him: "That witch is Hélène Jégado."

He saw an old woman sitting alone in the dark and crying.

"See her," said Mary Bell: "She's Amelia Dyer…"—and she was surrounded by the tiny bodies of hundreds of babies.

They came upon a dimly lit scene, lighted by a pit of flaming charcoal, several Black men were sitting chained to a rock pillar, their eyes had been gouged out, ears hanging by shreds, lips were sewn together, and fingernails ripped off. Others had their joints skinned so that bone was protruding through a festering mess of bleeding raw meat. Black bodies were littered around, some merely dark lumps, exposed by the dancing light of the fire pit, others were more obvious; the bones of some having been broken and formed into unnatural shapes; the intestines of many had been torn out of their naked bodies and were knotted around their waists; and there were skulls and bones strewn everywhere, haphazardly... many of the skulls having holes smashed into them. A miserable woman, with dark brown hair and green eyes, smearing herself with the slave's blood, moved amongst them, casually whipping them at random. The jagged walls of the cave had rude occult sigils painted on them with blood and excrement.

Faustus whispered into Mary Bell's ear, "But where did she get those chains from?"

"Demons..." she answered back, whispering, moving her lips slowly and deliberately forming words so that Faustus might be able to read her lips... "Sometimes demons bring things from the ethereal celestial realm… or claustrophobic devils, which come forth from out of hell... to barter sexual favours from the dwellers in the dark."

They watched as a White woman cut the buttocks off one of the Black men, which were being held down by other Blacks… who were stretching his arms and legs out, leaning heavily upon his limbs or sitting upon his body and head. The poor victim screamed bloody murder. The woman, though, just laughed, the niggers [*Sic.*] were also laughing... but Faustus recoiled at the sight. He backed up and in doing so made a noise... which was heard by a beautiful Nègres with bodacious tits and a big ass, wearing a knotted tignon, or headscarf, made out of mismatched scraps of undyed fabric... an iron collar, and nothing else... except for a black snake which coiled around her limbs—she served as the White woman's plaçage.

Hearing the noise Faustus had made, she exposed him (and Mary Bell) to her matron, saying, "Madame LaLaurie..." and pointing at their hiding place.

"What is it, Marie Laveau..." Madame LaLaurie grunted; "you know that I don't like to be disturbed when I'm having fun."

A host of emaciated, castrated Black men, also wearing nothing but iron collars and manacles, descend upon them from all sides so that there was no escape. Both Faustus and Mary Bell were soon overwhelmed by the niggers and roughly brought before their mistress and thrown down on their knees at her feet.

Madame LaLaurie snapped at them, in perfect French Creole, "Just who the hell do you think you are?"

Surprisingly, both Mary and Faustus understood her as well as if she was speaking English... but both remained mute... dumbfounded.

Madame LaLouise screamed, "Are you assassins sent to kill me? Kill me! I can't die."

“No, madam,” Faustus finally said, his voice trembling with fear and loathing. “We are not here to kill you or cause you any sort of harm... but... really... I must oppose your barbarous treatment of these poor wretches.”

“They’re animals,” the Creole woman cursed, “my animals... and I’ll do with them as I please.”

Unable to restrain his passion, Faustus yelled out, “They’re human beings… and so are we…”

“Some people had better stay at home rather than come to others’ houses to dictate laws and meddle with other people’s business,” barked out Madame LaLouise.

“Ennie meanie mynnie mo... catch a nigger [*Sic.*] by the toe...” screamed May Bell—the ugly dumb damn brutes putting their hands all over her: “If he hollers let him go... my mother told me so...” Mary Bell managed to wriggle naked from their grasp, and she ran off into the emptiness, screaming: “ennie meanie mynnie moe.”

Thus was Faustus abandoned yet again… by his love’s interest.

Faustus, as well, was being pawed-up by the beastmen—his genitals exposed and grabbed at by multiple nefarious creeps… until him, too, wriggled free and ran off pursued by the thugs… until they lost interest or otherwise fell away from the chase behind him.

Faustus was still running whence him bumped into Gilles de Rais—in company of misandrous bitches, Júlia Fazekas and her accomplice Susi Oláh, and the angel makers of Nagyrév.

A moment of dull silence was broken with evil and maniacal giggling. The hair on the back of Faustus’ neck stood up. He ceased moving... listening intently to more lunatic laughter... and the painful cries of a woman in distress.

He then noticed an old man devouring a little preteen girl— the treacherous lecher transforming into a naked lunatic dressing himself in her woman’s skin.

Another dirty fucker, Peter Kürten—one of the world’s worst serial killers—was there, also, him sodomizing a dead boy he’d stolen from the heinous fires of infamy.

So too were other sadists revealed—many raping defenseless women and children… all of which were begging for their lives, but the sadists just bit them, strangling and beating them... and the lucky ones died quickly.

A savage with his face painted in blood was sitting on a pile of corpses, tearing raw flesh from a human arm bone, surrounded by a circle of blanched and rotting human skulls.

A man dissecting a woman’s corpse with a crudely fashioned flint stone knife, stripping its flesh… and a stench rose, spreading everywhere… the stench of rotting, wormy bodies… all those bodies of once-beautiful women now laying strewn about amidst bleached skeletons, and

other bodies of men and women, children amongst them; some were burning in small charcoal pits of fire or decomposing in other pits filled with lime or some other corrosive substance.

The corpse upon the table had been, Eliza Ann Smith also known as Annie Chapman—one of the five women killed and mutilated by Jack the Ripper at Whitechapel.

The Blood Countess

Faustus wandered alone through the quiet of emptiness, unable to find the Black Road, and with the growing uncertainty of fear, in his stomach began to manifest melancholy and hunger.

Faustus found them, then, and hid in the shadows from them… watching them: and he sees... and hears the Blood Countess, her bearing a golden goblet embossed with gem stones: red rubies, green emeralds, and full of the virgin blood of Sin, which was spilling over and calling out for "More… more whine."

Like Azazel, a servant reappears toting a struggling, squealing girl in upon his shoulders...

"I found her wandering aimless and alone in the outer perimeter of the fiery place."

Hah ha-ha-ha…" laughed the Blood Countess: "no one cares about you…"

"I care about you!" Faustus wanted to blurt out, but elected naught reveal him—and played the voyeur, instead.

"What's your name, child?" asked Erzsébet.

"Pamela Andrews," said the girl weakly.

"What do you want... of me," squeaked Pamela, as Erzsébet began to loosen the girl's garments and undress her, revealing her white-bodied purity and innocence... her humility.

"Why dear," Erzsébet cooed, playfully whispering, taking the girl by her chin with one hand and bringing her face close into Pamela's, and sinking her other hand in between the maiden's thighs... to test her virginity. She was pleased... Pamela was a virgin.

"I want you to get down on your knees, and put your face into my ass crack... and smell my perfumed ass, and loll out your tongue and lick it, and kiss and suck on it..." and she laughed quietly while the poor girl's heart fell in her chest.

"I'll be a good girl," sniveled Pamela.

"I know you will," replied Erzsébet, her voice growing cold, strict.

"Please don't hurt me..." Pamela said. "I'll do anything you ask."

“You’ll do everything that you’re told... and more,” laughed Erzsébet, her voice cruel-twisted.

“You’ll drink my piss and eat my shit if I tell you to, bitch.”

Then Erzsébet pushed the disheveled virgin away, abruptly turning from her, and she herself walked away, saying to her servants, “Prepare the stupid cunt.”

Rough hands grabbed Pamela and dragged her away. She was whimpering.

Faustus has become excited—stimulated by the passionate screams of the tortured girl. He develops and erection... and thinking his own dirty thoughts, lays his eyes on Mary Bell, who has snuck up besides him and lain down at his side—her still naked, trembling—seeking his comfort in safe-keeping… but the old lecher can only see her vulnerability—naked, exposed beside him. He thinks he can or believes he does or imagines so in wanting to believe that he can smell her arousal as well as his. His eyes narrow... his breath grows shallow, and cold sweat breaks out on his brow... then, his mind calling out “No... no... no...” he reaches out a hand and sets in down gently or her bum. She doesn’t feel it at first, so absorbed is she in the horror show unfolding before them... but then Faustus squeezes her firm, ripe buttock.

Mary Bell’s first instinct was to go stiff... but this just excited Faustus and, panting his lust, he began to drool.

Then she moved—suddenly, screaming out in anger mixed with disgust, “Get your filthy fucking hands off me you god damned dirty old bastard.”

Before Faustus could react, the girl was up and running... all he could do was utter: “No... no... no... I... I... I only... I only...”

“You’re all the same,” Mary Bell’s voice came back out of the darkness—full of anguish and emotional pain wrought by broken trust and hurt feelings.

But it was too late for Faustus—he’d revealed him… and he was noticed.

“Get them,” shouted the Blood Countess... her voice shrill and commanding.

Faustus tried to run away but is pursued by her servants. Too scared to turn and look behind him to see who or how many were chasing him he ran blindly into the darkness. He bumped into rocks or stalagmites, he knew not which, and he bruised his shins... and tripped over skeletons and corpses, he knew not which..., stumbling, he fell and tore his hands, then finding his feet again, he ran until he bumped his head on a stalactite... which made him quite dizzy—and sore—so that when he finally fell into a hole in the darkness, he lay quiet and still. He could hear them search for him... his heart beating too loudly in his ears, his mind full of thoughts of being found out because his breath was too heavy.

Finally, he heard them no more... still, expecting a trick, he lay where he was for a long time. He was growing dozy. His eyelids began to flutter... but this is not where he wanted to rest... or sleep. So, ever so cautiously, he crawled out of the hole...; him inching his way on hands and knees for a way before taking to his feet.

He moved slowly, feeling out the ground with his feet before stepping down heavily upon his feet. He swished the darkness around him with his hands so as to touch anything which might suddenly appear before him, such as any outcropping of rock.

He slunk away into the gloom that way... going for quite a ways before the lava-pits began to appear more regularly, shedding some dull flickering light on his plight.

At last, Faustus found himself at the foot of a terrible black statue... of the winged lion-headed god Ahriman, its' legs covered in tattoos of the zodiac signs, holding the Key to Heaven aloof in its left hand and a rolled scroll in its right hand, a serpent wrapped around it. It had an enormous semen-dripping erection.

"I am Ahriman, prince of this world," it spake. The air reeked of rotten, smutty feculence.

Faustus felt his life's blood run cold as his heart ceased beating and the warmth drain out of his flesh… and leaving him trembling and breathless, more dead than alive. He knew that he was in the presence of pure demonic evil.

An unambiguous feminine spirit releasing black light swooshed serpentine-like around Ahriman... and Faustus... and was exploring the cringing mortal.

He felt his throat parch dry... and he thirsted. It sounded like the buzzing of countless flies.

"O God... I don't want to die here like this..." whimpered Faustus.

The evil demoness, Āz, appeared and hovered in front of the whimpering man's face. "It is I who first formed your miserable body of flesh, puny mortal... imprisoning within it the weak particle of light you calls your soul."

"My soul is immortal," saith Faustus to the invisible power. "You can do what you like to my flesh..." he shuddered, "but you will never do any harm to my divine soul."

Ahriman laughed.

"I am mother of demons," Āz ptyalized, spewing diseased phlegm into his face, wetting sparks which burning him.

"I am the corruption of death," hissed Āz, "avarice and lust... the source of every wrong which plagues humanity."

“You cannot make me forget my Divine origins,” Faustus boldly responded. “You will not prevent me from finding my Salvation.”

He spun about, somehow finding the strength and determination to flee this new, vile horror... and he ran headlong into pitch darkness surrounding the awful place.

His legs feeling like rubber, and his heart sinking like lead within him, his breath caught up and held prisoner by chattering teeth, oozing with cold sweat, Faustus ran, guided only by his fear.

The malevolent black light followed quickly behind him, spurring him ever onwards into the grim darkness. If he tripped or stumbled, whether it be over rotting corpses or sharp rocks, he knew not... he only knew that he had to get away... at any cost. At long last he was alone, pursued no more, and he fell exhausted in a heap, his head reeling and his breath coming in gasps. Sitting alone on the cold, dead stone in the utter blackness, unable even to see his hand in front of his face, Faustus wept, bemoaning his sad fate.

After wandering awhile, stumbling through the darkness and the dim light of the random fire-pit, crawling more upon his hands and knees than walking, Faustus saw what looked like a glowing light afar off... and this he went towards. Gradually it grew brighter as he neared the light... and a dank, rotten smell grew more-and-more noticeable. A disgusting, decaying rank odor... like of something dead and decaying.

He began to make out numerous creeping, crawling, stinging and biting bugs, centipedes and spiders. Then he saw salamanders, snakes, and frogs, slithering and crawling on the ground in the dim light around him. Large pale-grey, slug-like creatures with large sucker-mouths full of horn-like teeth and ringed with tentacles oozed trails of slimy ectoplasm.

Clusters of mushrooms with red and white dots glowing in the darkness… and spores were spit into his face—and he was breathing in those spores…

His mind began to reel and spin as a vortex… and he seemed be heard: “incidit in scyllam cupiens vitare charybidim…”

The Pool of Iniquity

At last Faustus came to a pool of stinking filth made of drippings from the ceiling which fell into the sickly muck with a monotonous, repeating plop glop goop.

The dim light he’d been attracted by was the ignis fatuus coming from spontaneous methane fires which spasmodically bubbled up from the mire’s depths and combusted here-and-there upon the surface-skin of the yucky bog.

The margin of the foul mud was marled with obscene offal which had been stirred up from the gunky sediment within the reeking shot-hile. He had to cover his mouth and nose with his garment to protect himself from the poisonous fumes and the stench.

Unknown to Faustus, a formless grayish, horrid mass was reposed amid the slime and the vapours, nearly choking it from rim-to-rim, perpetually quobbing, quivering, and swelling; a miscreant abomination; headless, without organs or members, sloughing from its oozy edge in a slow, ceaseless wave, containing the amoebic seeds of things that were once the archetypes of earthly life. It was horrible and loathsome, a being of monstrous fecundity, spontaneously generating primordial single-celled organisms pouring forth unceasingly from shapelessness—spawn of the prototype of all forms of life on Earth; and from it, in manifold fission, were engendered things like bodiless legs or arms that flailed in the slime, or heads that rolled, or floundering bellies with fish fins; all manner of things malformed and miscreant... all being devoured by divers disembodied mouths within the Iusus naturae.

Rising from the iniquitous pool was a diaphanous black, shapeless, malevolent mist forming a putrid, living fog—like a gelatinous body filled with an exploding fireworks display of electromagnetic x-ray radiation which transmutated into a swirling, black vortex emitting an annoying static popcorn-noise. A smoky entity with the travesty of a human face rose up out of it, dissipating into a multitude of hazy entities... then appearing as vast undulating ooze, bubbling and writhing hellish vapour; a festering, whirling and churning mass, putting forth tentacled appendages and reabsorbing them. The bubbles bursting on its surface revealed blistery, hate-filled eyes and strange staring, weepy eyes, tentacled floating eyes, slobbering mouths, all screaming and laughing insanely... all mutagenic, merging together and persisting in being before violently separating apart again or being torn asunder by yet other indescribable luminous monstrosities, so complex that Faustus' eyes could not recognize any discernable, definable shapes at all.

A dark, smoky column with red malevolent eyes and grotesque faces rose from the cloud over the pool. Two horrid nebulous masses of shape-changing vapour formed within it, from which other faceless eyes, churning tentacles, and frothing maws emerged. Then a mysterious pillar of dazzling light manifesting pure malevolence took shape…—a crackling, sparking shard of lightning which, after split-seconds exploded with a deafening bang into numerous luminous spherical balls of ultra-violet lightning stinking of sulphur. Some of these fiery balls were small and harmless looking, but others appeared as large, dangerous objects... all of them hovering and floating in the hallucinogenic excretion, discharging spider webs of white-hot pulsing, flickering light at each other, burrowing the tips of these into or exploring each other's bodies, coating one another in a bright blue and indigo coloured luminous plasma which shivering with synaptic electricity. A great amorphous incandescent ball of cyanic energy spread itself into a web of giant talons of luminosity.

Faustus watched as a rolling cloud of ebony darkness with a swirling vortex of steaming boreal cold manifested and poured out over the edges of the pool, its reeking vapours churning at his feet... filling the cavern to its furthest depths and his mind, filling with the unpleasant vision, overflowed with fear, horror, despair, anxiety, and sadness. He was filled with revulsion as, rising from the abysmal darkness, the Crawling Chaos came, full of semi-transparent creatures which were continually fading in-and-out of reality, floating around him yet unaware of his presence; great shining balls of energy; parasitic life-forms, of sorts, neither really plant nor animal; pale-green, planarian-like flatworms; totally instable, constantly forming shapes and

disrupting as they neared him—on all sides—a great unrestrained mass, an insatiable ever-changing illusion passing around him, over him, through him, and likewise each other, dissolving as they departed, devouring one another or being devoured.

Faustus watched as tiny, flesh-eating creatures, microbial plague-carrying entities, and fungine entities with suckering-tentacles and tendrils gathered together... like a congregation of frenzied parasitic pilot fish feasting on gore and cruor.

Bluish slime seemed to drip from on high... and gigantic amoebae with numerous eyes floated around shimmering columns of twisting shafts of gleaming luster. A nameless misty, shapeless thing... a dark blue-green mist which caused a sense of terror within Faustus as it approached... with an eye of flame inside of it…— as did a shapeless, man-sized purplish aura, spitting and crackling with powerful electric arcs, projecting malignant energy and throwing off radiating subatomic particles of other dimensional unreality; a plump, huge-breasted yellow-green female figure about the size of an infant, without a face, and having dozens of pencil-thin root-like-strands extending from it... reaching for him... caressing his clammy flesh, delving into his every orifice, including his eye sockets... searching out the meaty part of his soul - this shivering within his flesh... within his dreamish-emotions - and these chilled icy and burning.

Then, emerging from his thoughts, springing forth from his forehead as Athena-Minerva didst burst forth out of Zeus-Jove's thoughts, came a vaporous red entity, surrounded by a multitude of infinitesimally small red lights... floating amongst semi-visible polyps dripping mucus and gelatinous, shape-shifting goo—forming and dissolving at random. Descended upon these in a vicious feeding-frenzy, coming swiftly from out of the utter black emptiness, were a multitude of immaterial bat-winged serpents and other seemingly protean-beings made out of what seemed be living water—transparent, shimmering, sparkling - and shape-shifting semi-opaque masses of grayish-green ooze. A black, slimy mass covered in eyes and mouths descended from somewhere above; the gigantic, gelatinous mass of a glowing and multi-hued amoeboid, extending and retracting pseudopods, and bulging with pellucid cellulose coming with it; and a polypous, ravenous floating mass endowed with tentacles, drills and suckers; massive blob-things made of entrails and eyes—all these things interacting with each other in a wet-slapping suckering orgy.

A monstrous entity manifesting as a horrible patchwork of flesh and soil and alien matter... lycanthropic changing into another shapeless entity, glowing with the colours of an unknown spectrum—beyond infrared or ultraviolet and nowhere found in-between—having more permanency to its materiality, which came into being and persisted in the midst of the Crawling Chaos.

A hideous tree-like horror with branches like rat's-tails and weird pustules dripping amorphous jelly grew out of the pool, rooted in the belching, bubbling gas. Monstrous, whirling amorphous things perched in its branches, and things resembling worms, or lizards, crawled all over it—these being schmuckly eaten by the other things... but still the mortal man hapless in their midst remained unnoticed, unknown to the menagerie of monstrosities.

Formless masses of entrails with four tentacles endowed with sharp claws and a huge, red-rimmed cycloptic eyes, having several smaller eyes scattered randomly along their hideous bodies, floated in the subtle, luminous radiation. Ropy black tentacles on pairs of stumpy, hooved legs; ugly spider-like horrors with gaping maws; and tiny rat-like creatures with human faces emerged from the swirling psyonic rainbow-coloured mist, taking shape and persisting for moments, then riotously tearing each other apart... and in their chummy gore - this being frenzily devoured by horrifying oddly plant-like, carnivorous giant worm-like creatures—translucent, bluish, oval-shaped protoplasmic jelly-like creatures floating as if in boiling liquid nitrogen. Gigantic squid-like worms also swam in the same vaporous atmosphere as if flying through the air. As did a blob of darkness endowed with tentacles.

Large, pinkish fungoid things, crustacean-like entities the size of a man, fluttered about like bats... where their heads should have been was a “convoluted ellipsoid” composed of pyramided, fleshy rings and covered in antennae; their bodies bearing numerous sets of paired appendages and possessing a pair of membranous bat-like wings that extend from the forelimbs to the hind limbs or spike-tipped tails—but they were unable to fly well, more resembling drunken butterflies, or moths, in their flight than birds.

And then, pulling themselves from out of the fetid stinking slough, came grayish-green anthropoids with white underbellies and fishy, frog-like features, with prodigious bulging eyes that never closed and palpitating gills on the sides of their necks; shiny and slippery looking things with scaly ridges upon their backs and long webbed paws; pulling themselves up onto the land and hopping, sometimes on two limbs and sometimes on four; croaking and braying as they emerged.

Dagon, having the form of a fish from his navel down, rose up out of the abomination, and with him was Hydra, sprouting from the ooze, a virulent serpent-like monster with many heads, some human and some alien, sobbing and grimacing as if in great agony, and having poisonous breath. They were accompanied by formless masses of shape-shifting watery things like gruesome fish: Transparent viper fish as black as night with long, needle-like teeth and hinged lower jaws, enlarged eyes, luminous photophores on their bodies, and one long dorsal fin which swam around them; as did menacing-looking dark-brown fang-tooth ogre-fish, with short bodies, long heads, over-sized mouths, and long spines on their head; ferocious. predatorily dragon-fish with large heads and mouths equipped with many sharp, fanglike teeth, and a long light-producing barbel waving back-and-forth before its mouth as a lure; and common black devils, with large mouths and sharp, fanglike teeth, and long, modified dorsal spine tipped with a luminous photophore, blinking off-and-on to attract prey... none of these monster-fish being more than six inches long. There were larger fish, too: enormous stargazers with two dead eyes on top of their heads and two large poison spines... and capable of causing electric shocks; blobfish, gelatinous masses with densities slightly less than water; big red jellyfish with fleshy tentacles for catching prey; and very ugly snaggletooth fish.

Greatly elongated, pelagic lampiform oarfish; black swallowers capable of swallowing things up to ten times greater than their size; gulper moray with wide, loose-hinged lower jaws, growing up to six feet long; giant isopods, like massive sea lice, scavenged in the thick mud beneath them; hideous lampreys, amphipods, black-dragons, and goblin sharks with eel-like tails and

super-long snouts (for detecting tiny electrical charges given off by living beings) and retractable jaws; and rat-tail ghost sharks, or long-nosed chimera, nosing the sludge bottom and scanning for electrical impulses.

All this Faustus unwillingly witnessed. He would have run but his legs were like weighted anchors holding him fast in his place. His heart pounded in his ears so that the horrid sounds which had all along accompanied everything his unbelieving eyes had so beheld was blocked out. Then, at last, Faustus felt his ears shrinking, his eyes bulge and become unblinking, his head narrow and his hair began falling out, his skin becoming scabrous, changing into scales, and his neck developing folds which became gills... and within his mind developed an overpowering urge to join the monstrosities in the fetid pond.

Thence Faustus witnessed a bearded, winged lion-faced serpent approaching, wielding a flaming sword. As it neared him, Faustus could see that its body was full of flaming eyes and covered in freckle-like spots, with swelling buboes (or gavocciolos) on its groin, neck and armpits, oozing puss and bleeding, some as large as an apple, others as an egg; it was feverish, having difficulty breathing, and vomiting blood.

“I am Samael the destroying Angel of the Lord,” this Angel of Death said, “the blind god, the killer of children and slaughter of women. It is I who pours molten lead and sulphur down the throats of men, throttling and beheading them. I alone make no distinction between good or bad. There is no man that sees me and can deliver his soul from my hand. I am the consort of Lilith the Uncircumcised—Adam’s first wife, who created a host of demon children within her dead womb to destroy humankind. I am the seducer who tempted Eve to sin, he who seduced her and impregnated her with Cain—yea, I am the corrupt Angel that God castrated and threw out of heaven.”

Faustus, barely able to form the words, squeaked in a tiny shaking voice, “Whiter goes ye now?”

It saith: “To fetch the damnable soul of Ayyabum (Job) the Pious.”

Thereupon Faustus prayed to God in these words: “O may it be Thy Will, my God and the God of my fathers, not to let me fall into the hands of this Angel.”

“I am not here for you, Faustus,” responded Samael, “but if I were, I assure you, no prayer to God would save you from me.”

“What is this terrible, stinking place?” asked Faustus, feeling relieved and somewhat bolder now.

“The pool is called Original Sin.” said Samael. “If you’re tired of life... drink from it and you’ll soon forget.”

“I should think not.” responded Faustus, aghast.

“This was once a puddle,” Samael continued.

“Eventually,” remarked de Sade: “it will flood the entire subterranean realm and pour out over the living world of man and beast and you will all drown in all the corpulence of your own excremental sin.”

Then Faustus saw a withered soul which he had earlier seen thrown into the open grave before Sin (at the gateway into hell through which he had passed to come to this awful place)—and it emerged from the pool and wandered off, becoming just another lost face in the crowd of the damned, speaking to Faustus in passing, saying: “Death has not been swallowed up in victory.”

Thus Samael vanished amidst a multitude of fireballs and lightning bolts…—and cameth upon Faustus a floating conglomeration of glowing spheres; strange dark orbs and malignant congeries of iridescent globes; sparkling, multi-coloured orbs of swirling, crackling light, about the size of a house cat, pulsing and trembling and constantly shooting out little spears of lightning which coalesced into tiny spears of crystal. An unsteady orb of bluish flame and crimson bursts of lightning surrounded by many energy-draining points of fiery light, gathering together and forming into a collective “hive-mind”—and buzzing like the sound of innumerable maggots.

Faustus felt as if he was going to spontaneously erupt into flames: The “hive-mind” unformed again, as another alien race of living energy manifested in the form of green spheres of pulsing light, which glowed, exploded and burnt out.

Then yet another alien race, resembling writhing, green mist lit from within by unnatural light, came into being by shifting in-and-out of and in-between the extra-dimensional realities which Faustus was experiencing... something he perceived was from beyond the space-time continuum.

A great black-bodied green eye surrounded by a mass of tentacles hovered over a great mass of toad-like monsters; it was accompanied by a quintet of vulture-headed humanoids. Vaporous brains, obscenely bloated and oblate, floated in the pareidoliac ever-changing imagery; a festering, amorphous mass, constantly blasting, burping, belching, and erupting violently, spewing out bits of churning lava-like detritus.

Another hideous entity composed of dozens of human faces set into a thick worm-like mass of sickly, purple-veined futanalic muscle—neither phallic nor vulvaic—took shape as the foul mess coalesced into one unnatural substance... sustaining momentarily before dissolving into a chorus of orchestrated madness. And in the viscous semi-liquescent substance which remained in its wake, being quite opaque and sooty in colour, floated a very squat and pot-bellied entity, its head like a monstrous amorphous toad, its body covered in short fur—giving somehow a vague sensation that it was both a bat or a sloth; its sleepy lids were half-lowered over its dull, globular eyes; the tip of its queer tongue issued from its fat mouth. A gray festering blob of infinite malevolence was born from its bile and tears—a huge winged octopus-like creature with six eyes... and a gigantic black mass of tentacles with a single green eye in the center. All this came into being and as readily as it did so… so did it cease to exist... never noticing the mortal man trembling teary-eyed in its midst.

An immobile blob of living, sentient darkness—torn from the primal fabric of the cosmos at the center of the universe—came...: a vague shimmering oily pitch resonating a discordant

screeching, howling noise like static, descending upon Faustus, enveloping him completely, oozing into his very pores, and filling all the empty places within him… as if he were absorbing it, but still it was unaware of him.

Faustus, though, was aware of everything that was happening in the strange glowing mist around him... and he was more than just afraid... more than merely terrified. An entity of living sound manifested as a huge monstrous being; then a bluish-brown slimy monstrosity riddled with holes and malformed excrescence-like heads; and a titanic mass of jelly... all forming, passing through him, and each one leaving him changed as a man, having each taken something of him away with them... before dissolving back into the nothingness from which they were born.

Next to appear in procession were a wet, warty globe of entrails and guts covered with countless ovoid pustules and spider-webbed with a network of long, narrow tunnels, each pustule bearing larvae; a gelatinous mass extruding golden tentacles; a huge mass of living, sentient magma; an amorphous, writhing mass of bubbling nuclear protoplasmic gel; a gigantic spongy, fleshy mass covered in myriad eyes and spines; a mostly-invisible egg-shaped monster with a mostly-humanlike face of a gelatinous consistence and covered in tentacled suckers.

These were all swirling around each other, passing through each other, yet oblivious of each other. There were, also, a multitude of truly horrible amphibious creatures—eyeless and bloated horrors with eight tentacular arms and four legs—with a single sponge-like organ in the middle of its forehead and a toothless mouth endowed with tentacles; and a dark cloudy mass with tentacles absorbing the other inter-dimensional beings... and a formless hideous hermaphroditic pupating larva-like tentacled entity served by pale, soft-bodied minion-spawn...

There was a dead-black leafless oak tree with a single red eye... and it radiated intense heat—sitting in it were gigantic, bat-winged, vaguely humanoid things with detached eyes, and gaunt, thin, black, faceless shapes accompanying them—their skin slick-looking and rubbery, each sporting a pair of inward facing horns upon their heads, and having clawed hands, a long barbed tail, and flying with torn, membranous wings… but making no sound; and these suckled black milk from the numerous breasts of a pulpy black mass which appeared with them—a slimy, gelatinous creature with innumerable detached humanlike eyes and mouths, surrounded by sticky, smothering black snowflakes.

There was also a colossal red mass of tentacles and eyes, leeching vampirically off the other illusionary nightmares; and two other repulsive things: a vast reptile with a crown of snaking feelers and empty sockets in place of eyes... and with it was a huge tentacled mollusc with snaking appendages, spewing digestive fluid: Another huge mass of coiled, withering tentacles... and a bristly substance with large gaping maws, made up of tentacles and spidery limbs. And an amorphous monster of prodigious size, covered in a multitude of eyes, mouths, projections and both male and female genitalia.

Then Alila the queen of perdition and goddess of all iniquities noticed Faustus, her coming forth from the terrifying illusion and manifesting in the flesh before him... and he broke into a cold sweat as she touched him, caressing his flesh through his garment as if he were naked... and the

meat of his body chilled, shivered, and repelled instinctively at her touch. She scratched him, too, and drawing blood, she smiled.

The other percolating monstrosities sensed the fresh blood and became agitated... and the incorporeal beings began sniffing and whining and salivating. A great shadow-thing with two ugly red-glowing glaring eyes looked right at Faustus... as if they could not only see him, but suck his frail mortality right out of his shivering bones into them, cannibalizing his sanity and devouring his soul. Feeling uneasy and nauseous, Faustus instinctively moved backwards away from it... but its eyes followed him.

Faustus came to the grim realization that it could see him—and something hidden deep within his insect-brain began to scream, a scream which echoed throughout his primeval memories until finally emerging from betwixt his dry, cracked lips as a weak squeak.

Then a huge, scaly bird-like creature with bat-wings resembling an elephant with a horse's head, slimy skin, and two strong talons, flew around him, as did a huge faceless sphinx; a jet-black gargoyle-like fiend with snake-like eyes and large membranous wings extending from each six pairs of arms, beneath and around which dozens of long serpentine tentacles writhed, was also flying in the shimmering, hazy mirage; a gigantic octopus-like horror with serpentine eyes and detachable tentacles which were able to move independently of it swam around them, as if it were also flying; and a dragon-like reptilian entity flew with them... all becoming, being, and not being at the same time... all circling him like a pack of hungry sharks.

A swarm of large flying insects and gigantic larva-like horrors were fed on by reptilian birds, giant purple spiders, giant spiders with human faces, spider-eyed bat-like horrors, parasitic insectoids, huge flying scorpions with ant-like heads and antennae, colossal compound eyes, and gaping maws dripping venom—all being preyed on in turn by gigantic, multicoloured toads with one eye, a proboscis, crab-like claws, and tentacles below the mouth... and gigantic worm-like serpents. And all these were being devoured by ravenous plant-like parasites and other sentient plants, which sprouted and grew and withered within fleeting moments.

A lustrous orb floating at the center of a whirling vortex of razor-sharp, metallic-looking blades… and a gigantic beating heart... an inky shadow... a ropy, tentacled, slimy, squirming mass with a single alien face... a great tentacled eye... octopoid monsters... horrible eel-like things. A three-eyed, gilled, proboscidean monster with a globular torso, six long, sinuous limbs ending in black paws with crab-like claws, and covered in what appeared to be hair... but was, in actuality, tentacles, swam around in the thick sludge with other three-eyed parasitic octopoids, and monstrous, barrel-shaped sea worms with tentacles and jawless lamprey-shaped eels with toothed, funnel-like mouth.

Faustus beheld titanic raptorial fiends with a huge single eye and a crown of tentacles fly above him and, looking down, he saw colossal glowing worms with a starfish-shaped heads writhing at his feet, and giant three-eyed slugs with metallic spines and tiny, pyramid-like teeth. He felt nauseous and feint but dared not collapse amongst the parasitic helminthes and nematodes at his feet, in the methane emissions creeping from out of the pool... and carbon dioxide steaming

everywhere in the atmosphere, digesting the organic matter... the very rocks around him... coating them in a stinking, slippery slime.

There were huge, furry, almost human-like toads, gigantic black-toad-like creatures, two-headed bats, gigantic ghostlike hogs, rat-like things with ever-changing human-like faces, and tentacled, scaled bat-winged entities. With these monsters came a menagerie of small, vampiric creatures with webbed hands and feet; black, fanged demons with tentacles instead of arms; a giant snake with human arms covered in scales; a sloth-like thing with bat-wings and a terrible face; a black, fanged, cycloptic demon with arms like swaying serpents; and a hooved, hairless man with pitch black skin and Caucasian features. Giant hairless dingo-like fiends and wolf-like things moved together in packs, occasionally fighting amongst themselves. A 1.5 meter tall homunculus, slender and tanned, with a crimson tentacle for a head, a glossy tongue and sharp green teeth, was floating in their midst.

Because of the continuing stress and anxiety of the ordeal, Faustus was suffering from a terrible migraine... and his vision blurred, so that objects began to appear out of focus and hazy; he began to intermittently see oblique and overlapping images of the same object, as if he was drunk. Dumbfounded, his mind out of control; he felt vertiginous, giddy, and befuddled.

Feathered serpents with flaming nostrils beat the air close around him with their wings. A four meter tall lizard-like horror with six legs and a sadistic mouth filled with viscous fangs crawled out of the iniquitous pool and would have crawled right over him, but its spectral limbs just passed through him. Then camest a group of gigantic, multi-armed freaks and other burrowing fiends; serpent-men with bats' wings - succubus-like fiends with alien traits and tentacles instead of hair; a huge faceless creature with various appendages sprouting from its head, a beard of oozing horns, and many reddish teats and fish-like gills covering its egg-shaped body. A hideous, gigantic, legless dark bird-like horror swathed in dark flames followeds, its long neck topped with a black lump, half of which was endowed with a big glowing eye and the other being covered in innumerable tentacles swooshed past him so close that he could smell the disgusting thing. Faustus' stomach revolted, he gagged, choking on his own puke.

The darkness around him rapidly chilled, and the flapping sound of large unseen wings steadily increased in volume. Furthermore, Faustus suffered an irritation of the eyes and intense reaction to the psyonic supernatural light so severe that he thought he'd gouge them out of his head... and he was depressed to the utter depths of his being, but beyond weeping, although his eyes wept burning tears from his inflamed eyes.

The shadows in the rocks beyond the nightmarish manifestation began to swirl, churn and coalesce into dark shapes which had more substantial substance than any of the things he'd seen yet. These rose up out of the blackness, emerging from behind stalagmites and speleothem columns, alone or in groups; some wandered away, but many drew near to Faustus... and these were definitely aware of his presence, yet if they tried to touch him—and some did, or at least they tried—but their chimerical flesh passed right through him. His stomach turned, his mind reeled, and he felt qualmish. They pawed at him, clawed at him, struck out at him, and tried to grab him; some even tried to bite him, yet others spat on him... but nothing they did affected him physically... eventually these shady creeps would lose interest in him and loose themselves again

in the riotous mob they were quick becoming... and the emptiness around him became a moshpit of madness full of thrasher-like humanoids; wrinkled mummies with stiff, outstretched claws; blurry, tentacled she-vampires of supernatural beauty; humanoid torsos with tentacles instead of limbs, and short necks ending in a toothless, featureless mouths; large, bloated, tentacled humanoids trying to eat each others brains.

A beautiful red-haired sorceress with webbed feet and square, nail-less toes slowly formed, developing from an embryonic state and maturing, her belly swelling, convulsing... suddenly spasming as her limbs began cramping, twisting and distorting, until at last she exploded spewing putrescent gore everywhere. A brooding, deathly pale, totally hairless gestalt human-like being made up of millions of tiny white spidery things was all that remained of her.

Tall, humanoid snakes and spider-like reptilians descended upon these, tearing them into bloody pieces as it screeched in agony.

A feather-winged goat-headed black humanoid with yellow eyes and horns, saggy, lactating breasts dripping yellowish-green puss, and an enormous syphilitic erection seeping stinking black semen, its body covered in scales, having hooved goat-legs and androgyne arms—the one raising a flaming torch and the other holding a human skull. A once-human vampiric horror, its face endowed with stringy appendages, yellow eyes, and a hideous beaked maw, plagued by buboes and other secreting sores. A half-human half-goat faun-like creature, from the head to the waist being human, and having great horns frolicked around it, lauding it with suckling kisses, lapping up the thing's fetid discharges: filthy goop... stinking lactatus... sperm... and oozing slime dripping out its arse. A sadistic mind-controlling misty, silvery being with an inhuman face, enveloped in green flames; a tall humanoid with an eyeless sea-anemone-like face and a beaked grinding mouth; a hideous howling giant with a tentacle for a face; a mouthless humanoid with whitish tentacles... all emerging from the emptiness, momentarily existing and then fading into nihility and forgotten. There seemed no end to the nightmarish creatures.

Then quick became a vast cold, grey, ball of spinning fire that froze whatever it touched, abiogenetically sparked into existence... and, as it matured, spewed out an unsteady orb of blue flame, as fire vampires, resembling crimson bursts of lightning, drained energy from beings around them—absorbing all the memories of the victim—having a "hive mind." Then, in the illumination, Faustus beheld a loathsome being resembling a human corpse, decayed into tones of green, black, and blue; dripping pieces of rotting flesh hanging from its bones; with prodigious claws or talons dangling from its' fingers; and from its' undead lidless eye sockets stared black eyeballs... boring holes right through his mind into the back of his head.

Faustus looked away... but instead of finding any peace of mind, he saw other human corpses which were wormier maggot than human, and corpse-eating, canine-like humanoids, undead zombies, mutated humanoids, and scaly humanoids with tiger-like faces and tentacles in the place of whiskers.

Green toad-like humanoids with gelatinous bodies and emerald eyes were hoping around and bat-like, hornet-like human corpses and faceless bat-like humanoids flew around him. He saw tall, multicoloured tripod beings with strange crests and three eyes and tall, shadowy humanoid

figures with yellow glowing eyes and strange protrusions like the branches of a dead tree. Half-frog, half-fish humanoids were swimming in the air as if it were water, and mouthless, grotesque humanoids with pale, protruding tentacles swam with them; bony, lion-headed humanoids with four, seven-clawed arms with tentacles in place of legs, and mouths encompassing three long tongues wandered aimlessly, floating in the poisoned atmosphere.

Seductive female humanoid entities covered with vines and vegetal parts plied Faustus with soft caress and kiss, whilest painting his garments with dampening mold. The surreal emanation was manifesting... but Faustus was too preoccupied to notice that the phantasmy was beginning to affect him physically, not just consciously, empathically, and psychically. Ferocious and towering wolf-like humanoids with bat-wings began to howl.

Violent humanoid cannibals covered in coarse, matted hair with large protruding ears and proboscidean noses began partial merging and conjoining or banging into each other; as did other grotesque three-toed, umber-coloured, fur-covered humanoids howling like dogs. They were joined in the mêlée by hairless, cyclops-like hypnotic beings with dead-grey skin and huge hands and feet; reptilian and serpentine humanoids; cyanotic humanoids; and crocodile-headed reptilian humanoids. Other humanoids had rough, leathery bodies and huge claws; others kangaroo-like legs and feet; there were thin, lanky humanoids with long, pointed heads, huge claws and sharp teeth; hairy cannibals; furry giants with mouths that open sideways; and plump, toad-like humanoids.

Pillars of light formed and faded in the midst of the ghastly mob of abhorrent humanoids as they swarmed around Faustus. He could see their black, empty auras, and trails they left in their wake which followed after them. He soon had difficulty in distinguishing between them... and as they were conjoining, merging together into other grotesqueries, and the shifting hues were became more-and-more static, grainy and distorted. The lunacy which swallowed him whole, digesting his sanity, was accompanied by a high-pitched squealing screech and a ringing death-rattle in his ears... then a tall, larva-like entity with hundreds of segmented, taloned tendrils appeared and began feeding upon the humanoids and their trails.

The revolting odour of excrement flooded into his nostrils—yea, even his eyes began to ache, so disgusting was the olfactory sensation. He gagged... vomit spewing out of his very bowels and filling his mouth... but puking out of him only in the form of a noxious gas. His guts shook in pain - vice-like pain which filled his mind with a burning, searing white light of electrostatic shock. The poor soul reeled on his feet and staggered.

There were, also, formless human beings made of psychic energy—colourful, warm, electric and humming - and sentient alien beings appearing in a swirling and boiling pure blackness of cold steam.

Tall, bluish humanoids with blank eyes and boneless fingers—entities made of living sound.

Gray aliens - small-bodied sexless humanoid beings with enlarged heads and large opaque eyes with no discernable iris or pupil, possessing reduced forms of or a complete lack of noses, ears, or sex organs, having very small mouths, elongated bodies, small chests, and lacking muscular

definition and a visible skeletal structure. And a bronze-skinned humanoid horror with the body of a scarab beetle and having tentacles sprouting from its head and the wings of a hawk, the legs of a man and the toes and claws of a lion; its eyes glow.

A great, grey thing about a mile long, chanting and exuding strange acid... came charging through the earth at fantastic speed, in dreadful fury... seemingly melting rock... but leaving no hole to mark to mark its passing.

Faustus, his courage long ago having left him, his legs shaking and rubbery, his feet like lead, began to lament, sobbing uncontrollably... at last he ran... pursued on all sides by a confused fracas of supernatural horrors and monstrosities which chased after him, clawing at him and biting him; and though their claws and fangs just passed through his body, the wounds they inflicted scratched and ripped and tore at his incorporeal, living psyche, chilling his pnuema at their awful rending touch.

Faustus ran through the ever-changing illusion which entombed him... digesting his sanity as it persisted... even the rocky ground beneath his feet radiated infra-red and ultra-violet and unnatural flames.

An ominous red comet fell before him, stopping him in his fright-filled flight, and this took the shape of a pitch-black semi-humanoid figure with a flat reptilian head, earless and nose-less, surrounded by a hellish nimbus of changing, fiery light, dimly revealing its shape. Its limbs swayed and writhed like boneless serpents, ending in sharp, hard claws.

Faustus remembered the words of the immortal bard...: “Cowards die many times before their deaths, the valiant never taste of death but once.”

In the vapour, Faustus could see that the ground was festering with gigantic slimy-wormlike creatures covered in viscous goo, some several hundred feet long, creeping and crawling, gnawing on each other and burrowing into the rock. There were also gigantic pale, worm-like horrors and levitating, sinuous, glowing creatures, and massive worm-like crptyds—bright red and spewing forth acid that turned anything it touched into yellow goo. And in their midst was a colossal worm with tentacles for a head; and a gigantic, whitish worm with a huge maw and eyes made of dripping globules of blood; and another gigantic, slimy worm with a mass of black tentacles around its maw.

A tentacled reddish-orange horrors covered with spines, myriads of blue glaring eyes, and gaping maws, and thick paxillae—having long, slender, tapering tentacles, each with a dark purplish-grey contrasting stripe, running from the center of the body to the tip—these contained no pedicellariae but the underside of the arms have two rows of tube feet.

The wretched man, his sanity being thus stretched to the limits of his endurance, shut his eyes—squeezing them tightly and pushing the butt of his palms into them to darken them even more, his fingers squeezed into tight balls... and his whole body trembling. At last, after long moments of sobbing he found his composure again - and dared open his eyes once more.

A Shadow Out of Time

Came to mind in Faustus' thoughts the words of Sir Thomas More: "Thus featly conuayed himself out of the frying panne fayre into the fyre…"

Thus, as the last of the spectral lightshow failed, leaving Faustus on his hands and knees, cold-sweating, feverish, panting for breath, feeling quite photophobic but once again alone, safely entombed in inky blackness—and after awhile, him resting and recovering his senses, his eyes growing somewhat accustomed to the Stygian light, he sensed more than he saw... a tall, swarthy shade of a man resembling an ancient Egyptian pharaoh of enormous intellectual and psychic power, being wrapped from head to foot in the dirty, tattered and torn linen wrappings of its mummification—a shadow out of time—horrible... more horrible than anything he'd every seen before... more horrible than anything he'd as of yet experienced... and more frightening and beyond anything he'd ever imagined...—an unfathomable whispering nightmare gloating of destroying the human race and the earth, holding its wriggling, wagging tongue in one hand and its bleeding, still-beating heart in the other.

An black, empty vacuous humanoid shape, wearing the plumed double-crown of ancient Egypt with a holographic green pentacle aureole over it... its head constantly changing form: a bearded man, a jackal, a ram, a frog, a Uraeus, a crocodile, an ape... but most often a cackling goose, all having one thing in common—three sparkling diamond eyes. This being came up to Faustus and, putting its tongue into its mouth, laid its cold hand upon Faustus' shoulder, looking him in the eye and sending a soul-chilling fright creeping in through his eyes, seeping into all the hidden recesses of his soul. Thus, Faustus imagined that all his secrets were exposed to this shadow... and he felt the remorse of guilt, not so much for the many evils of his life but for the things he'd left unfinished or undone, and with it came the painful weltschmerz of shame.

In short, he felt ridiculous.

Pharaoh saith unto Faustus: "There is no escape from life but death. There is no escape from death but resurrection; no resurrection but through salvation and transmutation; and no eternal everlastingness but through the Second Death of the mortal soul. You must cease waggling the tongue of your hidden thoughts and desires and surrender your heart to the Lord of the Underworld that it may be weighed against the ostrich feather of Ma'at, man of perdition."

It was thence that Faustus first noticed the malevolent bitch-demon sitting at pharaoh's feet, which had the hind quarters of a hippopotamus, torso and arms of a spotted leopard, and head of a crocodile—fire was burning within its gaping maw and smoke seeping from its' nostrils... and its eyes were empty, atramentous vacuums.

"This is not happening... this is not happening..." was all Faustus could think—or say, his voice a barely audible whisper, shaking his head, repeating his disbelief over-and-over, trying to convince himself that what was happening was not actually happening, or that it was some sort of a bad dream which he could wake up from... but it wasn't. It was all too real... and he wasn't asleep or dreaming a nightmare... he was awake and sentient of the hell he was in.

All too aware that there was no escape, no refuge to flee to, no sanctuary for his tormented psyche to flee to and hide, Faustus fell down to his knees, exhausted, and covering his eyes with his hands, Faustus wept bitterly: “I don’t want to die.”

“What you are experiencing is not life, man of dust. That meaty thing you are so fond of desperately clinging to belongs to Pharaoh,” Pharaoh saith. “Even the precious meat of your mind which you call yourself is not your own... but, instead, that collection of forgotten memories and lost hope belongs to Us from the beginning of the most ancient times. You do not even know who you truly are, believing yourself to be the lie you were told to be.”

Faustus marveled, as the terror he had so recently been possessed with was inexplicably exercised, yet all he could utter was: “Are you God?”

“I am not Jealous... but have existed aeons forgotten before Iness claimed reality as its own.”

All Faustus was able to reply to Pharaoh was the one word: “Malgré.”

“Have you no votive offering in atonement for the wasted moments of your life, Faustus,” saith Pharaoh. “No obolus to barter me for more fleeting moments of your pathetic, animated conscious impermanence, to continue enduring your unsatisfactory solipstoic suffering, to prolong this phenomenal, puny angst-ridden non-self which you know as your self?”

Faustus patted his cloak furiously, exploring its pockets, digging his fingers into the deep, empty corners of the garment... nothing... still nothing... but no—a small cylindrical metal object was hidden within tangled threads sewn of his pocket. And producing it from his pocket he presented it in an open hand to Pharaoh. It was a small lead coin inscribed with a pentacle (which he had hopes of transmuting it into gold): “This is all I have,” he said.

“Go now and die,” saith Pharaoh.

“I chose to live,” answered Faustus, “of my own Free Will to Power.”

“The whole world is grave,” Pharaoh’s disembodied voice resounded. “You were conceived and born in sin and subject to death. Even thy damnable soul hath its meagre moments weighed and allotted thee from time long forgotten before ye first imagined ye were a living sentient thing and capable of independent thought and the Free Will to Power.

“Every moment of yine existence hath been lived in this grave that you call existence—and the only reality is that all the world is one mass grave.

“Ye puny worms revel in narcissistically identifying with Iness... but there are no sentient creatures worthy of transmutation from baseness.

“Ye believe that in this life ye are living that you be some majestic caterpillar... a worm crawling from moment-to-moment in anticipation of emerging from yine chrysalistic pupation changing

into Angelic bliss...—but you are, at best, a grubby maggot—and unworthy of the breath that ye reek of.

“O Faustus, you have never been alive and shall never know life... thou art but a dead thing and without purpose or value.

“You are a mistake that should have never happened.”

Thence didst a grotesquely obese blemmyes appear: It was nebulous, lacking a head or neck, with a mouth in the palm of each hand; stinking cannibalistic bugs crawled scuttling across its flesh; and it was surrounded by tattered eyeless figures. It held up its hands, exposing its’ mouths to Faustus, which began laughing, and speaking in ancient tongues long ago forgotten by men and unheard of for ages untold until this time, saying to Faustus: ““The lord of the Earth is born.”

The Lord of the Earth

> A Fox caught in a trap asked a passing Cock to get a stick and free him of the trap. But the smart Cock brought the farmer who had the stick.
>
> The Fox and the Cock (or, ‘The General Peace'), Aesop

Everything about him was numb... and when it was not numbness that he felt, it was pain. Faustus nearly went mad on hearing the terrible sound which accompanied these awful manifestations... sucking sounds, screams, high-pitched howling and low-pitched moaning, reverberating thumping and poundings, noises beyond his comprehension which electrified his imagination and shivered his blood.

Then came the fair-locked phantom Lamia, having the head and torso of a hauntingly beautiful woman and a scaled serpent’s body below the waist; she came upon him then, as he lay there with tears in his eyes, bemoaning his sad fate. She was vermillion spotted, golden, green, and blue; and sprinkled with sparkling stars... for as she breathed, silver moons shone, luminous and luster-shimmering over the rainbow-coloured tapestry of her scaly flesh.

She inquired of him almost nonchalantly, “Why are you crying?”

“Because I am doomed...” cried Faustus, only then noticing her and looking up into her face for pity. “O, I’ve surely gone to hell.”

Lamia’s face was distorted with grief and madness, her mouth stained with blood; she was cursed with the inability to close her eyes... and these red unblinking things she took out of her head and held in her hands close to his face, which really scared the living bejesus right out of Faustus for looking into them was like looking into mirrors into his memories and his dreams... and his nightmares.

She was also a sort of chameleon of changing colours with flaming hair—a sorceress and the first woman to give oracles.

“Come now,” said Lamia to Faustus, “you have no need to fear me... I won’t hurt you...”

Faustus feebly asked her, “What do you want?”

“I want what any woman wants from a hot-blooded man,” Lamia replied, her voice playfully cooing, whispering seductively, and lustily licking her lips: “What did you think? that I was going to eat you?”

And Lamia laughed.

Her laughter, though, caused growing panic within Faustus’ mind, his heart raced, banging in his ears; his stomach had butterflies in it, and he was overcome with nausea.

She reached out a long, taloned blood-stained finger and collected a teardrop which had fallen out of his woeful eyes and streamed down his cheek; this she raised to her mouth and gently, her long narrow black snake-tongue slithered out from between her cold dead lips and she kissed.

Faustus gathered his courage and looked into her face... and her saw her long, dagger-like teeth... and his heart fell into his belly and all blood drained from his head, leaving his face even more deathly pale than hers.

“I know what you want, Faustus,” she said. “You want the simple love of a family, a home and a hearth, a reason to live and a purpose in life. Burt I can give you all that and more... after all, I love—um—children.”

Faustus looked into the depths of the universe captured within her cold, dead-staring eyes and he felt utter hopelessness over come him. She smiled, her tongue lolled out of her mouth and she drooled wantonly.

“Just give in to your natural urges, Faustus...” she slustilly whispered: “I need you... O I need you so… so very-very badly. O please don’t you be so unkind… or so cruel to me.”

Faustus felt his will leave him... as she hypnotically writhed before him. Her talons gliding over her belly and thighs... as she swayed over him.

“O end your aimless, tempestuous wandering, Faustus,” she said with a sultry smile, “for you have found me at long last... and I am for you alone. Allow me to cool the hot flames within your blood.”

Lamia caressed Faustus... loosening his garment... kissing him... and Faustus felt his will turn to hers as desire enflamed his loins.

“Leave that poor sod be,” commanded a voice—the sound of many discordant voices shouting, laughing, crying, whispering, echoing, speaking in every language of the world, the ancient and the dead languages, too.

She stiffened, screeching: “Who the hell do you think you are to come between Lamia and her prey?”

“My name is Legion,” saith a naked man suddenly in their midst, “for we are many... and we are here to fack you up your dirty uss... that is if you have one, you uptight bitch.”

Then Legion began to oink like a herd of unclean swine shaking his genitals at her and showing his buttocks to her, spreading his ass cheeks so that she could see his osshale... and he farted.

“Here’s a kiss for you...” the demon laughed and oinked some more.

Like a disgusted spider which is forced to abandon its meal, she spat in Legion’s face, saying, “Fuck you, Legion... next time mind your own god-damned business.”

Legion began picking up rocks and throwing them at her as she slithered away, cursing them both.

“I see you, Faustus,” she hatefully cursed him, disappearing into the darkness: “I see you sitting under a tree... and I see your chuvihani... and may she bring you nothing but shame and misfortune.”

Faustus unable to believe his good luck asked the naked man, “Why have you saved me?”

“Darling,” said Legion, draping himself wetly on Faustus, taking his bum into his hand and squeezing... and slipping his other hand into Faustus’ loosened garment...

“…nothing but shame and misfortune.”

“I saved you for myself, sweetie-pie...” and he tried to kiss Faustus, but he reacted violently, pushing Legion off him and stepping back.

“No,” said Faustus—resisting unwanted caress

“Don’t be such a bitch,” said Legion, laughing, his many voices coalescing in mock femininity.

Then all of the voices coalesced—for a moment, altogether saying: “Sweet talk doesn’t always work… nor the wicked deserve no aid.”

Belfagor and the Wasteland

A horrible raspy, scratchy voice well out of any sort of tune seemed be near—growing steadily louder from out of nothing afar off becoming quick much more tangible. The song which was being chanted went (as follows):

Now this I say, brethren,

that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;
neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.
Behold, I shew you a mystery;
We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,
In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump:
for the trumpet shall sound,
and the dead shall be raised incorruptible,
and we shall be changed.
For this corruptible must put on incorruption,
and what be mortal must put on immortality.
So when the corruptible shall have put on incorruption,
and the mortal shall have put on immortality,
then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written,
Death is swallowed up in victory.

As the songster which was singing so neared, Legion grew frustrated—and thence, in a huff, burst into a cloud of dust and was gone. Faustus dropt down onto the earth beneath him… and the dust settled.

Legion's fading laughter no more than a sick ringing memory... it seemed be—at least, in his ears—changing into the sound of Belfagor's rickety chariot nearing… and growing louder as it neared.

The coming of Belfagor was thus announced by a clanging of brazen pots and iron pans, and the sounds of many stringed instruments merely sounding their ailments with every small-and-large bump encountered—and all the clinging-clanging of whatsoever else the muleskinner hadst heaped—as it were—in the back of his wagon.

Faustus watched, from where him yet lays, and witnessed a rickety buckboard looking like it was going to fall apart with every bump… its creaking axle screaming aloud as it was pulled—being pulled by a yoked manticore, its head lulling to the song.

Faustus stood as the wagon came close and stopped by him: "Hey!"

"Hell-ooo…" saith the wagoneer: "Whutchu doin a way out here all alone—huh!?"

"I've been through hell…"

"Ain't we all," saith Belfagor.

Faustus asked, "Can you help me…"

"I am just a poor, lowly demon of no great..." Belfagor began—and then, falling silent, winced: "Ouch—that one hurt."

"What hurts…?"

“Belfagor has a toothache…”

“I’m sorry for you,” said Faustus—and he meant it—anyone who has suffered tooth decay knows how horrible it can be.

“Sorry no help me…”

“Uh—sorry…”

“No-help-me me help you… ou-ou-ou…” saith Belfagor, to Faustus—his poor tooth aching: “Git yer arse up har on da buckboard, buddy… and les go fer a ride yonder.”

Faustus was in no position to argue… and him scampered up onto the buckboard spiritedly.

“Gee-up thar, Doggie…” Belfagor sang out… and the manticore began sauntering on, dragging the wagon behind it as it went.

Thus began a long journey, them travelling together across a road that was no road and seemingly going nowhere in particular.

“Dain’t matter much how fast ye go,” saith Belfagor: “Eventually yah git thar all the same—huh!”

Their Wayless way was cluttered with the appearance of coloured gemstones and quartz crystal—some crystals pulsing as plasma… others vibrating as liquid, or fire… a continuum of sound and colour at the axis of the universe (as Faustus kneweth it so be).

All along their journey them passed by translucent deep orange-red sardius, topaz and beryl in a wide range of colours, black white-banded onyx, jasper—usually red, yellow, brown, and green… but rarely blue, ruby and sapphire—in an array of colours, sapphires—pink, orange, yellow, and green… more commonly blue as rubies were pinkish-red to blood-red, blue-to-green turquoise, green emeralds, and, sparkling diamonds of all sorts. The ground was literally littered with gold and silver pebble gravel, as well.

Bounding pterodactyls, which could not fly, and jumping lizards with long scaly feathers and other lizards and other reptiles were in abundance—feasting upon each other.

Belfagor grunted—as if in oration of some secret augury or portent of premonition: “This next bunch of brood bitches will chill your heated blood to the quick.”

Thus led, Faustus was reminded of an incident that went in passing—unmentioned hitherto—whereof whence him was traversing the Black Road alone, him heard Furies singing like wailing banshees and wraiths.

He laughed: “Listen,” he said, “I can hear the furies singing...”

Faustus strained his ears... a fading, reverberating echo lingering in his ears... a remembrance of the pleasant places he'd been... and then he heard it... a coarse choir of rough women singing, or trying to sing: "Ich bin unschulddig... (I am innocent)."

Faustus' recurring dream of the Judgment of Souls hadst resurgence—and, so too didst him feels nauseous… his head began reeling… spinning…

Belfagor brought Faustus to the foot of a steep staircase, the steps of which were mere rocks jutting out or rough crags hewn into the stone, in no particular order.

Faustus watched as Azazel—a goat, bloodied and sent alone out into the wilderness, was sure-footed enough—and it scampered up the cliff face like it were naught of trouble.

"People do not climb mountains so that they can be seen," Belfagor said, "but so they can see the world."

Belfagor then rudely pushed Faustus out of his wagon and began leaving even before him fell to the earth.

"Long is the way, and hard..." said Belfagor, "that leads up to the light."

Faustus watched him leaving for awhile, then he turned and walked away… and began to climb.

Azazel the goat met him in his ascent up the scraggly make-do with what you have sort of jutting rock and crack or crevasse staircase—and blocks his way. Neither can Faustus ascend nor does the goat go down.

It were Faustus which gave way first—him seeking other fragile footing to continue ascent past the goat—but the goat head-butted Faustus… and him was knocked loose from his footing, and set to falling…

Faustus, it seemed be to him, was endlessly falling—as it were—and there seemed be no end to his descent. Having thus fallen—or, more correctly, been pushed off out into emptiness, all-consuming certainty of brutal end at the end of the fall—and so falling off the steep path into Stygian darkness—but not falling... for, in truth, it was as if he were floating in darkness, not rising… but not falling either.

He could move his limbs, turn his head… and he could feel his body, and so touched himself.

He persisted like this for a long time.

"The whole world is a grave..." a disembodied voice cried.

"The darkness is nothing but a grave..." he heard Azelma say... then she tittered and all but fading, distorted memory of her was gone, leaving only the silence and the emptiness.

His mind was weary—yet naught of wanting sleep—and Faustus envisioned a visage of Laura—her as radiant as any shimmering light in the black void of nihility… then a hand reaching down, as it were or so seemed, touching him—and taking hold of his hair, grabs him pulls him out.

The Third Part of the Vision

Part One: The Realm of Bad Government

Faustus was lifted out of the cold dead hole of the grave into the moonlight by what in every respect looked like a monster...

“You are reborn of the womb of Sin,” saith the Creature to Faustus, hauling him up out of the grave,

Faustus was wild-eyed—and his gaze went every-which-way at once, seeing everything—nothing registering: He saw a graveyard everywhere he looked, near and far—all around him… and the monster holding him up above an empty grave by the hair of his head.

The crucified were everywhere!

Haunebu flying saucers were illuminated by a full moon—it was in eclipse.

It was the monster that Dr. Frankenstein hadst created which had so saved him… from the grave—as it were. Thus, the Creature took upon itself the role of his next guide.

“Call me Creature,” the monster said.

Faustus quaked aback from it in horror and revulsion, saying, “What do you want from me?”

“You cannot give me what I want,” was the Creature’s reply.

Faustus answered, saying, “Everyone you meet is afraid of something, loves something, and has lost something.”

“I am not afraid,” the Creature said, “except that I might never find again the love which I have lost.”

Faustus watched as two pure souls writhing together in the grave, below him, embraced and passionately caressed each other, kissing... and they began to glow like kaleidoscopic and sparkling light, floating ever-higher, upwards through the swirling coloured mist above them, until they faded from sight.

stylus

“How beautiful,” Faustus remarked at the sight.

“The two were attracted to each other from the beginning of time… having found each other... have become one,” the monster proclaimed. “You are a lucky man, Faustus.”

Faustus replied, “There is no such thing as luck.”

“The only escape is love, Faustus,” said the Creature. “True love... is hard to find—and harder to keep.”

Faustus laughed in scorn, saying, “But where am I, an old man beyond the years of my youth to find that?”

The monster said to Faustus, “Find the good in people and ignore the bad because no one is born perfect.”

Faustus saw that tombs had been broken open and looted, everywhere. His thoughts slipped into dull remembrance of Plato’s tripartite theory of the soul… but were inconsolable, all the same.

Cloaked figures wearing bird’s masks were seen lurking about.

Other hominid shadows manifest—some wearing gas masks—and Faustus couldst see, taste, and smell the poison gas seeping eerily o’er the dead earth beneath the monster’s feet—and it let him go—and he fell down unto the dirt.

Ghouls were prowling, everywhere—the whole of the land was full of broken and defaced statues, some dressed in animal hides, or draped in human skin, or clothed in wool or linen… and there were in abundance slithering snakes, wrapping around them, and crawling with vermin; there were also wooden eidolons, with fading paint, and even older worm-eaten totems, some split with huge splits and cracks; and pillars of rock and dolmens wherein hid prehistoric fur-clad kings crowned with wreaths of laurel and myrtle, gripping ornate stone knives and hatchets and Banshees.

Black birds with red mouth and gleaming eyes were everywhere—all screeching and cawing loudly with raspy voices.

As the Creature and Faustus traveled along together, they met a knight clad in dull, dented steel which bore the marks of many a battle, who rode upon a white destrier with a long flowing silky mane and tail, draped in a padded caparison—black on one side and red on the other, and with a leather harness and saddle with stirrups. It was a massive equestrian, at least 24 hands tall, with a dense rounded body, a broad back, strong loins, powerful hind-quarters, and long legs of dense bone. The lower parts of its legs were ruddy-stained with dried blood from trampled foes. It wore steel barding studded with spikes on its head, neck, body and chest, and its mask bore a twisted unicorn horn. From the saddle hung a grievous black flail, a dangerous-looking bastard sword, and a grim looking double-bladed battle-axe. His shield dexter was black and the sinister red, it had a bouche, and the fess point was emblazoned with a red Valentine’s heart. The knight held

the reins in his left hand, in his right he held a long pike upright, a combined spear and axe, and from its shaft fluttered a black and red pinion, also decorated with a red heart.

The handsome knight was clean-shaven, so Faustus was able to see that he was not a young man... but in his steel-grey eyes burned the blue flame of eternal youth. By his side riding bareback upon a decaying lime-green nag, using a rope for a bridle, sat a cadaverous white-haired old man with a long straggly beard and red-glowing eyes, dressed in a short tunic and hose, whatever colour they had once been was now faded, grey, torn and crudely patched. Both the creep and the nag had deep-sunken black eyes. The creep was carrying an hourglass. And a short-coated alaunt hound with a long, broad flat head ran with them, barking sometimes or nipping at the nag if it fell behind.

A goat-headed attendant devil ran behind them on foot.

“I am Chylde Perilous.” said the knight. “I am sent by fair Maid Romance in quest of damozel Juanita Slusher... have you seen or heard of her?”

“Aye.” cackled the creep. “Sure... you are virtuous, chivalric, honest, pious and kind.”

Laughing—the creep then said: “The living embodiment of good conduct and courtly love.”

“We have neither seen nor heard of her before, Sir Perilous.” answered the Creature. “Why do you seek her?”

“Because he’s in love,” chuckled the creep, screeching and croaking reprehensibly. “Why else would a man seek a wench?”

Faustus did not like the creep, or the churl which followed behind them. The dog, though, he liked; it was sniffing around at his feet, smelling him; he reached a hand down and pet the animal... and it felt good to find a friend at long last after the terrible trials and tribulations he’d so recently experienced.

“Loneliness is like a early frost,” she said, blurted out the creep, sarcastically trying to mimic the sound of a woman’s sweetened voice: “Let us be amongst the seedlings that survive...” and a squeal of high-pitched laughter followed.

“Don’t be such a smart ass, you... you... you creep,” saith Faustus.

“Don’t call me a ‘you-you’... you fool,” answereth the creep, his voice cold and menacing.

The poor knight lowered his proud chin to his chest and heaved a sigh: “I too am lonely... I thought we could be lonely together... she and I.”

“I am also driven from joy for no misdeed,” the Creature sympathized. “My heart, too, yearns to be loved; for sweet looks; affection... but I am a monster... much too ugly to be loved… and too frightening for candied affections.”

Faustus, remembering Margaret, felt his compassionate heart fill with despair for these two great unfulfilled loves. And he whispered so low that only the dog could hear him: “Sie ist gerichtet!”

Then, of a sudden, the heavens resounded with the voices of Angels singing: “Sie est gerettet!”

The knight and his companions moved on in silence... and the monster and Faustus walked their way, towards an awful blaring sound that grew louder and more disharmonic as they neared its’ source, a red-haired, bearded bagpiper in a grey kilt, plaid with black stripes and white squares, wearing a tall bearskin cap, wielding a Great Highland bagpipe and piping a dreary noise. He stood in the midst of many open graves, some were empty, but in others there were a host of corpses in various stages of decay, clawing up out of the graves, and pulling themselves up out of the hard-packed earth under the shadows of ancient tombstones, with worn epithets, an names made to illegible by time and the weather to read. And the wormy undead wandered the earth in disarray, an anarchistic mob muttering: “The dead in Christ shall rise first.”

Uniformed reptiles wearing armband with the blue Star of David goose-stepped and straight-arm saluted each other. Skeletal pipers piped on pipes made of arm-bones and blew trumpets made of thigh-bones, or drummed on wooden drums covered with skin; standard bearers with colourful pinions and pennants and flags, emblazoned with the images of animals and mythical creatures led a procession of armoured skeletons wearing crowns of copper, bronze and iron, and wielding ancient whips, flails, maces, swords, battle axes and pole arms.

Faustus watched as simple people ran... wildly flailing their arms and crying out in terror and pain—being chased by swarms of aggressive giant hornets [as large as 4.5 cm (1.8 in) long, with a wingspan greater than 6 cm (2.4 in)] with large yellow heads and compound eyes—having three smaller eyes between the two big ones, and a dark brown thorax with an abdomen banded in brown and yellow. Their lethal venom, caused anaphylactic shock, an itchy rash, throat swelling, and even death in attacks on the central nervous system and damages to the tissues of its victims. The biting, stinging insects goaded them the more they ran... making their faces stream with bloody gouts of pus and tears that dribbled to their feet to be swallowed there by the loathsome worms and maggots that blanketed the ground... everywhere.

“You cannot change your desires,” said the Creature, “but you can learn to control them. Learn from my miseries and do not seek to increase your own.”

In the distance a huge factory with smoking chimneys came into sight—and to this, for hope of safety, all were running together in mad panic of desperation… inclusive of Faustus and the Creature—but they became separated in the panic… and he saw no more of him.

It was a fortress—and was still flying the black flag with the red cross—the flag of the Old Empire ruled by the long-dead Good King Jack.

The Master Race of the ideal man in perfection reigned now! Here, it were the Hünenmenschen [ ] and people were either Übermensch supermen or Üntermensch sub-humans.

Here, now! It were the Storm Troopers led by Heinrich Himmler who, willing to do anything to redeem himself in with the Führer, was wearing the Star of David on his arm, and pinned to his lapel.

Goebbels, likewise attired, stood by his side, speaking: "Sure, cultures degenerate when races mix… but, what can I say: man is a rational mortal animal…"

"The Aristotelian 'animal rationale mortale' doesn't apply to humans…" Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, chief of the Nazi bride school, began saying.

Faustus thought: "A perfect man—soul and body-to redeem Original Sin."

The Aufseherinnen

Standing, arms folded across her buxom chest, came upon them, a meticulously groomed young blond, and Faustus could smell her perfume long before he got close to her.

She said, "I am Irma Grese... "

"We are all already dead, Faustus... the Second Death is our only freedom"

"This is the ghetto," said Irma Grese—ignoring Faustus.

Everywhere barbed wire seemed rise up out of the muddy earth—wet with human blood, waste and gore… and so dripping, and stinking, too.

Everywhere was degradation of every sort as roughshod iron-toed soldiers began trampling everything that had been human underfoot.

"The soma or flesh is born and lives and sins in the world and dies in sin," spake the Creature. "Thus is the nature of Parousia."

"O flees immortality…" Irma Grese hollered out. "Immoral men sin against their own flesh… and so you will be judged!"

Irma Grese pointed out a group of prim-and-proper women wearing black death-head armbands.

"These are the Aufseherinnen," she said.

They were also wearing spiked boots and woolen dress cut just above the knee.

One of them had "cut the throat of another inmate with the sharp edge of a shovel," and while it writhed on the ground, spewing blood, the others laughed and applauded.

Faustus watched in horror.

stylus

“Her name is Ruth Closius.” Irma Grese yelled. “She was an overseer who wouldn’t see...”

Ilse the Bitch, her wearing a pair of soft leather gloves made from human skin, and carrying in her left hand a whip made of a bull’s puzzle—this tapping up-and-down in her right hand.

Lotte Toberentz walked by her side with two ferocious wolf-dogs.

Schutzstaffel Sigmund Rascher followed after the dogs… and with him were the kapos that were spat on by all the others—all the shaved-headed Musselmänner—all covered over with black and blue bruises and red welts.

Many were sickly green from being starved… and weak beyond all limits.

Lice was swarming all over all their bodies, every one of them covered with infected bleeding wounds and babbling incoherently—feverish—and covered by all sorts of edemas and pussy phlegmons. These were not human—not anymore… nor ever again—there were neither alive nor a corpse; standing in their own excrement… prone in prayer positions… the walking dead in body and spirit. All of them weakened by extreme and permanent fear… and inept, suffering from the “hunger disease” and in the dying state of total-exhaustion—and in such a state that even their diarrhea was covered in lice.

As is human weakness, molls walking amongst them, reassuring them to prevent panic, saying, “Be patient. Your turn will come soon. It won’t be long now.”

Some of these molls were dragging some Musselmänner to pyres and burning ditches in a paroxysm of despair, where bloodthirsty kapos wearing black armbands with Gothic letters of immaculate white were writ thus: “BOSS”—and the kapos were all screaming: “Are you tired?”

The kapos were striking Musselmänner with whips, hitting them with cudgels, and kicking the prone—all yelling “Stand still.”

Many mensch and other emancipated bodies—as those of the häftlings—were clad in dirty rags, their faces livid, eyes red-rimmed and sleepless, sunken cheeks, smeared with blood and mud… all traces of life withered away—them having no power to think or rationalize or react, without hope, actuated only by fear.

Schmuckstükce (“jewels”) looking like skeletons, in rags, covered with suppurating wounds, scratching itches and gazing blankly wandered about, crying: “Mutter.”

Sonderkommandos began dragging them to the pyres and pits, as well.

The White Rose Furies

The envy of other girls, the mostly blond and beautiful Aufseherinnen wore mouse-grey jackets, culotte-style skirts—and pink panties—caps and leather boots, and black leather gloves. Many were wielding whips... some were holding back snarling, barking dogs. There were a few which were appalled by the floggings and medical experiments on "the rabbits," though many of them enjoyed dealing out beatings or soaking prisoners in icy water.

Ilse Koch—a witch, a bitch, and a beast—was a murderess known to have had prisoners skinned for their tattoos... she liked watching others getting beaten and raped and encouraged her guards to do so for her pleasure.

Dr. Herta Oberheuser—a tall, blond wearing a see-through blouse over pink underwear, with gold bangles on her arms and rings on her fingers, administered lethal injections whenever she felt like it.

Head Nurse Elisabeth Marschall, whose plump frame and cheery face gave her a cozy, maternal appearance as she cuddled and cooed over any babies that had been born in the camp. Yet she stole from the Red Cross parcels and let those babies starve to death.

Nurse Gerta Bosel was a true Nazi at heart and echoed the Nazi philosophy: "If they cannot work then let them rot."

Maria Mandl the Beast was a vicious sadist at heart; she once kicked a woman to death at roll call.

Ruth Neudeck was cold-blooded and brutal. She once cut the throat of an inmate with the edge of a shovel.

Herta Bothe—a sadist—was a tall, athletically-built woman was among the guards ordered to carry dead bodies to the burial pits by the British soldiers... she was terrified of contracting typhus because they were not allowed to wear gloves or masks. The arms and the legs of the decomposing bodies cam off in her hands... and lifting the emancipated bodies caused her back pain.

Johanna Langefeld had no qualms about imposing brutal discipline and keeping the indolent inmates standing at attention in the cold and rain for hours.

The elegant Dorothea Binz was a young, natural blond with shining blue eyes, who had an appetite for cruelty once brutally chopped a prisoner to a bloody lump with an axe.

Bloody Hildegard Lächert was a savage who struck until blood showed.

Wanda Klaff struck at least two prisoners every day.

Juana Bormann, the wiesel with the dogs, was abusive and sadistic in nature... and often used her dog to torture prisoners.

stylus

Alice Orlowski was a brutal overseer who would whip prisoners across the eyes, making them unfit for work, which caused them to be sent for execution.

“I have to use the toilet,” said Faustus.

Elizabeth Volkenrath spat: “You ar a toilet, pig.”

Unable to neither hold her stare or his needs, Faustus relieved himself in their presence—pissing his pants.

“Look…” shrieked a chorus of the Furies: “The pig pissed himself.”

“O.K. ‘toilet’ you’re for it now…” saith Irma Grese, taking him up under one arm and leading him off—as La Binz took him up roughly under the other arm, pulling and prodding him on.

All those horrible women were all laughing at him, hollering out dregatorie statements—more-so issuances of fact, really, as he was led away by Irma Grese and “La Binz.”

“The decay of moral values in all areas of life—of deepest degradation,” said Irma Grese, “coincide exactly with the height of Jewish power.”

“The sleazy Jude have only one thing foremost on their minds…: replied La Binz: “Sex…”

Irma spat: “S-E-X—he ultimate power driving their lust for world domination.”

Faustus started to argue them as God’s Chosen People—but he was slapped by the one Fury—and than the other spat right into his face… then slapped him, too.

“Their burlesque revues of sexual titillation and lascivious dances have descended into depraved scenes of public masturbation, surrendering to disgusting orgies...” said the one Fury—all in a huff.

The other was saying: “necrophilia, bestiality, and other socially degrading fetishes, including child prostitution.”

Thus, whilest Irma Grese and La Binz was talking, Faustus was taken past a reeking hole, in which Dr. Erwin Gohrbandt, Magnus Hirschfeld, and Dr. Kurt Warnekros were tied tightly upright with wire to posts in a deep pit over which were suspended roped bridges with plank wood walkways—so that the Musselmänner couldst walk over above them to shit on them.

Buzzing flies filled the shit-bog around them, crawling all over them as they languished in enduring agony... tormenting them beyond endurance. The three men had gone quite insane and were all raving lunatics.

He was told by Dorothea Binz: “They’ve never made more sense, eh!”

stylus

As she spoke to him, Irma Grese started talking, but doing so without speaking over her, saying that "other such pits were all also filled with a corruption of selfish egotists, narcissists and megalomaniacs, duplicitous phonies, nasty misanthropes, such as Jews, Gypsies, Communists—and Bolsheviks and Bohemians, and all manner of other malicious sociopaths, anarchist, faggots, whores, and discontents."

Surprisingly enough... Faustus understood every word spoken by both women, though their voices began to garble like the sounds made by harpies.

"The gullible public," continued Irma Grese, "is mesmerized and stupefied by the bizarre, the kinky, and the perverse..."

"Well, man!" Dorothea Binz said, chuckling, "Here we are…"

Faustus looked at her: "Where is here?"

"Don't fuck with me… shithead," she saith: "Or I'll…" and she backhanded him.

"Shit—here…" Irma screamed into his face—nose-to-nose and eye-to-eye, her spittle spewing over his face.

"You wanted it… you got it;" La Binz remarked: "the toilets."

"Whu... whu..." stuttered Faustus in awkward surprise: "Whu... Whudd'ya mean? You want me to shit here?"

"Shit—now!" Irma commanded.

"You said you wanted to go to the toilet," said La Binz. "Here we are... the toilets! Go."

"He's shy," Irma laughed.

La Binz laughed: "Don't be shy, man."

Irma Grese said, "If you have to defecate... just walk out there and poop."

Dorothea Binz pushed him towards a pit. "Go on out there and hang your ass over the edge and do your dirty business. No one will judge you here."

Admonished, Faustus resisted her, saying, "But there are men in those pits!"

"Men!" Irma Grese screeched, "You dumbkopf... weren't you listening to anything I said?"

"Those are not men," said Dorothea Binz angrily. "They are less than animals. They are subhuman beasts which would enslave our pure children and rob our descendants of a place in the future. Go—shit—now…"

stylus

“Or join them.”

Faustus resigned himself to the ordeal and staggered forward, “This indignity is against me common decency.”

“It’s cruel and inhuman.” Mournful moans voiced from within the shit-pit.

“You’re pissing me off, little man,” Irma Grese hissed. “If you shit your pants you’re going into the pit with those swinehunds.”

“There...” saith Dorothea Binz, pointing to one of the unfortunates in the shit-pit. “Go shit on that rotten waste of life.” She was pointing to Captain Paul Watson—the fag [*Sic*] atheist which broke the “unbreakable” enigma code.

“Yes,” ordered Irma Grese, “Go out there and shit a stinking crap on the perverted sexual degenerate.”

La Binz barked: “Paul Watson was charged in 1952 with gross indecency for homosexuality and sentenced to ‘chemical castration…’ ”

Faustus, seemingly having no alternative choice cautiously trod out onto the bridge over him and raised his robe, exposing his bum.

La Binz was barking: “castration…’ which destroyed his health and left him depressed. In 1954, he committed suicide.”

The two fierce women began laughing gruffly. Then, as he had to... he pooped out a sloppy turd which fell right onto the Watson’s head.

“Now piss you worm,” shouted out Irma Grese.

“Yes, piss on the faggot,” called out Dorothea Binz. “He’s a god-damned homosexual... so the pig will enjoy that.”

Both women were laughing as Faustus turned around and aimed a stream of pee onto the wretch below him.

“O thank you... thank you...” whimpered Watson, looking upwards so that the piss could wash over his face and seep into his parched mouth. “I’m so thirsty... so thirsty.”

Faustus almost vomited.

The ‘thing’ beneath him was actually enjoying his ordeal... even mocking Christ on the cross in the depths of his private and personal hell. Then, having finished his business, Faustus left the creep in the shit-pit... wondering and amazed at the irony of life.

Dorothea Binz, amused, laughed at the sight of women being flogged nearby, as they passed them: The sounds of the whips biting into their ravished flesh erupting forth into cries of pain... mingled with her laughter made Faustus shudder—but him was more-so aroused, too..

The Kit-Kat Klub

The streets of cities and towns alike are crawling with prostitutes: kontroll girls, that is 'legal prostitutes' checked for venereal disease; half-silks, which were part-time amateurs looking for fun and extra money; grasshoppers, or lowly streetwalkers who gave handjobs and blowjobs in dark alleys; nuttes—boyish teenage girls working after school without their parent's knowledge; boot-girls… punishing dominas (or dominatrices) in shiny patent leather boots...; tauentizen girls: chic mother-and-daughter teams; münzis, which were heavily pregnant women who waited under lamp-posts, (very expensive, since they offered an erotic specialty); gravelstones—hideous hags with missing limbs, hunchbacks, midgets, and women with various deformities.

Chontes were low-grade Jewish prostitutes, mostly Polish, picked up clients in railway stations; foshes were elegant and discreetly advertised in magazines and newspapers as private masseurs; demi-castors were young women from good houses who worked in high-class houses (or brothels) in the late-afternoon and early-evening; table-ladies- were ravishingly beautiful escorts of exotic appearance who came with reserved tables in exclusive nightclubs. Clients had to be fabulously wealthy to enjoy the cultured comforts of these high-class call-girls who accompanied the caviar and champagne...; dominas—athletic leather-clad Amazons specializing in whipping and humiliation, who were often found in lesbian nightclubs and catered to kinky males; minettes, who were into sado-masochism, foot worship, bondage, and enforced transvestitism, who worked in high-class hotels; race-horses- masochistic call-girls who let themselves be whipped and tortured by carefully screened clients; medicine- child-prostitutes (age 12-16), so-called because they were prescribed as 'medicine' in pharmacies; telephone girls, who were often billed as virgins (age 12-17), who were ordered y telephone like a take-away meal and delivered by taxi or limousine.

And every high-school boy wanted to earn some extra cash: Dimly-lit bars, amusement parks, and honky-tonks sprang up like mushrooms, everywhere... powdered and rouged men [ ] government officials and men of finance sauntered tenderly and courted drunken sailors without any shame. In the collapse of all values, a kind of madness gained hold. Young girls bragged proudly of their perversion; to be sixteen and still under suspicion of virginity was a disgrace.

In the cheap brothels the pimps offered anything to anyone: little boys, little girls, strong men, hot women, even animals. Husbands and wives offered public sex shows in their living rooms, prostituting their children for all types of sexual tastes. Hundreds of thousands of teenagers and children were involved in the sex trade. Even in Ancient Rome… where fourteen of the first fifteen Caesars were homosexuals (or worse)—there was no such degree of alcoholic depravity and public shamelessness. The misery of lust was everywhere... and this brought about the decline of Western Civilization.

“The God-damned Jews had rotted the state out from its insides...,” said Irma Grese, as they walked together, “establishing a viral culture of pessimism and a world abandoned by God.”

Dorothea Binz said, “Their formula was simple: They destroyed the belief system on which our society was founded, especially its religion and traditional codes of honour and decency. They promoted Godlessness and a philosophy of despair... reducing men to dystopian beasts (which ignorantly solaced their soul-sickness in the sleazy bordellos and were thus domesticated like cattle and easily controlled).”

“This is why there was a war...” said Irma Grese. “And all this hell about you is their own undoing... brought upon themselves by themselves.”

“Just like the Pharisees and Scribes of old brought eternal damnation upon themselves when they sold out Jesus...” said Faustus, more understanding and sympathetic of their cause, “saying, His Blood is on us and upon our children... and shall even be upon our children’s children forever.”

“They are the worm gnawing at the root of the world tree Yggdrysil—an infectious and pestilent disease plaguing every individual in the collective consciousness of Western Civilization—and shouting a war-cry in the face of all other nations and, like Nimrod...” said Irma Grese, “in the face of God.”

“Using multiculturalism as a weapon of mass destruction, they flood our countries with undesirable immigrants,” said Dorothea Binz, “turning race against race, engineering ethnic conflict, turning children against their parents in attacks on authority and turning man against woman in establishing radical feminism.”

“Above all,” said Irma Grese, “they teach the non-White races to regard the Aryan Race as the ultimate evil… the cancer of human history.”

“But the Jews are white,” said Faustus.

“No they’re only white-skinned…” answered Irma Grese. “They are a tribe distinct from all other tribes. Even our distinct histories originate in the Germanic, Norse, and Celtic tribes… but these were made obsolete by the emergence of Christianity.”

Faustus stated: “Christianity was from its very beginning, essentially and fundamentally, life’s nausea and disgust with life, merely concealed behind, masked by, dressed up as, faith in another or better life of promise yet to become—and reserved only for those who are submissive to it.”

“Our Jewish masters corrupted our society,” said Dorothea Binz, “even as they corrupted the Ancient Egyptian 18th Dynasty, calling themselves the Hyksos (and establishing the priesthood of Amun), or as they had done in Nebuchadnezzar’s time—assimilating Babylonian culture and rising to positions of power at court and in finance... politically undermining their society so that even Cyrus the Great, like Ramesses the Great, was forced to expel them once and for all. They burned Rome in Nero’s time and blamed the Christians, brought the Black Death into medieval Europe, infiltrated Britain in King Arthur’s time... and again in Cromwell’s time, and after they

were thrown out of Spain, they established themselves in Holland, invented the black African slave trade, colonization, and orchestrated the Age of Revolution."

"Zion is now and has always been the enemy of the world," said Irma Grese.

"I believe the Chosen People would rather see it destroyed," said Faustus, "than fail in their corruption and subjugation and conquest of all other nations."

They came at last into a room wherein unwanted babies were abandoned to die.

La Binz stated matter-of-factly—without any emotion whatsoever: "Some of the women had been heavily pregnant when they arrived at the camp... and gave birth right there on the ground once unloaded from the cattle cars. Many others were in earlier stages of pregnancy... some having been impregnated forcibly by rape or gang rape or repeated rapines. Suddenly there were too many babies to abort. The first babies to be born were well-treated and the mothers given extra rations... but Himmler had no alternative but to have the babies killed. Ripped from screaming, crying mother's arms, those babies were taken to such dying room, where they were laid out and left to die."

"A good Nazi man," said Irma Grese "is never subordinate to a woman."

Then, she kicked him hard in the ass—pointing away: "Go…"

La Binz had merely turned and walked away.

Irma Grese's cold, cruel laughter still ringing in his ears, Faustus left those pyres and burning ditches far behind him... and wandered in what became Stygian darkness; him stumbling and fumbling along as best he could. Then, of a sudden, the hair stood up on the back of his neck... he was being followed... stalked... hunted.

He felt icy eyes spy him long before his other senses…

It was Dr. Mengele—he having preserved himself within a long plexiglass tube containing only his brain, eyeballs, brain stem, spinal cord, nerves, veins and arteries, the lymphatic system, the tongue, the heart, lungs, liver, pancreas, and gonads—all suspended in a translucent gelatinous bubbling goo. Likewise, in another such plexiglass container was kept the innards and brain mechanisms of Dr. Moreau, as well—both being studied by what looked like a part-cat human (to Faustus).

Chief Joysia the Elder—a Feline (a race of cat-headed humanoid lion-people from Sirus A)—and the genetic engineer in charge of Earth's DNA program. His flesh was covered in soft fuzz, and his complexion was sandy in colour, he had golden-red hair and eyes were blue or orange (depending on his moods and the light). He was well-over six feet tall, exceptionally strong, highly intelligent and creative. He dressed in loose-fitting clothing and wore a large gold-coloured buckle on his belt. His face was lionesque with a wide but flat nose and prominent nostrils; his mouth was small but otherwise ordinary; and he had a great shock of bright golden

hair—a lion's mane falling in an unruly mass over his massive shoulders. He had a lion's golden eyes, possessing a round pupil and well adapted for seeing in low light (and contained a sensitive coating that reflected moonlight). His senses of smell and of hearing were both well-developed, too.

Dr. Moreau and Dr. Mengele were arguing: Dr. Moreau was saying: "All pigs are equal." But,

Dr. Mengele was saying: "some pigs are more equal."

Night Doctors wrapped in white KKK sheets mulled around…

A hybrid mutant appeared, saying: "The factory where they are making clones and the factory where they are making robots are putting people's brains into robots (leaving their hearts and tongues behind to rot)."

Hearing this, Faustus silently backed away very slowly, turning nonchalantly, and took off running very quickly going anywhere far away as his legs could carry him. Finally, quite tired, he stopped to catch his breath and rest a moment. He looked back and saw the statue of Heracles by a cave... but he saw not one cave entrance—but four cavernous entrances to the one cave; one in the north, one in the south, one in the east, and one in the west. Through the eastern door a myriad of slant-eyed chinks [*Sic.*] came banging drums and clashing cymbals, following red-clad dancers carrying elaborate paper tigers, lions, and dragons, and throwing firecrackers... and amongst them were a multitude of pale Asiatics, turban-headed shitskins [*Sic.*] and towel-headed rock-chuckers [*Sic.*]. And through the south door came a multitude of niggers [*Sic.*] of every shade of black and brown, with wide-rolling eyes and red lips; some were bald, others wore afros, and some had dreadknots—and these straightway went after the White women, whilest the Black women castigated them and the White men tried to defend their women... but many of these were giving themselves over to the savages wantonly. From the western door surged red-haired and dark-haired Celts and Norse Aryans... and from the northern door came blond-haired blue-eyed Hyperboreans, Kurgans, and Amazons.

The mob was incited into a frenetic fury or madness by Mengele's seven lūšus clones: Numbers 02, 08, 20, 28, 50, 82, and 126. The lūšus clones had blue-glowing eyes (and sharp vision) and are covered in a whitish fur: lusus naturae were freaks of nature, deformed or strangely marked creatures…

Everyone in the mob was likewise branded with a numbered tattoo on their foreheads.

Then, somewhat afar off, Faustus witnessed the Creature pursued by a mob which killed him and tore him limb-from-limb.

The Creature commanded them to "take your paws off me you damn dirty ape."

Faustus barely escaped himself, by running away through a vast field of maggoty severed heads impaled on wooden javelins stuck in the ground… and here there were numberless flies. So he

hid in a pile of rotting wormy-corpses… wherein, growing warm and feeling safe—and not at all sickened by the feeling and stench of death—a womb wherein he falls asleep and dreams.

Faustus dreamt that the heads on the pikes above him were talking to each other, without any knowledge of him being where has was, there buried beneath all those dead and rotting bodies.

One head began talking of "Jack and Spot"—supposedly, a small white dog nipping at his heels.

Another of the heads spake of him as "once the king of the land of bad government; his most trusted advisor was Ahasuerus Wormtongue."

Faustus dreamt of Jack, too—and saw Jack as naked but proud of his new regalia… for him too have drunken of the water in the well (poisoned by the stranger in the night). On his one side bearing a pitcher was Princess Emma Lazarus… and on his other holding a cup for him—eager for him to drink: "and forget."

"Now, he is as wise as ever before…" saith Princess Emma Lazarus. "And all his people, also drunk on the same well-water, are at ease under his governance…"

Faustus thought: "But they are all drunk!"

A head spake, saying: "He was a good ruler who ruled a good kingdom before Ahasuerus Wormtongue…"

"Lucky thing," saith Wormtongue… "I came along."

A Jew Remains a Jew

Thence cometh amongst them Theodore Herzl—and him was arguing with Israel Zangwill and Ahad Ha'am.

Wormtongue spoke to Faustus, saying: "Theodore and Julie (Naschauer) Herzl's daughter Pauline died of a heroin overdose... and his son Hans shot himself in the head on the day of her funeral; their surviving daughter Margaritha (Trude), the youngest of the three, married Richard Neumann, a man 17 years her elder, but they both died and were burned in the concentration camps... survived by their only son Stephan."

Israel Zangwill approached them both, saying: "If you give a country to a people without a country... it is utter foolishness to allow it to be a country with two people. The Jews will suffer and so will the large aboriginal alien population. A different country must be found for either... but this being impossible... the Jews must conquer the new found land between of promise from within... and do as they have always done: they must infiltrate the media and the political and financial institutions which define that foreign culture and undermine the religion and established traditions of the alien race which welcomed them in the first place."

Ahad Ha'am responded, saying, "a Jewish State and not merely a State of Jews…"

Then came among them from where-elseness, man, both Col. Albert Goldsmid and the race traitor, Rev. William Hechler: These two were standing together listening… as were others which joined them; such as: Franz Oppenheimer, Benjamin N. Cardazo, and the race traitor Harlan F. Stone… and then came Ze'ev Jabotinsky and Joseph Trumpeldor.

Joseph Trumpeldor said, "It does not matter, it is good to die for our country."

They were joined by the likes of Albert Einstein, Leó Szilárd, Edward Teller, Eugene Wigner and other Manhattan Project Jews—those Operation Paperclip war criminal Jews who built the A-bomb and H-bomb dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki—even though the Japanese envoy had attempted multiple appeals for surrender leading up to this shew of power—for us and ours yet to come to remember well and learn abide, or else.

Abba Kovner and Chaim Weizmann were the actual poisoners of the well—and when they appeared, all the others clamoured about them—each sucking up and puffing out their own chests.

Meir Vilner laughed out loud, so all could hear, she shouted: "The people's well was poisoned by Ahasuerus Wormtongue."

One of the heads said: "Even though the people heard this, none realized the truth… for all the people had went mad… drinking from the poisoned well; eventually Jack, too, led by the seductive Princess Emma Lazarus to drink from the well also went mad—and, in this, the people were glad that he had regained his senses."

One of the heads said: "Princess Emma Lazarus was High Priestess of the Cult of the grotesque donkey-eared idol of ignorance, without having learned to know the Truth she took up residence in an imagined form, which was substitute for Truth—in the kemona or cosmos of appearances. She was a fallen goddess of chaotic formlessness and dark alien mother, Achamōth of Uluru daughter of Sophia (logos), representing consciousness or "spiritual essence"—a woman created from a woman without a father."

One of the dead bodies around Faustus—the one him was face-to-face and cheek-to-cheek with said: "Achamōth is the Creatrix of the Demiurge, whose temple was established in the fallen city and adopted by Queen Gretna-optera, who—like Solomon—allowed for multiculturalism and foreign temples and synagogues to go up everywhere in her country. But it was too late—for quick came emigration bringing countless 'niggers and chinks' [*Sic.*] as hapt during the Gutian Conquest of a'Brahma and Hyksoid Conquest of Ramessid Egypt and thereof the Fall of Ilium, all during the Agrarian Era of the iron Age—and involving the invention of governance and an end to human migrations by such as those of the Peoples of the Seas."

Another of the dead bodies, with its ass close by Faustus' head, farted—and whence it farted it spake out its ass, saying: "Then came the poor, tired, huddled masses… and subjugation of the widow became the law of the land according to the learned lawyers and scribes…"

Then all the maggots in the dead bodies around him began to speak all at once, saying: “Then the rag-heads [*Sic.*] came—and, taking over the land, the land was flooded by maniacal shitskins [*Sic.*] throwing rocks and cursing the ‘infidels’ and screaming ‘jihad’ and playing the rape-game whilest calling out ‘Allāhu Akbar’—for this is progress… and ‘ka-ching’ that means money for some… but poverty for most.”

This was all followed by a parade of women wearing hijābs, niqābs, and burkas, or jilbābs and scarves, and wrapped in bombs—all carrying revolvers and rifles and machine guns—all pushing over impaled heads and bodies as they went—going berserk as they went.

Wormtongue manifest and pulled Faustus up out of the grave… and out of his dream: “A river of tears filled up the wailing well of poison thereof at heart in the body politick of the people and that wet hole of need and want was choked with the floating dead and drowning victims.”

As Wormtongue spoke… it was so that Faustus envisioned those horrors.

Wormtongue laughed: “Jack’s old country was called Ȝútoupiə, when it too was a land of good government… before I, Ahasuerus, came amongst them, renaming their country Nêútoupiə.”

All the maggots began singing again: “Jack’s old flag had been black with a red cross (separating the black into four corner squares); but the new flag was rainbow-striped—having seven stripes: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet—with a round circle of white in the center containing a Star of David made of fire and dripping with blood… and changing as it burned and bled from a six-pointed star, or hex, into a pentagram—the pentagram of evil.”

Everywhere that Faustus could see—all the flat land was now devoid of flowers or plants or animals of any kind, except for tiny disease-spreading flying midges which bite and sting unmercifully, and standing pools of tears shed by lost souls before they wade into the poisonous river to drown themselves in misery… and the maggots… and the black birds.

“Thus, Jack fled his once proud realm and became a wanderer…” saith Wormtongue to Faustus.

“Then came Ahasuerus the Whisperer,” said Gyges of Lydia, removing his cloak of anonymity, so saying: “who poisoned the well containing the clear water of life… establishing King Feng Gerwendelson der Náströndi ultra vires the Usurper—a worser wretch than either Mordred or Caligula, who took his crown and his wife…”

He practiced human sacrifice…” cried a black bird...: “and warrior-based male homosexuality.”

“So, so advised by Ahasuerus,” saith High Priestess Emma Lazarus: “like Solomon, surrendered his land to foreign gods and idols… and Queen Gretna-optera the Mystery, the adulterous wife of Jack—as the deposed king—was made pregnant (by the rape of King Feng).”

The maggots began singing in chorus: “O she had short blond hair and bright steel-blue eyes… for she cut her hair like a whore… and now the foolish and immature girl is unhappy…”

stylus

Faustus could see her—as if his imaginations hence manifested as real, there right before him—as if he could reach out and touch…

She sat there playing with a small gold coin inscribed with a pentacle.

Achamōth is the Creatrix of the Demiurge then manifested—outside of Faustus' imagination… but all-consuming him: "She is a disciple of Sin—the daughter of the devil…"

As she spoke, a red man with split goat hooves for feet (like Pan) appeared—him having two short horns, a goatee beard and pencil-thin moustache. The Devil played pan-pipes as he danced, exposing his erection.

Achamōth is the Creatrix of the Demiurge further stated: "She is the opposite of Dama Irmã Mãe the Dævsa (Pagan High Priestess of the Mother Goddess), being under Ahasuerus' spell she is the opposite of resourceful and practical; no longer a strong natural leader and consummate mother; nor generous with herself, her soul, her time, and her money."

Hearing all this, she turned from being captivated in imagination to personify as real, shrieking: "all you give you will receive…"

Achamōth was speaking, her saying as she pointed out a priestess-whore sitting at the opening of a large tent erected over a stone base: "Welcome to the carnal house of Mystery, Sacred Whore of the Synagogue, committed to no marriage—her house was neither neat, nor clean, nor tidy and in order"

The Devil pranced close, and ceased piping only to say: "The country is in chaos."

Faustus was thus brought to his senses outside of the Synagogue, whereby he witnessed Jack find 'Mystery' herself sitting and awaiting him in front of the door, prostituting herself like Tamar.

She was wearing a green gown—open, exposing seedy black undergarments.

Faustus entered into the Synagogue, walking by "Mystery" and found a sumptuously decorated throne under an arch of dying and dead pink roses… so that only the thorns remained. This was surrounded by rotting fruit: the peaches of immortality and golden apples of discord. A young child was strangling a white rabbit—her bastard child—a hermaphrodite.

And elderly (senile advisor) men stood holding torches on either side of the throne, whereupon sat Salome the Nymph holding a platter on which is a goat's head. The torchlight revealed fairies in chains—chained to the wall—and many other ingenious torturous devices were set up in the throne-room for her amusement.

Faustus was thence shown all the riches of the world, by the Devil, which hadst followed him inside… and offering the future… shewing him a race of humanoid reptilians ruling the world of mortal men and women.

The Synagogue of Mystery the Abomination and the Fallen City of God

So it was that the Devil appeared to guide to him, leading him through fields and gardens and into Babel, where he was brought in chains before Nimrod. He was made to ascend a terraced tower in priestly robes, intent to stand before God. Along the way up the never-ending tower he met and talked to various people, as he has done previously, and he learned the history of war.

On the shore of corpses, he was shewn a great and evil hall with its door facing northwards, all-woven with black serpents like a wattle-house, and all the snakeheads are turned into the house and spitting venom, so that along the hall it pools and flows like a river.

"Only the cursed and damned enter here," said the Devil: "C'mon… lets go in!"

Thus, going in with the Devil, Faustus saw how certain reptilians were changing the environment so that their race might inherit the Dead World—watching as if in slow-motion as a vast global village spread all the coloured races of the world across the New Land Between of Promise; all the 'chinks and niggers and faggots' [*Sic.*] worshipping the New Lady Liberty and all speaking at once in strange and misunderstood alien tongues so that one cannot understand the other.

He saw how Zion, in the guise of a beautiful clean and shining spirit speaking smooth words to assuage and mesmerize and enslave the Hyperborean races, like Jacob before him who tricked his father-in-law Laban into giving him all the black and spotted sheep and goats and thereby accumulating a bigger flock, has in so doing divided the world so that all the bloodlines ancient antediluvian tribes which might have nationalized against him

He was shown how the towel-headed rock-chucking sons of Ishmael and their Burka-clad and circumcised wives and daughters embraced their brothers, even as Jacob and Esau the Red embraced, together in worshipping the Great Red Dragon—which comes forth from out of the primordial ocean and drags them both into the depths.

And he was shown how the numbered masses of the world bow down to worship an Anti-Christ, who has come amongst them like Azazel the goat, bespattered with the blood of the sacrifice made of the innocent Hyperborean races—as sheep to be sheared, and sent to lead them into the abattoir of life was Medes—a Judas-goat leading the masses—all the dumb-trysting lambs into the slaughterhouse to be sheared and butchered.

He also witnessed the birth of the Last Man, who, like Aeneas fleeing with the last survivors of burning Ilium to their unknown fate, thereafter founding Rome—and birthing the world anew—again, after the last and final technological dark age of civilization laid to waste what was once a Paradise—and he wept.

Finally, he is shown how a new Homo evolves out of Homo sapiens even as Sapiens evolved out of Homo erectus… and then again how Lif and Lifthrasir are the first of this new species—the first man and the first woman, respectively, who re-people the Dead World with their ignorant

stylus

seed and, as it was in the beginning, worship fire and the planets and the imperishable stars of the Universe.

Then came Jib—a wandering minstrel, with the lute that had missing strings—and Doafusimp the Ignoramus, which is the bleached soul pulled out of the ass of the devil by the friar and the nun… and these two save Faustus from Queen Gretna-optera the Mystery, taking him away with them from Achamōth is the Creatrix of the Demiurge and the others.

Thus it was that the Devil lost his power over Faustus—and Faustus was so relieved of torments, temptations and troubles, at least for awhile.

Part Two: The Realm of Good Government

At the Carnival of Lost Souls

Doafusimp the Ignoramus and Jib led Faustus away into a dream featuring Violet and Daisy Hilton, who welcomed him with a hearty hug—he was so blessed with a kiss on each cheek bestowed upon him by each of the girls.

Le Bossu, a hunchback stone-carver, and Jo-Jo the Dog-Faced Boy, each came up and shook him by a hand—each one shaking one of his hands, together.

Simon "Schlitzie" Metz danced with glee… and Prince Randian lay about smoking a reefer he'd just rolled and lit.

Jib was saying "remember what you learned of the peopling of the world."

Doafusimp reminded him of the four kings—together revisited them how wickedness is punished by the Rider upon the Clouds.

Puharich Ra Ho Tep the Martian was a prehistoric magician who'd learned the alchemical secret of immortality from eating hallucinogenic Amanita Muscaria mushrooms—appearing to Faustus dressed like an Egyptian, and having the ankh tattooed on the middle of his forehead, he spoke without speaking and told Faustus all about Stargates and the multi-verse.

The Hilton sisters introduced him to young virginal high priestess, Dama Irmã Mãe the Dævsa (Pagan High Priestess of the Mother Goddess): She was everything that evil Queen Gretna-optera the Mystery is not—the opposite of Minerva (wisdom) the Loathly Damsel conquering ignorance.

Empress Balðrørlog Nornurðr die Waelkyrie Diseiðr (ghost witch, seidr) manifest of dark light and negative light intermixed—as if the two lights were fighting and fucking each other: She

wore a blue cloak, and appeared with a winged-headpiece of black lamb trimmed with white ermine tails… and was exceeding sexual in nature.

With her were the four queens—and five other princesses were present with them.

Emperor Nep Gewer (Edmond Dantes), like Ayyabum before and not unalike Jack, who was the Emperor of the Land of Bad Government before it was ruined by Ahasuerus the Whisperer, was approached by Puharich the Martian. They shook hands, exchanging secret cultic gestures, and the one said to the other: “It be moot to wait and hope.” The other spake, as well, saying: “To hope and wait it moot be.”

Their daughter-in-common was Nanna Baldursdottar, who was married to Baeldaeg (god Baldur), brother of Høðrus the Dark; she appeared and was enjoined by the five princesses and four queens… and the seidr empress herself.

At the Emperor’s Round Table the spirits so conducted Faustus be seated, by himself, until enjoined by the four kings, which all sat opposite him—as if together in the seat perilous, which was an empty seat reserved for visitors—in truth it were wherein Faustus was seated, not them.

Five other knights are present—attending to Doafusimp the Ignoramus, which is the bleached soul pulled out of the ass of the devil by the friar and the nun, and the minstrel Jib, discordantly playing his out-of-tune lute.

“Mystagogue Petrus Romanus the Last is greater than the pope,” said Daduchos, whom was second-ranking after Hierophant—a gate-keeper. Both were there—one on either side of him seated.

Great fear fell upon Faustus of a sudden whence he first beheld the Testimony of those Two Witnesses, which were clothed in sackcloth—one holding a black candle, and the other a white candle… and both bearing the same singular olive branch.

Fire came forth from their mouths as they prophesized.

Anti-Pope Petrus Romanus the Last began preaching about Al-Masīh ad-Dajjāl—a descendant of Ishmael, and, of Armilus, who was a descendant of Isaac: He spoke to Faustus of Perdition the Beast—a son of Sin and Lawlessness, which had three eyes… one of these being centered on its forehead.

Perdition the Beast was babbling nonsense about the four beasts of the Prophet Daniel—but as what was said was babble; Faustus understood naught and lost interest.

It was then that Faustus saw the Lovers kissing: Høðrus the Dark and Sigihulða Ban-Draoithe of Gaul. Høðrus, or Höðr, or Høtherus, called the Dark because he was blind.

Sigihulða Ban-Draoithe of Gaul—a demi-goddess—had a milk-white complexion, black eyes, like an ermine, and long black hair. She wore deer antlers o’er her forehead.

Ban-Draoithe was a druidess and a witch seer: her parents were a son of Rex Ascaric of the Gödosþervingi [Thervingi (forest people) Gödos (Goths)] and a daughter of Rex Meragaise (Merogias) of the Bructeri (Germans).

A Chariot pulled by two sphinx-like beasts pulled up, stopping in a cloud of dust, under rein of good-humoured Taranis the Thunderer the Celt—a god slow to anger but furious when his wrath was kindled. Faustus was taken aboard… and taken away to whereat was a canopy set up—and a throne, set therein, whereupon was seated the blind goddess of Justice Ma'at, whom explained what courage and temperance were to Faustus.

At the entrance to the garden of the Star was Tes la Diogenēs ho Kunikos—an old hermit with long white hair and beard, whose long white hair and beard were the clouds… him having an eidetic memory and living by choice in a barrel, with a little dog named Ototo at his heels. He appeared to Faustus wearing the Ring of Gyges the Mermnad, and spake of the Revelation of Fortuna.

The Revelation of Fortuna in the Garden of the Star

Just inside the proximity of the entrance, Faustus beheld Temperance, a Herculean Angel of Strength, was wrestling a Nemidian Lion—and holding the beat's jaws open.

"Courage, doomed man of perdition!" spake Temperance: "Shew some strength."

Moreover, Faustus watched 'star struck' as the young starlet Mary Anissa Jones took form—and blazed as l'Etoile Flamboyante: A naked woman kneeling on one knee by the water pooling around the Fountain of Eternal Youth; her one foot is in the water, the other foot is on the land around the pool. Above her head a golden eight-pointed star shines out—surrounded by seven of eight smaller white eight-pointed stars. In each hand she holds a bowl: from one bowl she pours the Water of Life out onto the land, from the other she powers the Water of Life back into the water of the universal consciousness.

"This is symbolic of eternal creation." She said.

An ibis-like (Thoth) bird nested in a nearby tree—around which danced three purple footed Hesperides: Aegle (dazzling-light), Erytheia (the red one), and Herperethusa (sunset-glow).

Fortuna thence manifest—and her was naked, twigs with red and blue berries in her hair, the scent of flowers and the presence of honey bees flying around her announced her presence. She smiled at Faustus—of her mouth… and of her eyes, which beamed, radiant aglow.

Grapevines—for wine—grew in abundance… and a wine press was in the midst, o'er which flew a twin-pennant banner emblazoned with the words (as follows): "vitus vinifera."

Two wood pillars with upper ends forked and with a wooden pole laid over the top between them had grape vines hanging from it… and growing on trellis' supported on transverse rafters that rested on columns… and, on arbors of branches turned into arches, with both ends on the ground—over which the vines grew—some which were grown and pruned to make low bushes.

"When the grapes ripened they are hand-picked and put into baskets," saith Fortuna to Faustus—am him imagined it so: "these they carried on the shoulders or slung in sacs on the hips—and the baskets are emptied into vats large enough for six Hesperides to be inside at once for crushing them beneath their feet… to make the wine."

Faustus could see the grape juice flowing from a small hole in the side of the vat… and, real or not, he watched as it was collected in smaller vats and jugs… and then poured into pottery jars to ferment.

"A secondary pressing is used to separate the rest of the juice from the stems, seeds and skin…" she stated: "and residue is put into sacks and stretched on a frame with pole at one end—or between two poles—as the one pole is twisted to extract the juice and collected in jugs."

"Fermentation takes place, here," she declared—shewing the man with a wide-sweeping gesture: "in open vessels… but then the wine is racked and transferred to other jars… being sealed with rush-bung stoppers and covered with mud capsules; and small holes were made in the tops of the caps to allow for carbon dioxide to escape—but are later sealed up."

"Sometimes it is decanted (strained)… or it is simply siphoned off to prevent the dregs from mixing with the wine…" saith Fortuna—but all he could think of was 'blood,' 'blood mixed with wine'—or, it was racked from one jar to another before being served."

"Wine is made from grapes, dates, palm, pomegranates, and other fruits."

"Palm wine is produced by tapping the tree trunk near its branches and collecting the juices for fermentation," she sayeth, "and date wine is produced by mashing the dates and collecting and fermenting the juice."

The voices of Hesperides came singing: "Mead is from honey made…" and all the girls were dancing like honey-bees.

Fortuna pointed out that "the orchard was full with fruits and vegetables—and hoama and soma were drunk to become immortal."

Faustus watched as floating cherubs carrying the drinking horns of Amalthea pouring out an unlimited supply of ambrosia—as white doves would fly up from the Garden of the Hesperides to an eagle with shiny wings, which would fly down through the heavens at extraordinary speed, to collect the ambrosia from the doves and bring it to the baby Zeus.

Ambrosia was used to cure sickness and disease, heal scars," said Fortuna: "and revive the dead— who would remain in perfect condition forever."

“The Tree of Life and the Forbidden Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil are both here in our garden—the Garden of the Hesperides—where the Peaches of Immortality grow wild.”

“Amrita—a heavenly immortality-giving nectar forbidden to humans was the god’s mead…” said Faustus wrapping her limbs around him—caging him for her kisses. “But Amanita Muscaria—the red mushroom top with white dots (the stem, too, is white)—was the mushroom that created humanity.”

Fortuna seduces and fucks Faustus [ ] and as he kisses her ass… she moves and pretends to sodomize him—which he does not like—but she does not stop, only fucks him so harder; her calling him a bitch and a son-of-a-bitch and a cock-sucker.

Thus, as she so fucked him hard—hard at heart—and in mind, Faustus left the City of God’s Good Governance and wandered away in thought, carrying a pearl given to him by Fortuna.

Thus him manifest alone and apart from everything else, him so following the ever-widening path of Salvation—having neither any idea of where he was… where he’d been… or where he was going or shouldst be going.

The Unknown Indian Family

The last people he met was first an old First Nations man wearing two eagle feathers in his hair, a pregnant young Native woman was with him, nursing a baby wrapped in a ripped-and-torn piece of a dirty, old HBC blanket (unknown to him, it is not his own), she is the age of his son by a deceased first wife (the baby is his), his son also wears a single feather in his hair and carries a small drum, and with them is his younger sister... pregnant (from being raped by a white man - which the brother has murdered). No one knows this - but this is who they are. The old man holds an eagle feather and some burning sage which he smudges himself and his family with - randomly.

“This land belongs to us.” said the old Indian [*Sic.*] to Faustus: “It was a garden then, full of plenty of fur-bearing animals and wild game, rivers were full of fish, the air was clean... and though it was a struggle to survive—since we were uncivilized—we never angered the manitous before... like the White man and the coloured men and the others have done until now... with their railroads, factories, mines and oil wells... and oi-yoi-yoi—all the immigration problems seeded yet to bear stinky flowers of disdain and the sickening fruits of disparity to poison our unborn.”

“You White men are all alike...” said his son. “It doesn’t matter what the colour of your skin is... you are all windigos.”

“Go back home, White man,” said the young mother. “Get out of here…”

“Give us back our land…” cried the baby papoose: “so that we don’t all die like Man of the Hole the last of the [ ] in the Amazon.”

“Or, like Goyalkla—the One Who Yawns, of the Apache, or Ishi—the wild man of the Yahi of the Yana,” said the young Native man. “More than our culture and traditions are gone now forever…”

“Give me back who I am,” cried out the Native girl—more like a ferocious lioness screaming.

The old man broke in a lamentable, drum-like droning on-and-on of speech, saying: “Or the prehistoric Tocobago… or Utina… or Timucua… or Calusa… or the Acuera… and Agna Dulce of the Freshwater tribe in Florida… or the Nacisi… or Acolapissa of Louisiana… or the hunter-gathering Chimariko (who were killed off by the white miners) in California… the Aberginian in Massachusetts… or the Westo of the Yuchi tribe…, or the Ababco of the Algonquin Choptank tribe… or even the Awá in Brazil…”

“Or Shanawdithit of the Beothuk in British Newfoundland,” said the young sister: “Or, Cynthia Ann Parker of the Comanche.”

Then, stood them savages all together in silence as a group—all wearing their paint, with feathers in their hair, like the Celts before time in the Doggerland… or as Picts in the Highlands, near Thule, in Hyperborea of Olde.

Then, the younger of the men began to pound on his drum—bam bam bam bam bam—and he began to sing: “Hi a yi yi yi hi a yi yi yi hi a yi yi yi...”

The older began to slowly shuffle up-and-down and around-and-around, groaning, and raising his arms up to heaven and lowering them back down to earth in methodical repetition...

“Go away, White man. Go away,” cursed the mother, holding out her suckling to them. “This is our land. Give us back what is ours.”

The younger woman began to pick up and throw stones at him: “Ah-tenae, White man. No one invited you here—go away.”

The older woman put her baby down on the ground to pick up a stick... and the baby wiggles free of the scrap of blanket, and crawls and toddles around buck naked. She shakes the stick at him... and he runs off.

“What horrible people,” cried out Faustus to the savages, after him having run away a distance.

“Look around you, Faustus...” he heard a hitherto unheard voice speaking. “Can’t you see why they’re mad—and you should be mad, too.”

In the distance a mushroom cloud appeared.

Then, there was a great boom far away—and the ground around him began to shake. A terrible maelstrom blew with an awful whine... and high overhead another atomic bomb was falling down upon them. But they couldn't see it.

Then all went bright... and they were evaporated along with everything else.

Faustus was sentient, though, of his continued existence as a disembodied eukaryote without thought or feeling—not yet an embryo—and, though, he was slowly becoming more-and-more aware of abiogenetically taking on his previous corporeal form, his memories returned to him… as he gradually remembered his life before this reincarnation... before he was imprisoned within the bomb-born nourishing cytoplasmic bubble of brilliance containing him, restraining him; the brilliance, though, was becoming more-and-more like static—radioactive x-ray translucence—a womb… a cocoon… no longer was life without life as living in emptiness nor in finding life being born from without of the grave. He felt constrained by unknown limitations... reaching out a curious probing hand, he touched a cool, smooth surface.

Faustus felt around, exploring the static protoplasmic environment of "the egg" containing him... at long last, fully aware now of his own Free Will to Power, he began to claw at "the egg shell," picking and tearing at it until a piece was finally broken off... and a cold, wet.

"According to the secret writings of the Ammouneis, Sanchoniatho the Berytian wrote an euhemeristic history of the cosmos," saith the a hitherto unheard voice: "worshipping forces of Nature and the astrological bodies, attempting to discredit the pagan religions."

"Who the hell is Sanchuniathon?"

Ötzi the Iceman began to materialize—appearing to be about 1.65 m (5' 5") tall, weighing about 50 kilograms (110 lbs), and about 45 years of age, with deep-set brown eyes, a beard, a furrowed face, and sunken cheeks.

""He was a man of much learning—inventor of writing… and a man of great curiosity," stated the hitherto unheard voice—now fully heard… and understood: "He wrote about the history of the world since creation… based on the writings of Taatus of Byblos, son of Misor the Well-freed—a son of Amunos and Magos—Titanic Magi whom were 'Wanderers'—and brother of Sydyk Kittum-Niĝgina the Righteous—the father of the Dioskouroi and Kabeiroi and Korybants, which were the Samothracians who are credited with the invention of the ship."

Ötzi was tired looking and ungroomed. His back was tattooed with a group of short parallel, vertical lines on both sides of his lumbar spine, a cruciform mark behind the right knee, and various marks around both ankles. He wore a sophisticated cloak of woven grass, and a coat, belt, leggings, loincloth, and shoes, all made of leather. He also wore a bearskin cap with a leather chinstrap. His belt had a pouch.

A copper axe with a yew handle and a flint-bladed knife with an ash handle were tucked into his belt, and he carried a mammoth ivory inlaid yellowed yew bow... him having a quiver of about fourteen feathered arrows.

In a forward motion moving together aimless, as if in a bubble within a bubble, having a florescent red orb at its zenith and a florescent blue orb at its nadir, floating nowhere in particular... or it so it so seemed to Faustus.

The Fourth Part of the Vision

An Oration by Ötzi the Iceman

Ötzi explained to Faustus that the psychic jelly which had contained him was an amniotic static ectoplasm, and that it was ectenic force that had formed the shell of "the egg." He said that the static was embryonic in nature... made up of immature sub-atomic particles, massless tachyons and gravitons; invariant massless particles of bosons, gluons, and photons; and the fundamental fermions: the six types of quarks—up, down, strange, charm, top, and bottom—these combining to form composite hadrons: baryons and mesons; charged and neutral leptons… and having electric charges, mass, and spin; antiquarks; and antileptons.

"All the kinetic energy in the aeon is relative to particle motion the space-time continuum and to encounters between particles and antiparticles, which leads to the annihilation of both," said Ötzi, "giving rise to high energy gamma rays, weakly interacting subatomic neutrinos, and lower mass particle-antiparticle pairs. Unlike bosons, two fermions cannot occupy the same quantum space."

Faustus had no idea of what the prehistoric man was saying... though he heard and understood every word that was spoken.

"Gamma radiation is of an extremely high frequency and are therefore high energy photons, and like X-rays, can carry enough energy to liberate electrons from atoms or molecules," continued the Iceman. "Thereby ionizing energetic subatomic particles, including alpha- and beta-waves and neutrons—whereas visible light, infrared, microwaves, and radio waves are non-ionizing."

The more Ötzi talked the less Faustus understood... until all he could hear was the drone of a voice lost in the articulatory acoustics of the universe—a buzzing, hissing, pounding, screaming, snapping, crackling, popping, echoing sounds caused by the vibratory motions of cosmic and solar noise coming from supernova remnants, star forming regions, the centers of galaxies, and other virtual point sources such as star-like quasars, (which originate in the very bright centers of distant galaxies, powered by super-massive black holes, these being surrounded by clouds of rotating gas and dust), and pulsars. Spurious thermal (black body) radiation, absorbing and re-radiating energy, and other random vibrations are caused by the continuous collisions between electrons and vibrating ions.

"Electromagnetic radiation releases visible light, x-rays, and ultraviolet radiation, present in sunlight and electric arcs, having longer wavelengths than X-rays, although lacking the energy to ionize atoms," said Ötzi. "The visible light spectrum is present in rainbows and the aurora

borealis—and thermal radiation, or invisible radiant infrared energy, has longer wavelengths than visible light. Bands of microwave radiation as in radio, radar, and satellite communications and directed-energy weapons... and, of course, there are also radio waves, at the opposite end of the spectrum."

"Just as much so as negatively charged almost massless electrons account for most of the size of an atom, the heavier, yet smaller, dense nucleus of an atom, and positively charged protons and electrically neutral neutrons, are also found in atoms..." continued, Ötzi "which form molecules even as proteins and nucleic acid form cells filled with cytoplasm and protoplasm, these being essential for all forms of life. So too are the atomic and subatomic particles essential for the life of the Living Universe."

The Iceman continued speaking, more-so saith he: "protons and neutrons made up of quarks, electrons, negatively charged muons and their positively charged antiparticles, and neutrinos are all subatomic particles."

"Though stable in a vacuum," said Ötzi—looking Faustus straightway in the eye: "positrons, which constitute the antiparticle of a negative electron, quickly react with the electrons by annihilation—producing gamma radiation—as well as superfluous negative energy particles and antielectrons."

"When atomic nuclei and elementary or composite subatomic particles collide, stochastic…" the image of Ötzi itself quick becoming static glitch and skipping as an LP record player's stylus caught up in the glitch of a groove in a pressed album—or, as if wouldst be a cheap cassette player's tape begin to screech before being gobble up… or like antiquated digital online noise…

"When unstable radio-nuclides undergo radioactive decay, ionizing gamma radiation of an extremely high frequency, and therefore biologically harmful, and subatomic particles are emitted. X-rays are emitted by electrons and gamma rays by the atomic nuclei… for; as everyone knows… radioactive decay is a spontaneous process."

The heavens were all the while alive with wavelengths of unheard auditory pitches and cosmic background radiation—and opaque and non-reflective thermal black body radiation emitting infra-red light... in places becoming blindingly brilliant blue-white—and, in places, being redshifts of increasing wavelengths of low frequency photon energy and blueshifts of shorter wavelengths. Everywhere there were plasma oscillations and plasmon quasi-particles ionizing ultraviolet radiation and creating elongated and irregular radio halos emitting low frequency electrons. Magneto-hydrodynamic fields of plasma and fluid electricity radiated as several hundred billion stars forming our galaxy: Vast, dense nebula formed of ionized gasses and dust, star forming regions of vast dimensions, clustering together and forming larger masses, which eventually become massive enough to form stars… and interstellar clouds of ionized gasses… and astronomical objects… and Wolf-Rayet stars exploding into supernovas.

"There are a hundred billion known galaxies, super galaxies, groups of galaxies, and radio galaxies," said Ötzi, "and beyond them are myriads of rogue galaxies which exist outside of known space: clusters of hundreds and thousands of galaxies bound together by gravity and

groups of clusters... all containing radio halos and black holes surrounding super-massive black holes in the active galactic nucleus... many being orbited by satellite galaxies or spiral galaxies."

Faustus sensed as if him was experiencing the unrealized potential of manifestation creating extremely brilliant supernovas that were exploding with radiation—expelling ionic, atomic, and molecular gasses, dust, and cosmic rays at the speed of light… a universal monsoon of driving shockwaves throughout the surrounding interstellar medium.

He could feel dying stars… although he didn't intend nor want to do so.

"Neutron stars result from the gravitational collapse of massive stars after a supernova blows off much of the star," said Ötzi, "leaving an extremely dense collapsed iron core, covered in a thin 'liquid' mantle of electromagnetic energy, and becoming one giant atom made up of nothing but neutrons, and emitting high-energy beams at its north and south poles."

As Ötzi was speaking, Faustus himself began to understand that within him—at least if only as a smallest part of him—his own unrealized potential [ ] as magnetars, the most magnet kind of stars known, are ultra-powerful magnetic neutrons stars which erupt without warning, for hours or months; intergalactic rogue stars and binary pulsars rotating around a common central mass, consisting of two pulsars, and binary stars consisting of two stars, and multiple star systems, all orbit common central masses.

"I've heard atheists call it the Big Bang," said Faustus. "But they don't believe that God created the universe and everything in it in six days."

Ötzi just laughed, "The Big Bang is a constant, unchanging in its persistence, in a constant state of flux—as if it were breathing, or a heart bleeding blood—and enduring, existing beyond all comprehension of life and death, or the space-time continuum... or of multi-dimensional super-consciousness."

Faustus said, "You sound as if you don't believe in God either."

"I don't believe you are capable of comprehending the true nature of God, Faustus." Ötzi said.

Faustus replied: "The Big Bang seemingly created more matter than antimatter..."

"Strothe, Fool;" interrupted Ötzi answered: "you're creating God in your own mortal image… inasmuch as you are capable of understanding or imagining… Galaxies are speeding toward a point between the constellations of Centaurus and Vela. Something huge, maybe another universe, might be pulling them in."

As the bubble containing them passed by stars, Ötzi pointed them out and named for Faustus: "VY Canis Majoris the Red Hyper-giant, which is the largest known star; Mu Cephuei the Red Super-giant; Antares A the Red Super-giant; Pistol Star the Blue Hyper-giant; Rigel the Blue Super-giant; Aldebaran the Red Giant; Arcturus the Red Giant; Pollux the Orange Giant; and

Sirus A… and the Sun, which makes up 99.86% of the solar system's mass—it's gravity is the majority force for two light years, nearly halfway to the nearest star."

"Here, just beyond Neptune," Ötzi continued speaking: "is the Kuiper asteroid belt—and the Kuiper Cliff, which is at the edge of our solar system… and the amount of space rock falls sharply."

Faustus interjected: "One explanation is that Planet X is sweeping the area of debris—isn't it!?"

"You mean our eight-planet planetary system (and the ice ball Pluto)." Ötzi said: "Jupiter, Uranus and Neptune all have rings, too thin and dark to see from earth… and Saturn has 53 moons—two are within its rings—controlling ring F'S movement."

More-so, he stated: "Saturn's moon Enceladus has a cryovolcano, blasting water into space… caused by Saturn's gravity heating an underground ocean on the moon."

"There are five dwarf planets: Haumea, Ceres, Pluto, Eris, and Makemake." Ötzi continued: "Vulcan was a false dwarf planet, created to explain away irregularities in Mercury's orbit.

"There are 535,000 minor planets measuring over 1 km across; 3000 are registered each month."

"The hypothetical Planet Uribinix (between Mars and Jupiter) and their Martian colony…" said Ötzi, "were both destroyed during the Great Uribinian Civil War—the first planetary war in our solar system—Uribinix was reduced to a pulverized asteroid belt and the Martian Colony was poisoned—for ever. Some fools thought they could hide out in secret cities—holes delved deep into the planet… under the mountains and the oceans… but they also all died horrible ends. Only those which hadst escaped to our planet—the Earth—during the Jurassic Era were truly safe… as all others were either completely destroyed or doomed in outer space."

Ötzi went silent for awhile… staring into Faustus' eyes—him blandly returning a dumfounded gaze—him resigned to hear what was being said albeit him understood not much more than the words that were spoken.

"Sound exists in the virtual vacuum of space in the form of electromagnetic vibrations that pulsate in wavelengths…" remarked Ötzi, " complex interactions of charged electromagnetic solar particles from the Solar Wind, ionosphere, and planetary magnetosphere.

"We actually live within the atmosphere of the sun, in an area called the corona. When charged particles in solar winds collide with the Earth's atmosphere and magnetic field, light is produced. The Aurora Borealis (Northern Lights) and Australis (Southern Lights) are evidence of this… as created by solar winds.

"Remember, Faustus—that both Mars and Earth shared the same fertile zone around the Sun, whereof it is neither too hot nor too cold to naught but create and sustain life. During the Great Martian Civil War [ ] Mars was poisoned and so devastated…

“Volcanoes or asteroids sometime ago blasted rock from Mars towards earth… normally landing in Antarctica or in the Sahara—the eldest dating aback 45 billion years: (cf. the holy black rock of the Muslims).

“So, too, did a huge asteroid hit Mercury, creating a 13,000 km crater: the Caloris Basin: The shock wave wrinkled the crust on the opposite side of Mercury, creating hills.

“Mercury isn’t the hottest planet in the solar system; its lack of atmosphere prevents heat being trapped. Venus, however, reaches temperatures of 465° C.

“Earth spins on its axis at 460 m/sec and whirls around the galaxy center at 220 km/sec. Days get 1.4 milliseconds longer every century as the earth’s rotation slows: (at the time of the dinosaurs a day lasted 23 hours).”

“We all live in the past.” Faustus said, trying to sound smart—knowledgeable…”

“Yes,” replied Ötzi: “A time lag between things happening and us experiencing them is around 80 milliseconds. “The shortest moment of time that can exist is Planck time, though, which is approximately 5.39 X 10ˆ-44 seconds long.”

“If the earth’s existence were compressed into just 24 hours humans would arrive at about one minute to midnight.”

Ötzi’s voice began to diminish in volume… sounding as if from far away and growing more distant: “Gravity slows down time...”

Ötzi was beginning to disappear—but his full absence wouldst naught yet haps quickly.

The Great Pleiadesian Experimental Game of Creation

The Pleiadians had evolved beyond disease and social disparity by creating a unified government based on their hive mentality. Everyone thought and acted as one, expressing only the lighter side of their natures. They became spiritually stagnant and unable to progress, though, due to the repression of their ‘dark nature,’ and their suppression of masculinity and use of their three lower chakras. As a result they, on an unconscious spiritual level called forth a dead race [ ] who were their polar opposites. At first they came projecting peace... but after many years their true agenda was realized. In the ongoing effort to fight off their enemy the homeworld was destroyed.

Survivors fled to many remote places in the galaxy and eventually established colonies—as here on earth.

The Pleiadians first created proto-hominids in the Lyrain constellation, some eight million years ago—and they seeded the third dimensional universe with the Carians—a bird-headed people (resembling humans with eagle-like features; the Felines, resembling lion-headed humans, which

were settled in Sirius—after a brutal galactic war with the Reptilians and the Carians, both, which destroyed Avyon, the Feline homeworld in Lyra.

Twelve highly evolved Pleiadians called the Founders of the Universe integrated light and dark energy, known as "Polarity Integration." They organized a mixed group of ninety: forty-five Carians and forty-five Felines—the two primary "soulless" bipedal races of our universe—and arrived in our universe.

The ninety formed the Founder's Council and elected the Feline patriarch Devaine as their liaison between themselves and the Founders. The Carians, representing the dark, were given a planet in the Orion constellation while the Felines, representing the light, were given a planet in the Lyra constellation—as so said, for their new homeworlds.

The Felineians named their homeworld Avyon—which was a paradise with mountains, rivers, streams and oceans. When they arrived they were in etheric form, but after millions of years and countless incarnation cycles, they evolved physical bodies using the DNA from a bipedal simian-like mammal that was natural to the evolution of the planet—them, though, yet retaining their etheric consciousness.

The Felineians developed bodies that were between 12 and 16 feet tall, their skin was covered in soft fuzz, and both the males and females had manes. Their eye colour ranged from blue to gold and changed as they aged into golden brown and white. They are curious and inquisitive by nature, sanguine and intellectual, becoming more-and-more somber, introspective and gentle as they matured. The elders are revered for their wisdom, compassion and insight.

The Sirian homeworld was a planet with two suns—one was blue and the other was a smaller yellow one—purple and green grass, and the sky was a combination of green and pink. The days were moderately light or bright depending on the positions of the stars. In this cool, well irrigated and highly verdant land with lush vegetation, evolved a great technologically advanced race of beings known as the Paschats.

There were four tribes of the Paschats: the Karidel—rulers and philosophers, who were brownish or fawn in complexion and had blue eyes; the Orotheta—warriors and protectors, who were sandy in complexion and had orange eyes; the Paetri—creative artisans and skilled craftsmen, who were either pale-whitish or gray in complexion and had green or turquoise eyes; and the Eata—a general folk who were very strong physically and could adapt anywhere, being a mixture of the others and often striped.

The Felines developed the technology capable of space travel at warp speeds, becoming great explores and genetic engineers. Their scientists began a program of gene splicing that would eventually give them a soul... and in the process the first Adamite humans were created: there were two strains—the redheaded strain being more outgoing and energetic and the platinum-blond strain being more gentle natured and introspective: (Anu was the reigning patriarch of the royal house of the humans.)

Both Felines and Carians evolved incarnate physical forms and pure royal lines within their ever-growing races. When their physical vehicles had reached a certain level of development, the Carians began genetically crossbreeding (something they had learned form the Felines) with certain reptiles that had evolved in the swamps and warmer regions of Nibiru. The result of their eugenic experiments resulted in the creation of a Draconian hybrid species—part Carian and part Reptilian.

The Draconian Reptilians became more abundant in the "royal line of Aln" than the purebred Carian "royal House of Avyon." The House of Aln was headed by a winged-serpent known as Cobazar father of Jehovah. The Carians were modest and ethical and renowned for their sharp analytical abilities and organizational skills. They were also known for their militaristic capabilities and their starships, which were more advanced than any other in the universe.

Both the Carianians and Felineians had crossbred with other lifeforms native to their respective homeworlds, creating new races of beings: the Carian Reptiles and the Feline Humans, which also learned how to create wormholes and travel through space. The Draconian Reptilians were created many millions of years before the humans. Then the Reptilians invaded Lyra and colonized a planet near the Humans. Through the mixing of these races a caste system was established: There was the royalty, the priestly caste, the scientists and military. The remainder of the subservient population made up the worker caste. A great rift transpired between the two royal families and there was a Great Galactic War... this was when Shimabala and Cobazar were killed.

Many humans turned to the dark side of their nature and worshipped the reptilian gods, which brought about the downfall of Lemuria and Atlantis. Some examples of human worship of Carian godlings are: the Egyptians Baset, her son Mihos, and-or Sekhmet. Likewise, some examples of human worship of Reptilian godlings are the Hyperborean Boreas the North Wind, the Sumerian Ningishzida, the Egyptian Sobek and-or the Semitic Lilith.

Of Telos—a cave city, in Lemuria

The Lemurians were a tall apelike, hermaphroditic race of egg-laying, mentally undeveloped hominids, but spiritually more mature than the other "root races"—although they turned to decadence and bestiality. Aghast, the gods destroyed the Lemurians and sank the Lemurian subcontinent before the founding of Atlantis. The Lemurian Age took place approximately between the years 4,500,000 to about 12,000+ years ago. The Lemurian race was a mixture of beings that came mainly from Sirius, Alpha Centauri and a smaller number of lesser planets.

Lemurians had jelly-like pliable bodies which slowly developed physicality. These androgynous beings lived in perpetual torpor.

The Lemurians constructed a city (named Telos) in a large domed-cave under Mount Shasta (in California) and refugees took shelter here. They could control the energies surrounding the auras to create a peaceful freedom from fear so that their etheric bodies could survive after the sinking of Lemuria. After its sinking, the atmosphere became very cold because the sunlight was not able

to penetrate the thick toxic debris that had been thrown up into the ionosphere. Very little could grow and many plants and animals went extinct.

The disastrous cycle began with volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and collapses of subterranean gas belts. Magnetic waves started moving around the globe, and Lemuria slipped beneath the waves.

King Ra and Queen Ra Mu—the Twin Flames—were the ultimate rulers of Telos, but they were subject to a Council of Light made up of thirteen ascended masters: six males and six females. The High Priest of Telos was the thirteenth member and made the final decision on any matter having the veto voter. It was the king and queen, though, who selected the council members.

At the time of the sinking of Lemuria, Adama was the inherent officiate of the Priesthood of Melchizadok.

The cave city of Telos was constructed in five levels: The first level was where administrative and public buildings were located, as well as several temples and the white pyramid temple of Ma'Ra. The second level was dedicated to production and manufacturing and had schools. The third level was consecrated wholly for hydroponic organic gardens. Likewise, the fourth level also contained hydroponic gardens, but parks as well, with small lakes and fountains. The fifth level was totally consecrated to nature, being a wild habitat for various vegetarian animals.

The Reptilian Draconian Empire

The Reptilian Draconian Empire established control over the hominids of Earth before recorded history—but almost all of the prehistoric writings referring to them were either in the form of cuneiform on clay tablets or papyrus, none of which survived the Deluge—all the dried clay tablets melting in the wetness and the scrolls rotting and becoming worm-eaten… and all of the songs, ballads and legends that did survive were later lost with the sinking of Atlantis.

The Atlanteans are the older Hyperboreans of the “root race” of the human species—scripturally, as according to the Four Sons of No'ah Utnapishtim.

Hyperborean Atlantis

Atlantis was never a phantom island nor in the Atlantic Ocean, but was created in the early stages of the Deluge. The Atlantean civilization had been established on the lowland of the landbridge between North Africa and Greece-Italy which was not so much sunk as in falling into the sea but flooded by the rising waters of the two great inland seas, as fed by river runoff of the melting and retreating glacial ice, which was joined by a rising of the oceans, such as the Atlantic that flooded o’er the Straights of Gibraltar so as to flood the lowlands of the interior and facilitate creation of what today is known as the Mediterranean Sea.

Although its people were technologically advanced, this did not mean that they were capable of the extraterrestrial sciences... they were merely prehistoric Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon tribes, which were more advanced than any of the other races of hominids in their time.

Then, in the Land of Nod, east of Eden, emerged the Annunaki, whom created slaves to serve them, which were the Igigi, whom quick fell into rebellion.

Paleolithic Fire Worship and Cave-Bear Worship

The pre-Neolithic Göbekli Tepe civilization flourished—as didst the culture associated with the Henges, most notably Stonehenge. The megalithic Temple of Ġgantija and Tarxien temples on the island of Malta were active fertility cult centers… and, thousands of miles, or kilometers away—in South America a Mesoamerican Black Sun was worshipped—and the winged and feathered Quetzalcoatl was god.

Throughout Hyperborea, remnant survivors of the inundation of the Doggerland existed as primeval proto-Germanic cousins of Solutrean Eden, which practiced the urreligion of Urmonotheismus.

Then, Ötzi and Faustus were together again—on the moon— watching the earth form and take shape. They saw the emergence and genesis of life unto emergence of hominids and the march of mankind.

Ötzi begins to fade... and becomes lost in a pressing crowd, which materialized all around Faustus and swept him up and carried him along.

Eventually, from amongst those around him, some from the old Indian's tribe who are present, hail him as the Monkey King of the Human Beings... and then they begin to talk amongst themselves of sacrificing him... but, sensing danger on all sides, Faustus runs away; pursued by the other men, who have begun to shoot at him with arrows—and chuck stones: and that's last Faustus sees of Ötzi… albeit him three times denies knowing the Iceman.

The last Faustus saw of him—as him was watching from afar off, as he walked away into the rising sun... after a long time had passed, his shadow crawled out from beneath him and stretched itself into the dull light of a storm on the distant horizon. Then he was gone.

Faustus began to worry that he'd be caught in a lightning storm which he saw gathering there, in the distance… whereat he last saw Ötzi… and, where formed black clouds bursting with torrents of hail and rain; but seeing an old decrepit barn in the distance, he ran for safety from the storm. It was unpainted and tilted to one side, its roof sagging in the middle—swallows flirted about it's rafters. Thinking it a good place to hide out the quick coming storm, and thankful for shelter, he took refuge inside it… and therein he found Laura—his Dreamgirl, playing the milkmaid and singing a saucy song as she milked the cow.

She seduces him with a smile—and his phallus grew hard, throbbing in anticipation of his happy readily-submission to her charms… and him moves to undo his robes—and her apparel falls from her like water, as she goes down on her knees before him…

Him, he closes his eyes... as his knees weaken—and together they fall in a heap. Her then lays her legs spread apart before him—and him so mounts her... enters her... her legs wrapping around him (so that he cannot get away). Thus they roll around like this—him entirely her captive.

Then, in an instant, he is on his back with her sitting up on top of him—still in her as her hips go wildly writhing and churning—and as he ejaculates… she vanishes… leaving him alone—and he thus awakens to sensibility as he is masturbating...

"She was a ghost…" he utters.

He sits up—his loins and stomach wet from his ejaculate—and he begins feeling shame and remorse. So it is that he sits a long time like that… unable to think… and thence he experiences having a vision.

Faustus watches himself as he takes refuge in the barn: Barn swallows flitter about in the rafters. Whilest he is sitting there... he envisions a bright orb appear out of the nothingness in the empty air around him, which slowly becomes a swirling mass of sparkling electric fire-flowers that envelope not only the vision but himself, voyeur caught up in watching… and him aware seeing the entire barn so consumed. Then, he was totally awed by the display as it took the form of a great fire floating above the floor (which consumed not though it burned).

He witnessed within this Divine Fire the persons of Joseph of Arimathea and Saint Nicodemus, with Pharamond der Merovingian and his grandson, Merovech… and his wife, Brunhilda of Austrasia… and Clovis I and Charles Martel and Charlemagne and Hugh Capet… and Louis XIV the Sun King… and Emperor Napoléon I Bonaparte the Great…

Thence didst Orlando (Roland) sound Oliphant… and so appeared Tuathal Teachtmhar, son of Fiacha Finnfolaidh and Princess Baine of England, whom was daughter of the King of England: Bain, or Brid (Mary, daughter of Mary by Jesus) was the wife of Tuathal Teachtmhar.

So, too, came in procession King Pellas (Antfortas)—the maimed Fisher King, King Arthur of Dálriada with Myrddin behind him on his right and Sir Galahad and Sir Lancelot du Lac behind him, with Elaine of Corbenic), Sir Perceval of Gales—him holding Sangréal (Holy Grail) and Sir Bors. Jacques de Molay followed.

Then came Mary, the eldest, and James—the children of Yeshua ha-Notzri the Galilaean of Nazareth, called Jesus the Christ, and the hair-dresser Miriam Magdala: Judah was their youngest child—him was most likely murdered by the Apostle Paul in Britain, before the beheading of Jesus in Britain… the head being carried away with him to Jonathan—and him later brutally torturing James, brother of Jesus, in public before putting him to death.

The Apocalyptical Revelation of the Damnable Dr. Faustus

The Heavenly Host

"I Am that I Am not quick become to destroy, but to fulfill."

Faustus watched as a vision unfolded: The Risen Christ (Joshua ben Pantera called Jesus of Nazareth the Messiah) appeared as a man wearing a long breechclout wrapped around his hips and covering his upper legs-a pure white dove with an olive branch in its beak hovered above his holy head—him wearing his crown of thorns and his heade clothed in a nimbus of golden light… his bleeding heart visible within his bared chest, as if he were translucent—and it was on fire and wrapped in thorns. In his right hand he held a standard pole with a long swallowtail banner emblazoned with a red Teutonic cross. In his left hand he bore an unfurled scroll, upon which was inscribed the Law of the New Covenant: (one simple word in flaming letters): "Love." Both his hands and his feet bore the marks of the nails which pinned him to the cross. Mixed blood and water, like fresh wine, could be seen seeping out of a wound in his left side.

Kneeling before Christ and facing forward was Saint Dismas Rahk the Penitent Thief—and he was holding a long slender gleaming silver-shining pole with three light-blue rings—large, medium and small—all floating above it, one-inside-the-other.

Saint Catherine of Sienna is standing beside Christ (on his right) holding a small golden ring and on her right side was blond-haired, blue-eyed Saint Jehanne d'Arc, wearing clean and shining armour, with a two-edged sword sheathed on her left hip, and holding a lance pole in her hands from which flutters her white swallow-tailed battle standard... Saint Thérèse of Lisieux of the Holy Face of the Child Jesus stood beside Jehanne, on her right hand, her own white hand delicately touching the hem of the great Amazon's battle standard.

The Holy Family

On Jesus' left side stood his wife, Mary Magdalene, the sinful woman of Bethany (sister of Lazarus ben Jarius the centurion) with two of her children by our Lord in front of her: Tamar (on the left) and Jesus Justus Titus (on the right).

Saint John the Divine Evangelist was on Mary Magdalene's left side. Standing between them and behind them was Mary Magdalene's handmaiden Lydia (a widow), the Lord's mistress. Gathered behind them were the half-sisters of Jesus of Nazareth: Saint Sarah the Black, Mary Salome (the Virgin Mary's older sister the wife of Zebedee and mother of the Sons of Thunder), Susanna the Lily—Apostola Apostolorum, with Joanna, Anna, Elizabeth (Elisheva), and Phoebe between them and behind them. Behind were Miriam (sister of Philip), Arsinoe, and Martha (sister of Lazarus ben Jarius the centurion), and the disciples: Joanna (wife of Chuza) and Salome (wife of Zebedee).

stylus

Our Lord's half-brothers: Jose (Joseph), Judase (Jude), and Silas Simon—and his stepfather Saint Joseph with his brother, Cleophas, and his wife Mary, and their child Bishop Simeon.

Saint Anne bint Faqud the mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary and Heli (Helios) were with them, as well as Elizabeth, sister of Helios and the wife of Zacharius the Zadokite, whom were the parent's of Saint John the Baptizer (cousin of our Lord).

Standing behind Saint Thérèse of Lisieux on either side of her were the Great Martyr Saint Catharine of Alexandria of the Wheel and Saint Margaret the Virgin-Martyr of Antioch.

Behind the Divine Evangelist stood two men: on his right was Saint Peter and on the left was Saint Paul—Saint James the Just, first Bishop of Jerusalem (half-brother of Jesus) stood between them, yet behind them: On Saint James' left stood the three Synoptic Evangelists Saint Matthew, Saint Mark and Saint Luke; and on his right stood two cousins of the Lord: James ben Zebedee and John ben Zebedee the Sons of Thunder.

The Catholics were among these, including: Desiderius Erasmus, Prince of the humanists; Queen Marguerite de Navarre—the first modern woman; the Protestants: Jan Hus (Czech)—whom was burned at the stake; Huldrich Zwingli (Swiss); Martin Luther (German) and Philipp Melanchthon (German); and John Calvin; Martin Bucer (German), William Farel (French).

Huguenot martyrs stood by them, including: Gaspard II de Coligny, Seigneur de Châtillon (French), Nicholas Mius de Grynn (German-Swiss), and their grandson François-Birgine "Philippe I" Mius d'Entremont, 1st Baron de Pobomcoup—progenitor of the Muise and d'Entremont families of Acadia (Nova Scotia)—him bearing a black Huguenot cross atop a pole: (a Maltese cross with each of the eight points of the four swallow-tail parts being tipped with a small orb, and having a fleur-de-lis between each of the four parts, their ends forming a circle - the bottom part having a descending dove between the swallow-tail).

The anti-Trinitarian Étienne Dolet, who was burned with his books, was with them, as well.

Behind Saint Paul, were Priscilla and Aquila… and behind them were 68 other disciples: Some of which were (as follows): Saint Thecla, Saint Silas, Saint Timothy, Saint Barnabas, Andronicus and Junia, Mary of Clopas, Tabitha-Dorcus, Lydia, Phoebe, Tryphena of Rome and Tryphosa, Julia, Nympha and Apphia. Behind these are the visionary mystics: Saint Brigit of Sweden, Blessed Anne Catherine Emmerich the Stigmatic, Saint Margaret Mary Alacoque, Saint Theresa of Avila, Saint Faustina Kowalski, Saint Catherine of Genoa, Saint Lidwina of Schiedam, Saint Juan Diego, Sister Mary of the Divine Heart (Drostę zu Vischering), Saint Ananias of Damascus, Saint Francis of Assisi, Saint Juliana of Liège, Saint Simon Stock, Saint Julian of Norwich, Venerable Maria de Ágreda the Lady in Blue, Saint Veronica Giuliani, Marie of Saint Peter—a Carmelite, Marie Martha Chambon, Saint Gemma Galgani—the Virgin of Lucca, Saint Pio of Pietrelcina, Sister Maria Pierina De Micheli, Saint John Bosco, Saint Bernadette Soubirous (age 14), and three children: Lúcia Santos and her cousins Jacinita and Francisco Marto. As well as Veronica Leuken, Claire Ferchaud, Marie Valtorta.

Hovering alone, to the left of this Heavenly Host –all of these bearing palm fronds and ostrich feathers—was Saint John the Baptizer, Teacher of Righteousness: he spoke to Faustus, saying, "Anathemas, anathema... and again Anathema to progress and the sciences."

On their knees clustered around him were: Galileo, Copercurnicus, Kepler, Francis Bacon, Darwin, and other scientists… all pleading for "divine mercy."

The Archangels

Floating in the shimmering heat above Jesus was the Taxiarch Archangel Michael carrying a round, red shield—and it was trimmed in black and emblazoned with the white mystic blood drop cross (having a red "blood drop" in the center of a black-trimmed diamond at the center of the cross). In his right hand, his arm extended before him, he carried a rope of some heavenly material formed into a noose with thirteen rings. A spear of light and electricity and fire flowed from between his fiery eyes, downward descending into a swirling red-black mass underneath the Heavenly Host, which is the writhing serpent Satan, having seven heads and seven crowns—skewered by Michael's dart. And in the great red-black mass can be seen black-and-red devils blowing fearful horns of fire, rancorous and bearing rusty iron swords, axes, and pole-arms... giving battle to white white-robed feather-winged Angels wielding sharp two-edged swords of gleaming, glittering steel of light and electricity and fire.

In smoke above Archangel Michael, the Holy Ghost can be seen… and high above were the seven planets—the gods—and the archons: Yaldabaoth (Saturn), Iao (Jupiter), Sabaoth (Mars), Astaphanos (Venus), Adonaios (Sun), Elaios (Mercury), Horaios (Moon)... and above them the starry heavens with a shooting comet.

Flying on the left side of Michael the Archangel were the Archangels Raphael, Uriel, Raguel, Remiel, Saraqael—and Chamuel, Jophiel, and Zadkeil—and Anael, Simiel, and Oriphiel—Cecitiel, Oriel, Ananiel, and Momarniel (the clouds in his hands)—Sariel, Jerahmeel, Izidkiel, Hanael (Haniel), and Kepharel—and Suriel—and Selaphiel, Jegudiel, and Barachiel.

Behind these were the Great Fathers of the Church: the Apostolic Fathers, the Greek Fathers, the Latin Fathers, the Syriac Fathers and the Desert Fathers—represented by Anthony the Great and Pachomius, and the Anti-Nicene Fathers.

Flying on the right side of Michael the Archangel was the Archangel Gabriel sounding a silver trumpet—with seven lesser Angels with silver trumpets behind him in a row.

Behind these were the martyrs: James of Zebedee (executed by sword), St. Stephan and James the Just (both having been stoned to death). Six Apostles: Andrew, Bartholomew, Jude, Philip, Simon the Zealot and Thomas.

Saint Agnes; Saint Euphemia; Saint Justin Martyr; and Origen Adamantius; Bishop Polycarp of Smyrna; Pope Fabian; Saint Sebastien; Saint Felix and Saint Adauctus: Saint Marcelinus; Saint Peter; Saint Perpetua and Saint Felicity; Saint Ptolemaeus and Saint Lucius; Bishop Ponthius of

stylus

Lyon with Blandina and the martyrs of Lyon and Vienne: Attalus, Epipodius and Alexander, Maturus, Saint Ponticus, deacon Sanctus from Vienne, and a fifteen-year-old boy.

The Scillitan martyrs: Latin—Aquilinus, Donata, Felix, Generosa, Januaria, Laetantius, Secunda, Speratus, Vestia, Veturius; and Punic—Nartzalus and Cintinus (Cittinus).

The forty martyrs of Sebaste; Saint Alban; Ignatius Theophorus of Antioch; Saint Arfa, Saint Behnem, Saint Cecila, Saint Januarius, Lawrence of Rome, Saint Lucy, Saint Vincent Martyr of Sarragosa and Saint Vitus.

Valentine and Engratia; Ludmila of Bohemia; King Edward the Martyr; Jovan Vladmir; Stanislaus of Szczepanów; Saint Thomas Beckett; Tsar Lazar; John (Jan) Huss and Jerome of Prague.

The Oxford martyrs: Anglican Bishops Thomas Cranmer, Hugh Latimer and Nicholas Ridley.

The numerous martyrs of the English Reformation—those who were executed and those who sickened and died in prison under King Henry VIII, King Edward VI, Queen Mary I, Elizabeth I and James I.

The eight Jesuit missionaries among the Huron martyred by the Iroquois (notably the Mohawks): St. René Goupil, St. Isaac Jogues, St. Jean de Lalande, St. Antoine Daniel, St. Jean de Brébeuf, St. Noël Chabanel, St. Charles Garnier and St. Gabriel Lalemant.

The Drina nuns (martyred by the Chetniks): Julia Ivanišević, Berchmana Leidenix, Krizina Bojanc, Antonija Fabjan and Bernadeta Banja (Bernadett Bánya).

And the forty martyrs of England and Wales.

The martyrs were followed by a faceless mass made up of those who were either known or not known: crimson-red martyrs (who had suffered tortures before death), followed by the white aesthetics, and followed by the blue-green penitents. These all wore capirotes—a penitent's pointed hat and the face coverings worn by those condemned to burning at the stake... which is why I say they were faceless people.

Among them were: Imperial Wizards (leaders), in purple and-or blue robes; Grand Dragons, in green and-or red robes; Great Titans in reddish-purple robes; Exalted Cyclops, in golden robes; Knighthawks (security), in black robes; and kleagels, in red robes.

Many of them had a variety of stripes and-or emblems on their robes, or wore sashes. Some of these were carrying long black poles with flaming crosses burning on top of them, others wielded hangman's nooses of the same heavenly material as Archangel Michael's noose, long black poles topped with fasces—the polished steel glistening and glinting; black iron Parteiiadler eagles atop circles containing a flaming globe—the earth on fire in nuclear holocaust.

stylus

Some of them carried red flags, banners or pennants emblazoned with “white diamonds on them, having a black circle containing the Lahun symbol (a circle dissected by a vertical line) or a Celtic cross”; or a “black Greek meander—a decorative shape in a repeated motif made of straight lines—with white edge-trim on it (looking very much like an upside down red “7” and “L” in a black rectangle- creating the illusion of a solid continuously bending straight line)”: And black flags, banners or pennants with red circles containing the blood drop cross—already described; the Schutzstaffel—with two stylized Armanen Sig runes (“SS”)—the gibor and bind runes; white SS-Totenkopfverbände death’s heads—a skull over cross-bones; the Algiz rune (looking like an upside down peace symbol—this itself being nothing more than an upside down cross with its arms broken); the Wolfsangel (looking like a backwards capital “N” with a vertical crossbar between the two end bars).

Many carried long swallowtail banners having different black numbers were in long, thin vertical white diamonds bordered in red or black—most notably: 0%, 9%, 2:22, 3, 3:33, 4:44, 5:55, 6, 7, 9, 11, 11-11, 12:12, 13, 14, 14-88, 14/88, 18, 21, 22, 27, 28, 33, 39, 77, 83, 88, 93, 111, 322, 333, 666, 911, 999, 1118, 1488, 3333, 7744. There were also symbols: AΩ, π, ∞, Ψ, ∑; letters: G, M; combination of letters: AH, JH, TQ, TV; and combinations of numbers and symbols: H 5, Y 10, V 6, HA 44, VV 12, YVD 20.

Many of the flags, banners and pennants were gold-fringed or black-fringed.

The Ancient of Days and the Aeons

Behind all these souls were 100,000,000 other indiscernible Angelic beings... streaming back into an orb of Divine Light emitted from the Ancient of Days seated upon the Heavenly Throne in the empty, dead darkness—a glorious illumination of enlightened understanding emanated all around the orb in every direction extending... except below it, which was like an ocean of whiteness (wherein all the colours swirled and blended together). The Glory of God emanated from the throne as a brilliant light—like jasper or carnelian stones—as spikes made of filaments, beams and electrostatic plasma. A pulsing, breathing rainbow resembling an emerald encircled the throne—and flashes of infrared and ultraviolet lightning, and x-rays and gamma rays shot out of the Divine luminescence amidst rumbling peals of extremely low frequency thunder.

Around the Heavenly Throne were seven androgynous rhadamanthine Aeons—these were gargantuan protective pneumatological quasi-incorporeal qualiaic-sentiences with even more excellent power and authority of glory than the Archangels. Four of the Aeons stood alone—one on each side—around the Heavenly Throne, looking away from the Ancient of Days: one was blue, one yellow, another was green, and the last one was red. Each one was clothed in a lithon robe which shone like white fire, being was bound around their waist by a braided cord of lithon, knotted with small Gordian knots on the frayed ends. None of the six had eyebrows... but all of them bore the same mark on middle of their foreheads: three concentric light-blue circles—one was small, another medium, and the third was large—one inside the other. Each of the Aeons bore a fiery sword in their right hand, forged out of plasmic-tachyonium… and alive… with electricity and sparkling lightning, except for Archean Sinistra the Yellow, who bore it in his left hand. All four had flames for hair and something harder than diamonds for brilliance of dazzling

stylus

eyes. The four cardinal Aeons also carried a long kite shield made of prima materia, emblazoned with the wadjet (or "Eye of Horus") which was alive and looking around.

The eminent Cacūminis Consummatio, in authority over the other five Aeons, was aloof above the Heavenly Throne... slowly spining in a clockwise motion (and from his mind's eye flowed the source of all physical and supernatural psionic torsion in the universe). Instead of a sword this Aeon was armed with a halberd topped with an axe-blade and thorn (hook) on the back side of the axe-blade (and used for grappling and dismounting riders) and mounted with a long, slender spike—these being forged out of the same plasmic-tachyonium as the others' swords. The shaft of the halberd had been carved from a hardwood branch pruned off the world-tree Yggdrysil. Below the haft (where the blade was fastened to the pole) a tassel made out of long black hairs combed from the mane of the stallion Svaðilfari (father of the eight-legged Sleipnir): This was bound to the polearm by a single thread of lithon woven and tied with a Gordian knot. The Aeon held the long shaft with both hands... and from it waved a fiery pennant containing the three concentric blue circles one inside the other—each spinning and turning at different speeds (with the rate of rotation being slowest on the outside disk).

The four cardinal Aeons were: Hadea the Red, who stood behind the Heavenly Throne—and was very violent and dark in nature (and from his mind's eye all the atomic particles, subparticles, and heavenly bodies were generated). Archea Sinistra the Yellow stood to the left of the Heavenly Throne –called "Quick Becoming" and furious if his wrath were provoked (and from his mind's eye all torsions and cosmic background radiation were generated). Proterozo the Green stood at the right of the Heavenly Throne—he was very cold... but could also be quite emotionally emphatic (and from his mind's eye came moist life-giving breath to the inanimate cosmos). Phanerozo the Blue stood before the Heavenly Throne—he was the source of all life (and from within his mind's eye flowed out the psychic energy driving the emotional and intellectual nature of quasi-physical cathexis).

Beneath the Heavenly Throne were two back-to-back syzygistic Aeons standing on guard within the all-whiteness below the Heavenly Court—and both of these were ambassadorial hostages.: One was masculine, being white and having black eyes and nails, and the other was feminine, being black and having white eyes and nails—and their eyes had no iris or pupil. These two were turning counter-clockwise together and neither bore kite shield, sword, nor polearm: Above the palms of the feminine Nad'a Naẓīr the Black Oracle floated a translucent spherical hýdōrorb shew stone (made of a synthesized pseudo-mixture of wurtzide boron nitrate and lonsdaleite hypostatically gelled with thermoplastic polycarbonate nanomaterials) in which she could skry all the different particulars, generalities and the singularity of all the macrocosmic universe, and the entirety of the cosmos' consciousness contained therein it; even the thermoelectromagnetic microcosms, but most especially the psiconscious biodynamic individualities co-existing within the substatic hyperdimensional continuum—but not a 'hive mind' of convenience: (The Seer called this synthesized-gem "The Eye of Topheth").

Her masculine twin Nix Naẓīr the White held one of the long, yellowed and time-worn, curved horns taken from the corpse of Auðumbla—the primeval cow: (He called this fabulous horn "Aurgelmirshorn"): (This was to blow in the event of cataclysmic catastrophe).

All seven of the Aeons were clairvoyant so that they were all-seeing and all-knowing and possessed telekinetic powers, with the ability to change and shape the cosmos and the lives of every being living within it.

at-Baillerośāṭānas of the Evil-Eye the Accuser

Standing before the Throne of Glory is certain of the Primalities—and these appear as witnesses against Faustus. Present amongst these were: at-Baillerośāṭānas of the Evil-Eye, which was employed at prosecuting Faustus' soul… and Benihana the Blue Lady, whom was defending Faustus' soul; four witnesses: Brútenkidu the Beast, Love, Hate, and Fatal Laughter; Neteru the Watcher; and Smegma Tenio of the Holy Ghost were also present, as was Linus the Clown—a bad court jester of the Heavenly Court.

at-Baillerośāṭānas of the Evil-Eye the Accuser of the brethren of the saints was a sinister male cycloptic cenobite—an extra-dimensional telekinetic being which mutilates and tortures the souls of humans—these being created of mortal flesh, hunger and desire. He was a lime green hominid with one black empty eye (having no reflection) in the middle of his face. He was bald, had two pointy ears, and two antennae growing out of his forehead which were sensitive to pheromones. His slender body was dressed in a form-fitting hauberk, leggings and footwear made of black non-reflective graphene nanoparticles. In one hand he held a rose-gold ankh—a handled cross or crux ansata... symbolic of "everlasting life"—and in the other a black ivory was-staff, which was a symbol of his power and dominion and authority over the force of chaos—and it was topped by the image of a set animal: (not resembling any known creature, but having a curved snout and long ears, and being a composite of an aardvark and a donkey and a jackal).

Evil, having no ethical obligations and working to subvert justice, prosecuted Faustus with the intention of having his everlasting and imperishable soul terminated and consigned to non-existence.

Benihana the Blue Lady

Benihana the Blue Lady was an alien hominid with a bald elongated head… and her molten eutectoidic-flesh, pearlite, having fluorescent amorphous-like liquid-anticrystalline eyes. She acted as Faustus defense attorney… and was zealously representing him without deference to his guilt or innocence and kept all her privileged communications and correspondence with him absolutely private. She had a succulent hourglass figure with a large, perky bosom, narrow waist, rounded hips and buttocks (resembling an inverted heart) and a firm, flat tummy. She was clothed in a blue-black leatherlike spandex bodysuit, having a hard tough but pliable texture, with only her head and hands exposed.

She held an open scroll in both her hands—this made of a smooth and durable synthetic vellum—upon which manifested the quiddity ("whatness") and haecceity ("thisness") of Faustus' hypokeimenonical ("underlying") Will to Power—and his God-begotten ouisa ("all that

subsists by itself and which has not its being in another"), unchangeably subsisting before time and the ages.

Brútenkidu the Beast

Brútenkidu the Beast was a balding black, wiry-haired subhominid mutant with a matted afro, chronic dandruff, two wide-open wild-staring almond-shaped white cock-eyes with black seemingly pupilless iris' and epicanthic folds, big droopy red lips (soggy with drool), the nose of a gorilla, an old woman's pendulous breasts—one of these sagging lower than the other and having misshapen nipples lactating yellowish pus—a fat yellow belly, a long ass' testicles and cock (which was dripping a greenish gonorrheaic pus), a fat shit-stained red-and-blue Mandrill-like ass with protruding pink hemorrhoids, a monkey's tail, and having hands (with snow-white palms and long, broken and chipped talon-like dirty nails) that were more simian than hominid and cloven-hooved feet (like those of a goat). Its long body hair was matted and foul-smelling, especially around its' groin, (which was myiasistic with a maggoty infestation). Beast was itchy and feverish—sometimes to the point of delirium—and asthmatic, his nose ran (which, when he wasn't scratching himself, he was constantly wiping with his hands and the backs of his arms), and he coughed, snorted, choked, and spat filthy infectious spittle.

Brútenkidu the Beast was swarming with biting, stinging hell-flies with red-glowing compound eyes (made up out of thousands of individual visual receptors), having paired mandibles (for biting and chewing) and maxillae (for tasting), and a long proboscis used to secrete flesh-eating digestive saliva to dissolve flesh into a liquid which is sucked up into the mouth. Beast was also covered in vampiric winged-siponaptera (fleas), with mouth parts that were adapted for piercing the skin and sucking blood, having brimstone exoskeletons, hard bristles on its head and near the thorax, and hind legs enlarged for jumping. Argasidae (soft-bodied ticks having no scutum shield) and ixodidae (hard-bodied ticks) also lived on Beast… and these, for the most part, were disease-carrying predators which infected Beast's greenish-black blood with microbial virus', bacteria and protozoa so that he was always sick and getting sicker. Tiny trobbiculidaeic red fire-chigger larvae colonized the skin between his fingers, his underarms and groin, causing dermatitis and eczema, leaving his skin red, dry and crusty… and parasitic maggot-scabies blistered bubbly wheals all over his body.

Brútenkidu the Beast was ignorant of human society and wore no type of apparel on his ugly misshapen body whatsoever... and menacingly wielded the jawbone of an extinct equus asinus mesonychidæ—which was used as a weapon. Beast was an ugly brutish half-ape lout with no dignity or morals and the IQ of a feeble-minded mental retard... but, being a mouthy back-talking coward by nature, and mostly all bark and having no bite, he was of no real danger or threat to anyone whatsoever no matter how grotesque and unpredictable his behaviour was. His guttural voice and dumb vocabulary was full of mispronounced words, stuttering repetitions of foul cussing, burps and belches, and angry outbursts of animal sounds and other sounds even an animal wouldn't make.

Brútenkidu the Beast had been conceived in the underworld by a demonic devil mating with a fallen Angel—and it crawled out of the "Life-Afterlife" through a great fissure in space-time

caused by the breaking up of the Pangean "All-Earth" supercontinent into the two smaller subsupercontinents—Laurasia and Gondwanaland (separated by the Tethys Sea) at the end of the end of the Late (Senonian) Cretaceous Period of the Mesozoic Era—during the heyday of the huge carnivorous dinosaurs, when flowering plants and placental mammalians flourished and the last of the toothed birds and bennettitalean plants went extinct (about 65 million years ago).

Beast was mostly a meat eater but more of a scavenger than a hunter, although he did catch and eat small amphibians, reptiles and mammals, and was not adverse to eating insects, spiders or worms. He had made a nest for himself which was livid with eyeless worm-like (vermiform) flea larvae (having madibulate mouth parts with a sparse covering of bristles on its body), which were feasting on the debris, such shed hair, body wastes and rotting meat; the nest was shit-stained and wet with pissy-puss and drool. Mixed with the molting larva and pupating larva (in thin silky-cocoons) were mature mites, fleas, chiggers and their larvae and eggs, hell-flies and their maggots, and colonies of blood-sucking disease-carrying bed-bugs.

Lady Lampito the Lover

The blind-folded tripartite demi-Aeon Lady Lampito the Lover was a pale-white, muscular and attractive Caucasian woman with long silver-shining green hair and three faces: one face facing forward and two faces facing to her sides—each of her visages having three noble Romanesque noses and three sets of sensuous pink lips and tongues which glistened with moistness and tenderness. With her middle mouth she spoke Latin and Trojan and Carthaginian, using words from the Old High German, Jutish, Anglo-Saxon, Old English, the proto-Norse, Frankish and Celtic languages, and Skilfingar, in a luscious and seductive voice, having a sprachbundic accent that sounded something like a cross between proto-Sumerian-Akkadian and Neshite-Luwian (Hittite): (being the human language derived from the extraterrestrial language of the Annunaki).

Her sisters called her Érosophiæpisteme and she was a promiscuous nymphomaniacal tease by nature... and a genius. Her left mouth spoke in a cold, methodically mechanical voice with an Enochian accent (which is the dead ancient occult language of the gods and demons from prehistoric times)—and her sisters called her Technægape, which was motherly but neurotic, being a manic-depressive bipolar schizophrenic. From her right mouth she spoke with an Angelic accent sounding like the voices of many sweetly-singing birds, mixing words from several forgotten languages of the blue race of people, especially Lemurian (spoken on the lost continent of Mu in the Pacific Ocean), Atlantean (a supposedly fictional Utopia), Hyperborean (a proto-Celtic-Norse language spoken in the snowy far north of Arctic Eurasia), proto-Scolotian (Scythian) using an eclectic amalgamation of ancient words from the late-Copper Age Yamnaian, early-Bronze Age Poltavkain, late-Bronze Age Abashevoian, and Bronze Age Sintashta languages), Kurgan (a cross between the Neolithic Age and Chalcolithic (Copper) Age languages spoken across Northern Eurasia from Poland to Siberia), Amazonian (a dialect known only to women practiced in the ancient mysteries and rituals of the forbidden oracular witches cult of Ultima Thule), and Mondseean (the Neolithic language spoken by Ötzi the Iceman)—and her sisters called her Philiaphronesis… and she was an honourable prude overly-concerned with decorum and propriety, and a modest advocate of censorship.

Lady Lampito the Lover was a daughter of the enigmatic Mysterio the Unknown Tachmonite: (an unexplained Aeon). She was born from the blood and semen of his genitals which were thrown into the everlasting hellfire of Amenta—the underworld where the sun will set and remain at the end of the last day—after he was murdered and castrated by Abraxas the Anguiped in the timeless time-before-time. She was therein adopted as a babe and suckled at the teats of Ammut the Devourer of Hearts, which had the head of a crocodile, the body of a spotted-leopard, and the hind quarters of a hippopotamus—a fierce man-eater which consumed the unworthy souls of the dead.

She was clothed in diaphanous underwear with all her pubes plucked into a neat triangle… and around her neck she wore a golden ankh and on her ring-finger a simple ring with an emerald-green pentagram incised.

She was disciplined and held a scale in her right hand and the feather of Ma'at in the left—and above her head a pure white dove was suspended in flight bearing a golden stalk of ripe harvest grain soiled with dripping ergot and honey.

The three faces of Love were Eros, Agape and Philos—as all in halcyonic lucidity.

Ba'al Shamœdium the Red Tachmonite

Ba'al Shamœdium the Red Tachmonite had red skin covered in fish-scales—and he had two long antennae covered with olfactory (scent detecting) sensors—some scale-like others in the form of hairs or olfactory pits—which could be voluntarily angled at different positions (which acted as a form of pheromone-sensitive radar). These tapered to points which curled at the tips.

Lady Lampito's incestuous twin brother, who was spawned from an egg laid in the place where the Tachmonite's blood and sperm mixed together, by Omoroca Thalatth—the Creatrix of the primordial chaos, which filled every place that the flames of perdition did not: (she was without mother or father or Creator being self-begotten by her own first causation of Will to Power in the timeless time-before-time). She had a black snake's scaly lower body and the upper body of an Annunaki female, with udders below her belly; ribs, a human neck and eight arms; a skull for a head with two pinpoints of light in the black recesses of her two empty eyeholes—one being of an ultraviolet hue and the other of an infrared hue; and she hadst a snake's nose with two nostrils belching smoke, sparks, and flames; a snake's mouth with thin, black snake's lips and four sharp venomous fangs and a snake's red tongue: (her entrails were simple—a heart, veins and arteries, and cold black blood; and she had neither brain nor central nervous system to speak of, being purely instinctive and spontaneous. It was she who caused cosmic eclipses, storms in spatial dimensions and holes in time, universal deluge and temporary bridges between quantum realities, ultraviolet catastrophes and the leprous plaque contamination infecting thermoelectromagnetic blackbodies.

After he was created, Ba'al Shamœdium the Red Tachmonite cut his mother's body in half and created space and time discontinuity in Faustus' reality, filling it with tachyons, quanta, and other subparticles, monopoles, and the black and white holes, strangelets, atoms, molecules and

cells, the nebulas and stars and planetary systems, all the life sustaining planets, the air and the water on them, their plants, and the various kinds of animal kingdoms, in short all the things in Faustus' universe and the torsions which caused them to adhere to his particular cosmos, but that cosmos was only one-of-many universes in a reality containing a myriad of universes and a multiplicity of dimension. Although this savage act of creation caused all these things to come into being... they were all soulless albeit sentient.

It was God which breathed soul-life into the individual animate creations, giving them true life… even if they were mortal and destined to die and decay and be forgotten to memory.

More than being a true warrior, he was nothing more than an unrepentant serial-criminal having broken every law and committed every sin imaginable. Moreover, he was a psychotic sociopath, calling himself "Lord of the Bow" (for he had a bow, with a quiver full of arrows that were each poisoned with a different plague disease) and "Lord of the Lance."

Three evil Nibiruean Fætaéeries—triplets—always appeared with Ba'al Shamœdium: the most dreadful Dêmosobóph the Terrible and his twin brother the fearful Phóbosomêd the Bloody and their sister Bellōnænyo Homoloïus the High Priestess of the cult of Duellona the Spoiler. Like their master, they fed primarily on amphibians and smaller reptiles and mammals. They were halflings born to d'Aœsine Sídthe—a male of the shapeshifting Kærūbuvian race of the Pulmono kirkonensiscorpius species—and Phwoúqkæ, a female of the chameleonic Peridʒinn tribe of the Proctɯi̯-meganieura opteraṷdonatæ species.

Others of those Principle Primalities

Black Dêmosobóph the Terrible was a totally insane sociopath and dedicated to carnage. He bore a long trumpet fashioned out of the twisted spiral horn of a rare and extinct species of winged unicorns, which when blown could produce ultrasonic sounds of extremely high frequencies, capable of particle destruction and cell destruction—capable of injuring, incapacitating, or killing opponents (victims).

White Phóbosomêd the Bloody was a violent psychopath and bore a blood-stained whip.

Yellow Bellōnænyo Homoloïus the Priestess of Duellumōna the Spoiler was a seductive, destructive and frenzy-inspiring bitch-in-heat. She was always grouchy, barking orders and goading her "smaller, weaker and submissive" brothers into fury, and screaming out bloodcurdling war-cries. She wore a rimmed-bowl-like bat-winged-helmet and carried a small circular shield (embossed with the image of her mistress Duellumōna the Spoiler) and a short "Viking" two-edged sword—all being forged out of ferrosiliconium dark-energy pseudo-nanoparticles… made by the Dwarves of Nibiru (the home-world of the Annunaki—a dead planet twenty times as big as Jupiter and having a burning moon for its own personal sun).

All three of these evil Nibiruean fayries had human torsos and scorpion's bodies having whiplike tails tipped with gruesome venom-dripping stingers. They were quite small, really, and each had compound eyes (like fly-eyes), but otherwise appeared human in every respect... except that their

mouths were filled with razor-sharp spikes instead of teeth Each of the two males had two pairs of long translucent membranous wings on their backs—forewings and hindwings—having criss-crossing longitudinal veins. None had any visible genitalia—being asexual—but the wingless female was easily identified by two firm, nippleless breasts.

They were malicious egotists, cruel narcissists, and megalomaniacs which demanded blood-sacrifices of newborn infants from their subjects—regardless of species—which were usually zombified somnambulistic slaves singled out and eugenically selected from the weak and feeble ostracized souls of the damned within the never-ending fires of perdition in the nightmarish never-mind of universal unconsciousness: these flames, though, did not consume the prima materia of the "dead" soul but were nonetheless painful and tormenting.

Duellumōna the Spoiler was the bloody demonic goddess of greed of the Dwarves of Nibiru and prophetess of dies sanguinis (the Day of Blood). She had died with Nibiru at the end times before the great planetary exodus of the Nibiruan citizens (who went off into space in all directions to create and colonize new homeworlds). Those which came to earth are known as the Annunaki and they enslaved the primative homo sapiens sapiens before assimilating—and they were here before the coming of the Reptilians or the Grays. The Habiru are their chosen people and, as in the time of the human pharaohs, they acted as the masters of the whip in charge of the cattle (which were the other enslaved races). They always were, are now, and always will be the enemies of the human species and are especially in direct opposition to the blue-and-white races.

Fatal Laughter was an elemental and hadst an eidetic memory and supra-genius intelligence and emphatic wisdom.

Neteru the Watcher was a babe in swaddling cloth—the fatherless child of the Eternal Virgin, Love—having downy white wing buds forming one on each shoulder blade. The babe was sitting as it were on the ground between the matured Primalities and the Heavenly Throne holding a sprig of acacia—(symbolic of innocence and immortality)—and playing with a fiery-winged chameleonic salamander. A golden apple was rotting on the ground by the toddling infant—and hadst a worm in it.

The foolish court jester was a buffoon named Linus the Clown. He was wearing a fool's cap with three red-yellow-blue "asses' ears" tipped with small jingling bells. He also wore bells on the tips of his dangling sleeves… and he held a mock-scepter, which he randomly passed from hand-to-hand, that had a small skull on one end with a frilled collar having six points—two red, two yellow, and two blue—with teeny bells on the tips, which tapered to a point on the other end.

"Hath thou considereth yine servant," saith Evil the Accuser unto the Ancient of Days: "This one—a certain Faustus?"

The Argument Concerning Faustus' Guilt or Innocence

"Faustus is guilty," saith at-Baillerośāṭānas of the Evil-Eye, "of being human and of being born in Original Sin."

“Faustus is guilty,” saith Brútenkidu the Beast, “of thinking and feeling.”

“Faustus is guilty,” saith tripartite Lady Lampito the Lover—speaking out of each of her mouths all at once—then, one-at-a-time, thusly: “Faustus is guilty,” saith Érosophiæpisteme firstly, “of selfishly longing for eroticism and desiring romance and of endeavouring to conquer and possess women as objects.”

“Faustus is guilty,” saith Technægape next, “of an emphatic divine-lust for life.”

“Faustus is guilty,” saith Philiaphronesis lastly, “of a souring brotherly love.”

“Faustus is guilty,” saith Ba'al Shamœdium the Red Tachmonite, “of intense passions and extreme emotions.”

“Faustus is guilty,” saith Bellōnænyo Homoloïus…

“Faustus is guilty,” saith Dêmosobóph the Terrible…

“Faustus is guilty,” saith Phóbosomêd the Bloody…

“Faustus is guilty,” saith Fatal Laughter, “of expressing strong and confident expectations of hope for everlasting peace of mind in life and heavenly transmigration of his mortal soul in the life-after-death.”

“Faustus is guilty,” saith the Heavenly Ghost, “of nothing more-nor-less than of having been unrepentantly thrust into life naked and alone without his consent or consideration for his well-being and forced to live under the Damoclean sword of pain and certain death.”

“Faustus is innocent,” saith the Blue Lady, “and free of any great unpardonable damnable sin or immorality. He is guiltlessly and, although not entirely naive, simplistically absent of guile and cunning. He is intelligent and emphatic and does not lack in either knowledge or understanding. He is harmless and innocuous... being chaste of heart and tongue. In short, Faustus deserves more than mercy or forgiveness... he deserves to be and to become and to manifest his destiny.”

“Faustus is guilty,” saith Linus the Clown, laughing madly and shaking his mock-scepter so that the bells on its frilly collar tinkled, banging the tapered end on the ground to emphasize his statement, saying: “Faustus is guilty of lechery... guilty of selfishness... guilty of a rapacious desire for materiality... guilty of vain-gloriously rejecting grace for flattery and failing to act decisively... guilty of self-destructive violence, spitefully undermining his own self-justified motivation to exist and ability to live... guilty of insatiable desire and covetous jealousy—and sorrowful for an imagined ideal perfection of being.

“Faustus is guilty of rationalizing the lie he believes himself to be and wants everyone else to believe. Faustus is guilty of self-murdering his true unperceived dream-self, to establish a symbiotic relationship with the despotic usurper—the world—of his mortal nature as the puppet

ruler of real-self. Faustus is guilty of being the duplicitous stooge of an imagined and defensively projected self... of being a transparent, reflective and indeterminate self-condemning anti-self.

“Faustus is guilty of nigredocally blackening the prima materia of his mortal soul’s flesh with sin; of albedocally bleaching his sins in a vainglorious effort of deception intended to fool the universal collective unconsciousness of humankind and godlings alike…

“Faustus is guilty of cintinitastically yellowing the Divine Light illuminating the dark places within him and establishing a dim-glowing lamp in its stead as the light of his soul and the light of his eyes, so that he might see why he is blindly stumbling through the dark places within him but not having the understanding wisdom to remove the stumbling blocks; and of rubedocally reddening his self-immolated soul-self in the molten magmatic sea of fire mixed with glass and mirrors within the sub-unconsciousness of the energetic mind that he calls his personality to purge him of the inherent Zardozical philosophy of “Give me death or give me liberty”—like a mere Nimrodical mouse squeaking out against the Face of God in a mimerical parody of the great revolutionary Lucifer the Fallen.

“Faustus has always been guilty... even from the before time when his embryonic soul was first conceived in the Divine Big Bang at the beginning of all temporal and logical existence... and of being the priorital causation of reaction to the evolutionary effect of his own feeble Will to Power.

“In short, Faustus is guilty of being the simianic missing link between an imagined and projected ideal self and the reflective actuality of the true unperceived self.

“But Faustus is most certainly not guilty of being anything less than human... or of being nothing more than a frail and mortal soul subject to the fecundation, mortification, and decay of the flesh.

“But worst of all... and most unforgivably... Faustus is surely not innocent of any perverted masturbatory solipsistic lust for himself and of a hubristic narcissisized hatred and contempt of the unknown unholy Abraxas the Anguiped—this being, being something other than himself, which is greater than himself... the all-seeing, all-knowing Master of Reality.”

Abraxas the Anguiped

Abraxas the Anguiped - a grotesque monstrosity - appeared at the mention of its name and pointed to where Faustus was sitting alone in the dilapidated barn , experiencing the Divine Revelation filling the dark, empty places of the building in a swirling mass of mist, cloud, and light, which flooded into the nether-recesses of his soul, illuminating his fragile ignorance.

The immortal being had the head of a bright-red rooster with a crystal orb floating above a profound red cock’s comb on top of its head. The number 365 was tattooed on the center of its forehead. It had a bird’s golden beak and a snake’s yellow-green eyes. Its hominid torso was covered in scaly reptilian skin—the scales being small and frilled like feathers which scintillating brilliant sparks and flashes of light. From the waist up Abraxas was a hominid but below it were

two greenish snakes bodies covered in tough crocodile skin which joined as one at the pelvis—instead of legs.

Abraxas wore a decorative white linothorax cuirass (made with fabric lithon) with a gold-gilded scarab sitting on a flaming heart on its breast-piece. He also was wearing an elaborate girdle (made of a shagreen of black leather from the skin of Auðumbla—the primeval cow) which was decorated with three elaborately etched luxoniumite plaques and buckle belted around its' waist; from the belt dangled a curved saber sheath (made of two pieces of hardwood carved from a branch pruned off the world-tree Yggdrysil—and this having a decorative gold-gilded locket (around the mouth of the sheath) and a chappe (at the point)—both also made from a shagreen of black leather from the skin of Auðumbla… the primeval cow.

The saber's hilt (handle) was made from the same wood—in two pieces—and covered with the same shagreen, this being glued on by a paste made from the divine bovine's hooves and having luxoniumite wire wrapped around it. The pommel (the enlarged and decorative fitting at the top of the handle—originally developed to keep the sword from slipping out of the hand) which was in an oblate spherical shape, almost like an egg, engraved swaying lines, and inlayed with bradyoniumite gemstones, was in perfect balance with the rest of the blade for a more fluid fighting style.

The sword blade and quillons (cross-guard), protruding at right angles to the blade, were made out of plasmic-tachyonium: the first two inches of the blade being flat—called the "ricasso"—which allowed the wielder to place their index finger over the quillons, allowing greater grip-strength and torque; the finger was protected by a chappe, which was a decorative gold-gilded piece of Auðumblan leather fit to the underside of the crossbar which had a dual purpose: to protect the index finger... and as a rainguard for when the blade was sheathed in its scabbard. The blade resembled a Viking sword: having a fuller groove between the two edges, called a blood groove, so that blood would flow more freely and assist in preventing the blade from getting stuck between bones and/or muscle; the groove ended about a foot from the point tip, where the two edges met and formed the central ridge—this was the weakest part of the sword blade.

Abraxas held a small oval shield on his left arm made from the same plasmic-tachyonium as the sword. It was decorated with a luxoniumite crucifix and had five quasi-natural astigmatic infra-red bradyoniumite gemstones. The jewels were so embossed that each of the three upper parts had one jewel... and the long bottom piece had two. A black two-headed serpent was wrapped around the crucifix—each head was shown in profile, with two sparkling green gems for eyes - one on each head. The shield and the jewels on it were dented, chipped, cracked and scared with marks from countless battles.

Abraxas held a long whip coiled up in his right hand formed of the same electrostatic plasma which covered the Glory. The whips hand was wrapped in a long, thin strip of Auðumbla's leather. The baton (handle) was fashioned out of one of Auðumbla's leg bones, which was covered with Auðumblan leather and tied down in a criss-cross lattice of viscoelastic Vulcanizium (a synthetic polymer like rubber). The baton's pommel was made from a petrified

cherubim-fetus' skull. The shaft of the whip was plaited so that it ended in nine separate and distinct cat-tails—each one tipped with a grim five-spiked ball of magmatic Plutoidic ice.

Upon Abraxas' left bicep was a tattoo of a six-pointed yellow star pierced in three places by the prongs of a crimson-red trident. On the yellow background was a blue Star of David upon which the Tetragrammaton—meaning "quick become"—and being the "forbidden name of God Iself," as was written in black Hebraic letters: "יהוה (YHWH or Yahweh)."

A three-barbed trident poked through a white Crescent moon above the pierced star—on the Crescent moon was inscribed the Takbir ("God is great") in black Persian letters. A white swallowtail banner coils diagonally around the shaft with the black Greek letters "ΑΒΡΑΣΑ ΑΔΩΝ ΑΤΑ ("Abraxas the Lord")."

The tattoo was intended to express the considerable abhorrence and loathing Abraxas entertained concerning the Abrahamic Races, especially the detestable sand-rambling Hyksos ancestors of the Hebrews, the Ishmaelites and Israelites (Hebrews), most notably the race-mixing Denyen People of the Sea—Achaean and Danite mudlings—and the Arabian descendants of Esau, the Mohammedans, the Zionists and the Islamic peoples.

Abraxas hated the other soulless hominids of the Sangik races (descendants of the protohistoric Andonic race): the red people who invented the bow and arrow before abandoning the Eurasian continent to emigrate across the land bridges to the American continents; the primitive yellow people who (before being annihilated) founded the Asiatic brown races, and the inferior green people (who mixed their blood with the orange people founding the indigo nigger [*Sic.*] races—the least productive of all the races). The Oedipusical indigo nigger [*Sic.*] people exterminated their orange and green forbearers.

The Asian Pre-Dravidian Indian muddling race is a mixture of every worldly race, especially the green, orange, and black. The most highly blended race outside of India is the Mediterranean Greek-Etruscan race, where the blue people of the north met and mingled with the superior Saharan strain of the indigo people from the south and the Noditic-Adamitic mixed race.

The Andonic race was born to the extinct Homo erectus prosapiens twins Andon (the first man) and Fonta (the first woman) who founded the human species in the beginning—a time when there were several thousand primate races striving for existence in the prehistoric antediluvian world. The Asiatic descendants of Cain son of Adam who, after murdering off the last of the Neanderthals, founded the Homo sapiens transerectus Nodite race of Nephilim in the mysterious Land of Nod in the East; these chinks [*Sic.*] are identifiable by the epicanthic folds on their black, almond-shaped eyes: (as it is said in Genesis 4:15 - "a mark on Cain").

The Hamitic brown and black races, too, were an abomination and a holocaust upon the children of Japheth son of Noah descendant of Seth and Azura the incestual children of Adam and Eve. These soulless "descendants of the devil" are curse upon the human race and a disease infecting the healthy gene-pool of the violet descendants of Homo sapiens ultrasapiens—the Adamite race.

The pure Hyperborean descendants of the blue-white race are the Celtic, Teutonic and Germanic offspring of Ask (the first man) and Embla (the first woman), the ancestors of Borr, son of Búri and Bestla—granddaughter of Bölþorn the Frost Giant, who were the parents of one-eyed Óðin Wōđanaz, Vili and Vé of the Aesir who created the world and the first people... as well as the prophesized children of Lífþrasir (the first new man) and Lif (the first new woman) who will inherit what is left of the world after the end times war with the Abrahamic races. And they are a curse on the Celtic Sons of Galam Míl Éspáine, son of Bile—son of Breogán, King of Galicia… and ancestor of the Gaels and of Scota (Scotia)—the Scythian daughter of the Egyptian Pharaoh Nectonibus—the ancestors of the present-day Irish.

And the soulless descendants of the devil are also a curse upon our Gaulish forbearers: the first long-haired King of the Franks Pharamond der Merovingian son of Duke Marcomer of the Franks (a descendant of the Trojan exiles) and Hildegonde, daughter of Flavius Richomeres, Roman Consul (son of Teutomer, Frankish general to Roman Emperor Julian) and Ascyla the German—an ancestor of Merovingian King Clovis I the Salian Franks; and of Holy Roman Emperor Charlemagne I the Great (son of Pepin I the Younger the Short, first of the Carolingian Kings of the Franks, and Bertrade Broadfoot the Younger of Loan, daughter of Charibert of Loan—son of Bertrada of Prüm, a Merovingian princess, and Gisele of Aquitaine)—a grandson of Charles Martel the Hammer and Rotrude of Trier; and Hugh Capet grandson of King Robert I of West Frankia, son of Adelaide of Tours (daughter of Count Hugh the Timid of Tours) and her second husband Robert the Strong, missus dominicus (envoy of the lord), son of Robert III of Worms, whom was the founder of the Capetian dynasty which ruled France until the French Revolution...

Auðumbla did not fear the Ancient of Days but held him and his court in utter contempt. Although Auðumbla was not as magnificent as the Ancient of Days... there were many other Gods like unto the Ancient of Days—each one of the Gods being of an all-containing hypostatic ‘nous’—cosmos, space-time, dimensions, life forms, emphatic consciousness, thoughts, dreams, feelings of sensation... and all the other qualities and conditions of the Ancient of Days. Their communal psyche constituted a collective unconscious wherein their Utopiastic society lived, evolved, decayed, died and reincarnated.

“Abraxas is the forgotten god,” saith Abraxas. “Nothing can resist Abraxas but the unreal. Abraxas alone speaketh the hallowed and accursed word... which is life and death at the same time. It is Abraxas who begetteth truth and lying, good and evil, light and darkness in the same word and in the same act. Wherefore is Abraxas terrible.”

“Great and terrible is Abraxas,” saith the noble spirit Agathodaemon—it manifesting out of nothingness: “The Supreme God of all Gods.”

“Abraxas does not take exception to any of puny Faustus’ secret thoughts or any of his dreams,” said Abraxas directly to Faustus. “Never forget that, Faustus. But Abraxas will leave you once you become blameless and normal.”

“Ablanathanalba,” replied Faustus absentmindedly... for he was transfixed in awe at the Gnostic charm of Apocalyptical Revelation.

The word ‘Ablanathanalba’ had been scribed in form of a triangle with one point down… used to protect against forces of evil; more-so, it was a palindrome, written the same way forwards as backwards: (The “th” is one letter—a digraph). It is similar to the more famous word of power “abracadabra”).

“Let Faustus’ number be ‘563’,” said Abraxas.

The Final Verdict on Faustus’ Innocence or Guilt

Ba'al Shamœdium the Red Tachmonite carried a winged caduceus with a single three-headed Hydrauroræus snake wrapped around it—the sacred three-headed golden asp of the dawn wrapped around the ‘key of wisdom.’ He was accompanied by the Underworld triad of the Tykhæuroræus cult—leaders of the Dwellers of the City of Light. These were: Horloþotme Þelimahyh Trismegistus—son of Khnoumu and Duellumōna the Spoiler, Potnia Melsisæšat the Honey Queen—daughter of Khnoumu and Duellumōna the Spoiler, and Ienpubis the Metadrone of the Sacred Heart—their inbred son and his companion Babibab-Ræmout Khnoumu.

Four frog-headed and four snake-headed dancer-servants accompanied the triad.

Horloþotme Þelimahyh Trismegistus—the sacred moon goddess of the Tykhæuroræus cult was master magician of the great temple city of Keol, on the island of papyrus reeds, Arrundal—one of the ten sunken islands of Atlantis—now hidden in the Gaiamenti dimension—an eleventh dimension heavenly paradise populated by souls not devoured by Ammut at the weighing of the soul ceremony.

Thelimahyh meant “will or intention” and “I am what I am”; and Trismegistus means “thrice great’—and infers alchemy, astrology, and magic associated with Sacred Geometry.

Babibab-Ræmout Khnoumu was a great white ibis-headed baboon with an erection (being circumcised)—the divine potter-god of fertility, virility, procreation and water spirituality and art; creator of human-alien hybrids; him wearing a bull-horned helm with strange horizontally twisted horns of a Tau Cetian.

The Dweller in his ethereal realm of Yogagwanti, in the Halls of Gaiamenti, had a violent temper and was very bloodthirsty—living on entrails—and was son of Duellumōna the Spoiler and an unknown Eridean (a telepathic alien race) who raped her.

In the retinue of Babibab-Ræmout Khnoumu, holding a scroll, were snake-headed Khamet Sia’aptah , which were sentient of the intellectual energies of the heart—and born of the blood of his circumcision; and Khuptah the Ghost—a ram-headed falcon, born of his ejaculate.

Ba Ḥekắt-um the High Priestess was a frog-headed snake charmer holding two snakes—one being a black Seshaw magic ritual) and a red Pekhret (medicinal prescription): Djehutirer the Targ was a plasmic shape-shifter, and Sedjemaritu the Drac, a plasmic shape-shifter.

Great Mistress Potnia Melsisæšat the Honey Queen, prophetic oracle goddess of scribes and poets, cosmic intuition, mathematics and sacred geometry… and the dead was a healer: she was half-red and half-black, and appeared wearing a blue beehive style crown-tiara with a vulture and uraeus… and she carried a heqa scepter and an ankh. She wore a leopard skin dress (the pattern representing the stars, a symbol of eternity, associated with the crescent moon), having a seven point star tiara—and she was mother of Inpu, the royal child.

Accompanying Inpu, was the royal child's tutor, the black psychopomp jackal-headed god of the underworld, Ienpubis the Metadrone of the Sacred Heart—a funery god (from beyond time), and protector of the dead in their tombs. (Metadrone, whose name means "meta," as in 'after' or 'beyond,' and "drone," which infers a male bee that does no work other than fertilize the queen, spake: "Search then for your own hidden flame within you.")

Metadrone carried an emerald tablet—the Tabla Smaragdina tablet, containing Hermetic writings concerning secrets hidden before men were madeth of transmutation of prima materia.

"We have not life, but we have existence," said Inpu (to Faustus).

Ienpubis the Metadrone saith: "Through order you shall find the way."

Faustus replied: "All knowledge is gained only by practice… and wisdom comes forth only from practice."

Agathodaemon the Noble Spirit (having a tattoo of the number '0' on the middle of his forehead)—son of Mercury (having a tattoo of the number 1 on the middle of his forehead) and his wife Tykhæuroræus (Tyche-Fortuna), daughter of Aphrodite and Zeus.

Smegma Tenio

And the last of their company was Smegma Tenio—him having lived from generation to generation—an advocating avatar of the Holy Ghost, called "The Child"—a once-great pagan warrior knight reduced to a decrepit old beggar completely at the mercy of his enemies, like Samson who was blinded and chained to a stone mill by the Philistines, as if he were naught but a brute beast of burden, so betrayed by Delilah, his most trusted one true love.

Smegma Tenio of them all was alone. The others were indifferent to him, yet one-and-all treated with him roughly, ignoring him and the things he said; but each in turn accused him of their own faults—as if he were some enchanted mirror of their souls. These spat upon him, which was something that they'd not do if he weren't around... for who spits on their own floor? They slapped and punched and kicked him... ignoring his cries of pain and pleas for mercy... for they were dumb to him as if he did not really exist at all.

Smegma Tenio was a coward. He could have fought back and protested these insults, but he chose not too. He resisted not once. It is insane for anyone to think that he deserved the least bit

of respect, either. He was loathed by one-and-all. For him existence was an unending torture. It was one ordeal after another, or worse, trials upon tribulations. For him there was no peace of mind... and no rest for his weary soul.

Smegma Tenio was the living embodiment of a uselessness eater which contributed nothing to the nurturing of society's better wellbeing, like the fabled grasshopper amongst the ants at first snowfall. Whatever greatness he had once risen to, no matter what laurels he had reaped upon himself in battle in the past, no matter what brilliance he once presented... he was completely retard by the others, like a plant crowded by weeds and unable to flower. Not even one of the companies of the Primalities, or their retinues, showed the least bit of interest in him otherwise.

Smegma Tenio, a "schmüërz," represents humanity—appearing at large in person of a shaved-headed Musselmänner, black and blue with bruises, and wrapped in bandages.

The Adorators

On the floor to the right of the Heavenly Host, on her knees before Christ in adoration, is blond-haired Popessa Johanna: In AD 854, Joanna succeeded Pope Leo IV as John the Englishman of Metz (or Pope John VIII), also called Pope Zacharius, and ruled for 2 years, 4 months, 5 days... and, after her murder, the pontificate was vacant for a month. She was naked and offered a baby in her hands up to the Lord. Saint Veronica was on her knees before Joanna holding out a cloth, which was the veil on which his holy visage was imprinted, to accept her baby. Standing beside her was the Blessed Ever-Virgin Mary of the Immaculate Conception, the mother of our Lord—a paschal lamb resting by her feet.

On her knees besides Joanna on the left was Maria Monk, dressed in a conventional habit... but this open to expose her breasts—at which a child is nursing. And, on his knees by Joanna's right side were her lovers: closest to her is deacon Florus, her present lover (and father of her child), with a bright shining arrow piercing his heart. Standing, hands in prayer, on the right side of Florus—but behind him—was Father Frumentius, whom was her lover once… with a black arrow (from the bow of Cupid/Eros) in his heart: They are kneeling or standing amidst flowers and burning candles...

Cupid-Eros flying above them... with two kissing doves above him and two small, feather-winged infant-like cherubim with adorably-sweet faces and rosy-cheeks, fluttered around him—one on either side—scattering tiny Valentines hearts from small wicker baskets decorated with delicate pink- and blue-ribbons and tiny tinkling bells.

Standing on the left side of Joanna and her lovers are two saints: St. Ida wearing a black cassock with a simple cross and St. Lioba the whore (flowers in her long disheveled hair, half-naked and smiling like a slut)... with three queens behind her: Semiramis of the Assyrians, Morgana of the Britons, and Bathilde of the French. To the left of the two saints are mademoiselle Suzanne Simonin, Prioress Madame Eglentine, and Duchess Isabella of Vienna. Standing between the two groups were abbess Héloïse d'Argenteuil and Pierre Abelard. To the right of the two saints was

Madre Pascalina Lehnert (Josepfina Lehnert)—a Baavarian—her hands pressed together in prayer… on their left.

The Romanov Martyrs

In the far left corner, the Romanov family was gathered together on the right side of Peyots Grigori Yefimovich Rasputin the Starets, and his wife stands on the other side of him with his two young sons—who both died young—and his daughter.

Tsar Nicholas Romanov, Emperor and Autocrat of All the Russias, and his wife Saint Tsarista Alexandra the Passion Bearer (Feodorovna of Hesse and by Rhine) are both seated with their children gathered around them: the youngest, on his mother's lap, and the youngest daughter, on her father's lap—and standing between them is Anastasia… and behind them stand their older daughters: Grand Duchesses Olga Nikolaevna Romanova, Tatiana Nikolaevna Romanova, and Maria Nikolaevna Romanova.

Behind the daughters of the Tsar and Tsarista were their friends (their doctor and two faithful servants), standing gathered close together (as follows):

Pyotr Stolypin stood to the right of the Romanov family with the flag of the Russian Empire authorized for the Tsar's personal use: a rectangular flag with three horizontal stripes—white-blue-red—and having a gold canton with the Imperial black Byzantium eagle (in the top left hand corner).

Venerable Saint Seraphim, the Wonderworker of Sarov, an apostle of the way of love and kindness, having long white hair and beard, and wearing a silver robe tied with a golden cord and a silver scapular (hanging front-and-back from his shoulders), being decorated with one red cross over the chest, stood on Stolypin's right side, arms crossed over his chest, holding an Ostromir Gospel in his left hand and an icon of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, in his right hand—his right arm crossed over his left arm.

Novice Olga Boiko (about age 14) from the Rzhishchev Monastery in the diocese of Kiev knelt on Stolypin's left side—closer to the Royal Martyrs—holding the Suppedaneum cross (of the Russian Orthodox Church): the cross has three horizontal crossbeams: the top represents the plate inscribed with INRI, (King of the Jews), and the bottom, a footrest, slanted with the right side slightly higher than the left—reminding us of the two thieves which hung with Christ.

The Tsar is dressed in a khaki uniform: a double-breasted tunic and baggy pants tucked into black marching boots, wearing a bright white royal mantle and crown, and holding a scepter.

The Tsarista wore a smart white blouse with pearl buttons. a black gored skirt, which hung to her ankles (when standing), and narrow, black patent leather shoes with a pointed toe and a medium height heel, with black buttons and laces. Her forehead and cheeks were blushed and her lips lightly stained with rouge.

stylus

The older girls were all wearing traditional white fine-cotton blouses with long sleeves, decorated in symmetrically-stylized red and blue flowery embroidery—the younger girl's blouses having shorter sleeves, to the elbow.

Rasputin's boy is wearing loose-fitting khaki knickerbockers breeches gathered at the knee and knee-high black socks, and small leather marching boots.

A Blood-Thirsty Mob

Through the open double-door on the left wall of the barn Faustus saw a blood-thirsty horde in the distance is approaching the barn—and all those thugs were pushing and shoving each other and fighting amongst them. Heading the mob were Judas Iscariot, Jesus bar-Abbas the heretic (who was freed by the Jewish mob instead of Christ Jesus), and Gestas, the impenitent thief (who had been crucified on the left side of Jesus)—these were leading Herod and Yohann Ben Zakkai—a Pharisee. With them were three Jews—an Ashkenazi, a Sephardic, and a Hasidic—each carrying and waving a white, light-blue-striped flag inscribed with the light-blue six-pointed Star of David and crying out, "Death to the White race."

Faustus was thus surrounded… and the self-proclaimed Jewish Messiah, Sabbatai Zevi (wearing a turban and waving a green swallow-tailed pennant with a white crescent near the hoist), came up to him… spat on him… slapped him in the face—turning the other cheek—and Faustus just stood there—awed and amazed.

Then came Christian persecuting Roman Emperors: Nero, Domitian, Trajan, Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, Septimius Severus, Maximinus the Thracian, Decius, Valerian, Diocletian and Galerius—and all were leading wild animals on leashes: lions, tigers, bears, ferocious dogs—and Faustus was threatened by these—all of these, each in turn, in their passing by him—just standing there!

The Beast of Gévaudon

The Papal Ass of Rome had an ass' head, a woman's breasts and belly, an elephant's foot in the place of the right hand with the left of a human, fish scales on its legs and upper chest and arms, the face of an old man instead of an ass and a dragon's head protruding out the old man's mouth like a tongue, one foot of a griffin, the other of an ox. In its human hand it bore a pole from which fluttered a white swallowtail banner emblazoned with two crossed golden skeleton keys—the Papal symbol.

The Papal Ass of Rome was suckling the moon calf at its teats, holding it with a hand crippled with elephantitiasis. It was a poor misshapen creature with the straight hind legs of a man, one fore leg was curled close to the front of its body and the other was extended in front of it. Its skin hung in loose wrinkles and a large mantle fold over its head and shoulders resembled a monk's cowl.

The Papal Ass of Rome and the suckling moon calf were surrounded by unchaste and lecherous booze-guzzling Cardinals, Bishops, Priests and their whores wearing white powdered wigs with pink and blue ribbons and bows, and their faces gaudily covered in cosmetics (but otherwise in a state of undress).

Amongst the Popes were a group of Antipopes (all regally crowned with the papal tiara), including: Alexander V (Petros Philargos or Pietro di Candia); John XXIII (Baldassarre Cossa), (carrying an elaborately-shaped red heater shield with a white point, emblazoned with a golden crescent on its ends, on his left arm and a golden pole crowned with a Maltese cross); King John Zápolya of Hungary; Jean Maynier, baron d'Oppède and Antoine Escalin des Aimars, him known as Captain Polin or Baron La Garde—and both were carrying Arquebuses.

Following along with them were the English Protestant persecutors of Roman Catholics: the Tudors: King Henry VIII, King Edward VI (15 years-of-age), Bloody Queen Regnant Mary I and Queen Elizabeth I, and King James I of Great Britain—first Stuart king of the United Kingdom. And the French Roman Catholic persecutors of Protestant Huguenots: King Francis I of France, the Knight-King (brother of Marguerite de Navarre), Catherine de' Medici, Queen consort of France… and her son King Charles IX of France—all surrounded by their Swiss Guard.

Vice admiral Sir Francis Drake with a heater shield on his left arm: the shield is black with a fess wavy white line between two white six-pointed pole-stars (having wavy lines instead of straight ones) representing the Arctic and Antarctic. In his left hand he carried a pole upon which a white pennant flew—it having a red wyvern (a bat-winged creature with a red dragon's head, said to breathe fire and have a poisonous bite—a reptilian body with two legs, and a barbed tail nowed gules).

By Drake's right side was his second-cousin Admiral Sir John Hawkins with a heater shield on his left arm: three wavy white lines separated by two blue wavy lines on point, the top being black and having a golden lion passant over the wavy point and three gold bezant dots above the lion - on of the bezant dots is covered by a golden canton with a black scallop shell between two black palmers staves.

Behind Drake were the French pirate Guillaume La Bouche and the other English slave traders John Lok and William Towerson. Following were the French Jacobins: Honoré Gabriel Riqueti, comte de Mirabeau, Maximilien Robespierre, waving a blood-stained and tattered French tricolour flag—with three vertical blue-white-red stripes.

Also in this group of people were (as follows): François-Noël "Tissut" Babeuf ; Jean-Pierre-André Amar (waving a red flag with a black double-headed eagle representing Masonic dominion over the East and the West); Augustin Alexandre Darthé, Philippe Buonarroti (waving a small red flag representing); Jean-Baptiste Robert Lindet, Philippe Rühl; Antoine Quentin Fouquier-Tinville; Marie-Jean Hérault de Séchelles, Camille Desmoulins, and Georges Danton; Claude Basire,, Fabre d'Églantine, friar François Chabot and his brother-in-law Moses Dobruška—a Jew calling himself Junius Frey, and Jean-Paul Marat, "L'Ami du peuple (the friend of the people)"

stylus

And the Communists, including: Karl Marx, Leon Trotsky, Vladmir Lenin, and Joseph Stalin—him carrying a red flag with the crossed hammer-and-sickle emblazoned on it.

This gang of hooligans is followed by a rancorous multi-cultural Jihadist mob led by the illiterate Islamic prophet Mohammad—and around him were dancing the three daughter of Allah—each carrying and waving a black flag…

Other flags prominent amongst the gang of hooligans included: a British Red Ensign (1707); English East India Company (1678)—one with nine horizontal stripes: (5 red and 4 white); one with 13 horizontal stripes (7 red and six white) having a canton with a red Cross of St-George; one with 13 horizontal stripes (7 red and six white) and a canton with the British Union Jack; one with 13 horizontal stripes (7 white and six red) and a canto; an East India Company Jack—with a red Cross of St. George on a white background with 3 red and 3 white horizontal stripes above and below the crossbar; a Girdon Jack, having a red Cross of St. George on a white background with 3 red and 3 white horizontal stripes above and below the crossbar… and a Union Jack as a canton. As well as a British East India Company (after 1707) and United Dutch East India Company flag—one tricolor with orange, white, and blue horizontal stripes with the Company emblem placed in the middle on the white stripe; one tricolor with red, white, and blue horizontal stripes with the Company emblem placed in the middle on the white stripe; six flags of the Vereenigde Oostindische Compagnie—Amsterdam, Delft, Enkuizen, Hoorn, Middelburg, Rotterdam... and one of the Vereenigde Oostindische Compagnie Rotterdam Administrator flags of the Vatican—and many other Muslim flags.

Prof. Paul M. Osterreith—the inventor of AIDS, and Dr. Robert Oppenheimer—father of the atomic bomb came by dancing together—haply—gaily: The greater part of the blood-thirsty mob, following in their train, were led by three of the sons of Noah: Bountier, Shem and Cham… and Cham's youngest son Canaan.

Shaka Zulu, Kwame Nkrumah and Idi Amin followed—also dancing together—along with a horde of chinks [*Sic.*] and other slant-eyed Ah-So devils calling out: "wǒ gan ni niang de pi yan, fahn quai."

The mongoloids were led by Möngke Khan and his younger brother Hulagu Khan—both sons of Tolui, son of Genghis Khan.

A variety of rag-headed shit-skins [*Sic.*]; and other sub-humans faggots flying rainbow coloured banners, countless race traitors among them, all shouting out, "Hava nagila" (meaning, "Let us rejoice"). In their train, but mostly unseen, are a host of Arab and mixed-race Muslim Jihadists led by Abu al-Hasan al-Mas'udi of Baghdad; Caliph Suleiman I the Magnificent and his race-traitor wife Haseki Hürrem Sultan Roxelana (Anastasia-Aleksandra Lisowska—a Ukrainian woman).

Rodomonte bearing black or white flags, banners and pennants inscribed with "the Shahada and Takbir," waving curved swords and shaking long guns above them, crying out "There is no god but God and Muhammad is the messenger of God," "Allahu Akbar" (meaning "God is great" or

"God is the greatest") and "Death to freedom." These are followed by their women clad in burkas, hijabs, and wrapped in banderols of explosives.

Vultures are circling above the mob. The four horsemen of the apocalypse follow them on high, flying through the air on their steeds. And further in the distance, upon the far off horizon, Jörmungandr—the Midgard World Serpent—colouring the bright-blue heavens black... like an approaching thundering, lightening storm cloud... poisoning the sky. Emerging from the midst of "the storm" can be seen Haunebu (flying saucers), some marked with the blue Star of David and others shewing black swastikas… and some with various five-pointed red stars, inclusive of a three star design.

Our Last Hope

Standing between the riotous, thronging, mixed-multitude swarming down upon the barn was Führer Adolph Hitler, wearing a wreath of oak leaves on his head, a light-brown shirt, dark-brown leather lederhosen (belted around his waist) with long brown socks up to just below his knees, and brown ankle-high steel-toed leather shoes with black laces... he was wrapped in the swastika Blood Flag. In his hands, extended before him, he held out the fully restored—its tip had been broken off—Holy Spear of Destiny [Latin: Lancia Longini, or the Hofburg Spear (also known as the Dolorous Spear of Longinus—the Roman centurion who pierced Christ's side on the cross)]. As if to halt the mob's progress: He who possessed the spear would rule the world. And by his left side stood Blondi, his German shepherd, his ears pricked at attention, his left forepaw raised.

Two brave men of the 33rd Waffen SS Grenadier Division of the SS Charlemagne (1st French) stood together on the left side of Herr Hitler: SS-Hauptsturmführer (captain) Henri Joseph Fenet and SS-Unterscharführer (junior squad leader - corporal/sergeant) Eugène Vaulot.

Fenet was on the Führer's left, wearing the French Croix de Geurre and the German Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross on the field grey duty uniform displaying the insignia—three silver pips and two silver stripes on a black gorget (collar patch), worn opposite a unit insignia patch—and the shoulder-boards of a Hauptmann. He wore a German steel-helmet—and in his hands he held a long black pole crowned with an iron Black Sun symbol, which hadst esoteric and occult significance, and which had the 18 Armanen runes around it, each rune tipping one of the spokes of the sun—descending into the center. A white gold-fringed banner hung from the pole with the four rune symbols displayed: a Sig rune—framed by a triangle (representing the power of the sun and conquering energy), a Hagal rune—framed by a hexagon (representing idealized faith and camaraderie and meaning: "Enclose the universe in you and you control the universe"), and a Swastika standing on the vertex and framed by a quadrat—symbolizing the power of the Aryan race, as well as one having SS double runes enclosed within a circle—the gibor and bind runes. The verso of these banners was black and featured a white SS-Totenkopfverbände (death's head skull over cross-bones).

SS-Unterscharführer (junior squad leader *viz.* a corporal-sergeant) Vaulot was wearing the German Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross on the field grey SS uniform displaying the insignia—a

stylus

button pip centered on a black gorget, worn opposite an SS unit insignia collar badge—and the shoulder-boards of an Unterscharführer. He also wore a German steel helmet—and he was carrying a red heater shield on his left arm and bearing a long knecht—a combat knife—in his right hand. The red shield emblazoned with a black upright swastika outline by thin black and white lines on a disc—in a circle—being crowned with a gold wreath.

Above them flew two Angelic beings with long blond and red hair, appareled in flowing sheer robes of clean-shining lithon, and displaying a swallow-tailed banner between them on which was written (in Gothic letters): "Seinem Lieben." The specter of Pope John XX hovered in the air before them holding out a simple black pole topped with a humble cross—this he pointed towards the oncoming blood-thirsty mob.

Standing on the right side of Hitler was Reichsmarschall Herman Göring, Commander of the Luftwaffe, wearing the Grand Cross of the Iron Cross, and holding a long black pole topped with a fasces—a bundle of wooden rods from which protruded a small axe—with an iron double-headed Parteiiadler (spread-winged eagle) resting on a swastika on top, from which flew a square banner with crimson fringe. The banner was white on the foreside with the Thule Society's Hyperborean Black Sun emblem—a forbidden icon—emblazoned on it, having two nauthiz runes side-by-side at its center: (Friedrich Nietzsche defines the nauthiz rune thusly: "That which does not destroy me makes me stronger"). The verso of the banner was black and featured a white round counter-clockwise swastika in a circle.

To the left side of Hitler and in front of him, sat "Old Blood and Guts" General George S. Patton mounted on a white Lippizan stallion, holding the reins in his left hand, wearing the green uniform he designed, this having a row of twelve golden buttons on the far right side, and being covered in medals and ribbons, and a gold-painted tankers helmet with four silver five-pointed stars on it—three in a row with one above. He was wearing his two ivory-handled 45 cal. pistols on a black Brownie-belt with his sword's scabbard hanging empty by his left side.

The Lippizan stallion was standing at levade: (a position wherein the horse raises both its front legs, standing at a 30% angle entirely supported by its hind legs): (This usually symbolically means that the rider died in battle... however, Patton did not die in battle: he was injured in a car accident and paralyzed from the neck down. Upon this, he is known to have commented thusly: "This is a hell of a way to die."

Patton was buried *as per his request* alongside his men of the Third Army at Luxembourg American Cemetery and Memorial in Hamm, Luxembourg). His white Bull Terrier, William "Willie" the Conqueror," though, was here, now, standing alongside him. In his right hand he held out a Model 1913 Calvary Saber ("Patton Saber") pointing towards the approaching mob: (It had a large, basket-shaped hilt mounting a straight, double-edged thrusting blade—the last saber issued to the US Calvary).

To the left of Patton, sat golden-haired, blue-eyed Saint George astride a pale-white destrier (war horse): On his left arm he had a black heater shield bordered with a white trim, emblazoned on the dexter half with the left half of a white Imperial eagle (representing East Frankia-Germany) and three white fleur-de-lis on the sinister side (representing West Frankia-France). He was

stylus

wearing a sky-blue tunic under etched silver-and-gold gilded (harder than diamonds and stronger than tungsten carbide or titanium steel) graphene nanoparticle garniture (a collection of matching pieces making up a suit of armour) consisting of: a gorget collar to protect his neck, clavicles, sternum and the top part of his back, cuirass—covering the chest, articulated elbow couters and spaulders—covering the shoulders and upper arms, articulated poleyn—covering the knees, greaves—covering the lower legs (front and back), and sabaton—covering his feet. He wore a clean-shining surcoat of lithon over his armour emblazoned with a red cross on front. Not included in his armour plating were: the back piece, the cuirass accessory to cover the stomach, circular besagews—covering both his armpits, gauntlets—covering his fingers to the forearms, cuisse—covering his thighs, and tassets—protecting his upper legs.

A translucent red-and-white candy-cane-striped lance, made of graphene nanoparticles, having a red and gold tassel—several inches long—hung from just below the blade-point... this useful insomuch as it kept blood from soiling the lance and making it slippery.

Otto Skorzeny, whom wast the most dangerous man in Europe, having a black “Wolfsangel” heater shield on the left arm, comparable to that of the 2nd SS Panzer Division Das Reich, and a Lugar pistol…

Jutta Rüdiger, Bund Deutscher Mädel BDM (League of German Girls), carried a red-white-red horizontal-striped pennant with a black spread-winged eagle (a little like on old Prussian flags) with a white swastika on its breast... above which is a black (unit) number “322.”

On the far left were Holy Roman Emperor Charlemagne and Orlando-Roland, blowing Oliphant, his horn.

A small group of people—mostly women and children—stood together behind the Führer: foremost of these were the beautiful blond-haired blue-eyed Eva Braun, Angela “Geli” Raubal—Hitler’s niece, and Klara Pölzl—Hitler’s mother. Here, too, was Nazi Propaganda Minister, Joseph Goebbels and his wife Magda Goebbels—first lady of the Third Reich—and their six children.

Reinhard Heydrich stood by Maria Orsic (Orsiltsch)—the Austrian medium who founded of the Vril Society, and who was involved in extraterrestrial telepathic communication; and Rudolf von Sebottendorf—a poor man—founder of the Thule Society; Dietrich Eckart, also.

SS-Obergruppenführer and General der Waffen SS Theodor “Papa” Eicke, him wearing on his left arm the black SS-Totemkophverbände heater shield with the white death’s head over crossed arm bones, and, in his right hand, a black pole with the gold-fringed black Schutzstaffel SS flag - with two stylized Armanen Sig runes—having three white oak leaves in the bottom corners. Bertha Schwebel, his wife, and Irma and Hermann—their children stood thereby, along with Hermann Goring and his wife Emma and their child.

Benito Mussolini and his mistress Clara Petacci,l and his second wife Rachele Guidi with her children: Edda, Vittorio, Bruno, Romano and Anna Maria—and his first wife Ida Dalser and her

stylus

son Benito Albino Mussolini were all with them—and Clara's brother, Marcello Petacci, was with them, too.

Blue-eyed Arminius, son of Segimer, Chieftain of the Germanic Cherusci: "liberator haud dubie Germaniae (unquestionably the liberator of Germany)" appeared, having a spear and light wooden shield and sheathed sword and an axe in his belt. He was wearing trousers, tunic and cloak (with broach), a helmet and chain mail.

Arminius: "In unity there is strength" and "rather death than slavery."

Thusnelda, daughter of prince Segestes, and her brother, Segimundus, and her son by Arminius, Thumelicus—a gladiator, holding a Gladius Hispaniensis—and her holding a gleaming sword of glinting steel in her right hand: This was Heru (Cheru or Saxnot)—the naked sword of Tyr—that hadst been forged by dwarves) shining like a flame of fire and flashing lightning—his reddish hair was tied in a Suebian knot, and fierce eyes shining red as fresh blood.

Theodoric the Great, an Arian Christian, stood with him, alongside Audofleda, sister of Clovis, and Amalasuintha, daughter of Theodoric the Great and Audofleda, and Eutharic the Visigoth and their son Athalaric.

The commanders of the 33rd Waffen SS Grenadier Division of the SS Charlemagne (1st French) were still drinking and laughing. The nine men of their company are (as follows):

Standartenführer (equivalent to a Colonel) Roger Labonne, wearing the grey uniform, displaying the insignia of a single oak leaf on a black gorget (collar patch) on both collars… without the display of unit insignia—having the shoulder-boards of the infantry.

SS-Srumbannführer Delacroix, whom was an assault (or storm) unit leader—equivalent to Major—and SS-Srumbannführer Demessine: both wearing the grey uniform displaying the insignia having four silver pips centered on a black gorget, and the shoulder-boards of a Srumbannführer.

SS-Obersturmbannführer (senior assault or storm unit leader) Paul-Marie Gamory-Dubourdeau, him wearing an SS/SA uniform displaying the insignia of four silver pips and a stripe, centered a black gorget on the left collar, and the shoulder-boards of a Wehrmacht Oberstleutnt (lieutenant colonel), which was the highest ranking SS/SA rank to display unit insignia on the opposite collar.

SS-Hauptsturmführer Erich Kostenbader wearing the field grey duty uniform displaying the insignia—three silver pips and two silver stripes on a black gorget, worn opposite a unit insignia patch—and the shoulder-boards of a Hauptmann.

SS-Brigadeführer (major-general—a rank equivalent to brigadier general) Edgar Puaud and SS-Brigadeführer Gustav Krukenberg, both wearing the grey uniform and insignia—a three oak leaf design on the black gorget of both collars—on the collar patch as on the shoulder-boards of a generalmajor.

stylus

SS-Standartenführer (equivalent to a colonel) Walter Zimmermann—a German (popular among the volunteers because of his diplomacy and knowledge of Parisien slang)—was with them, him wearing the grey uniform displaying the insignia and the shoulder-boards of the infantry.

Also with them was SS-Brigadeführer Joachim Ziegler of the SS-Nordliand Division, wearing a Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross with Oak Leaves (for extreme bravery on the battlefield) and a Spanish Cross on the grey uniform, displaying insignia and shoulder-boards of a generalmajor.

King Ferdinand of Aragon and Queen Isabella of Castile followed… and with them was Spanish Cardinal and Grand Inquisitor Francisco Jimenez (Ximenez) de Cisneros.

The Daea

Above the allies of the Führer are two Germanic daea (goddesses): blond-haired, blue-eyed Sōwilō (the Sun) [Old English Sunne, Old High German Sunna] and her white-haired, moon-eyed sister Sinthgunt (the moon)—both charming females dressed in loose-fitting, pale-glowing baby blue négligées of a sheer diaphanous fabric, trimmed with white lace and pink satin-ribbon bows- and holding a white swallow-tail banner between them upon which is written in Gothic letters: "Bluot und Ehre (Blood and Honour)."

They are singing: "Gloria, Gloria. Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil Viktoria! Sieg Heil, Viktoria!" [Glory, Glory. Hail Victory! Hail Victory! Hail Victory, Victory!]

Friia [Old Norse Frigg (a "beloved" fertility deity and clairvoyant mother of the dying-and-rising god comparable to the Virgin Mary)] was a blond-haired, green-eyed woman wearing a conical winged-battle-helm with daisies, primrose, and cowslips in her hair. She carried a round wooden shield on her left arm, this painted white and decorated with a black boar's head (representing her as a noted huntress and hospitable hostess), and an iron spear in her right hand. And with them was Uolla [Old Norse Fulla (bountiful)]—a dark-haired woman with brown eyes wearing a golden band around her forehead and holding an black ashen box in both her hands—it is opened and in it is a human skull, which serves as a reminder that one should always be willing to put one's self at stake for the life of the community.

Both Friia and Uolla are dressed in loose-fitting, pale-glowing baby blue négligées of a sheer diaphanous fabric, trimmed with white lace and pink satin-ribbon bows. Sōwilō is forward of Sinthgunt and before her is Friia—facing the enemy. Behind Sinthgunt is Uolla. All four goddesses are barefoot.

The Gaede Twins

In the far right corner a small cherubim-like boy can be seen—his back turned to secret him as he was peeing—and through a window couldst be seen the sun in a cloudless sky... the moon, a pale off-round shape, is floating near it.

Another small simian-like cherub was sitting upon a large hourglass, pondering a human skull in its hands. A long curved scythe rests against the wall beside a two-pronged wooden pitchfork, an axe and a large wooden wagon wheel.

Two angelic blond-haired blue-eyed twin girls: Lynx Gaede and Lamb Gaede—both in dirndl dresses (made of fine and valuable byssus silk) over white blouses made of clean and bright shining lithon: the Prussian blue bodices were laced in the front with white string, and the light circular cut skirts, of the same Prussian blue, were gathered at their waists and fell below their knees. Their white aprons were also made of clean and shining lithon... the long apron strings knotted in the front. Both girls were wearing iron crosses around their necks on black silk ribbons and cute, comfy black ballet pumps (flat shoes) on their feet.

One of the girls was playing a three-hole tabor pipe—using both hands—and the other girl was singing: (see song lyrics below): She held one of the small wingless cherub—others of which were floating in the air above and around them, scattering herbage unto the young girls, and making beautiful music with their voices, likened unto unimagined musical instruments.

Ghosts of the Confederacy

The ghosts of two Confederate generals hovered in the air above the cherubim which were scattering herbage unto the young girls; holding open a large rectangular rebel Dixie flag—the Southern Cross. The two ghosts were General T. J. "Stonewall" Jackson, his amputated arm fully restored, and General P. G. T. Beauregard. The flag was red and featured two diagonally-crossed blue bands in an X-shape, outlined in white trim, and having thirteen white five-pointed stars in the blue cross-bars. Floating above them was General Robert E. Lee, holding open a long swallow-tailed white banner which bore the Latin motto: "Die Vindice" ("Under the guidance and protection of God).

General Lee was crowned with a golden laurel; he dressed in a grey double-breasted jacket with blue-cuffed and gold embroidered sleeves, having a blue-collar with the three-gold-stared insignia of an infantry colonel, as well as black Fugwee brogans (or Jefferson boots). Generals "Stonewall" Jackson and Beauregard were similarly attired, except their insignias were the three-gold-stars and gold wreath of a general... they also wore grey kepis (hats). All three men wore medallions around their necks on red and white bordered blue silk ribbons with thirteen white five-pointed stars—the Southern Cross of Honour of the United Daughters of the Confederacy—and long red silk sashes with bullion fringe ends, wrapped twice around their waists and tied behind their left hips, the pendant parts not extending more than 18 inches below the tie knot.

Sam Davis appeared carrying a Confederate "Stars & Bars" Flag—with three stripes: two red and a white stripe in-between and seven white stars in a circle in the blue canton.

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis S. Bartow walked at his side, carrying the Bonnie Blue Flag—a white five pointed star on a blue field.

Gallant Major John Pellam, commanding the Horse Artillery—the rectangular Confederate flag of Alabama: a crimson cross of St. Andrew's saltier on a white field—the bars forming the cross not less than 6" wide and running from corner to alternate corner

The Song of the Gaede Twins

A little drummer boy with a red Phrygian Liberty caps with a tri-coloured cockade on it, a red shirt with a swastika on it (in a white circle), baggy blue pants tied with a rope, and a yellow scarf around his neck has entered—barefoot—through the open door and, attracted to the twins, goes up and stands close by the girls.

His well-worn drum is painted a Prussian blue, the top and bottom hoops (holding the white sheep skin on) are painted rich crimson red... an old four strand white linen rope holds the two hoops (and the skins) on the wooden barrel: a series of six-to-eight gut strings have been pulled taut against the snare (lower) head—to give it resonance. A green five pointed pentagram (star) transcribed in a circle is painted on its face—representing the tetrahedron (the simplest of the five Platonic polyhedron solids) and-/or the pentatrope (the simplest regular figure in four dimensions).

These are the lyrics to the song the young girl is singing (as follows):

Victory Day

Well sit down and listen, to what I have to say. There soon will come a great war, a bloody but holy day. And after that purging, our people will be free, and sing up in the bright skies, a sun for all to see...

Times are very tough now for a proud White man to live. And although it may appear that this world has no life to give; well, times are soon changing, this can't go on for long. And on that joyful summer's day, we'll sing our Victory song...

And the women, they'll smile, on Victory Day. And the children, they'll laugh and they'll sing and they'll play. And the forests will echo our grace, for the band new dawn of our Race...

You are our brother and in war we proudly sing. Our cause shall never tire. Our gift to you we bring: A holy creed of racial purpose, as a mighty Race to defend. And when we fly our holy flag their oppressive reign shall end...

And the women, they'll smile, on Victory Day. And the children, they'll laugh and they'll sing and they'll play. And the forests will echo our grace, for the band new dawn of our Race...

And when we finally conquer, our people will be free. And all across this great land, the bold Truth we shall see. So as we march together, to avoid catastrophe, lets remember always our sacred Destiny...

And the women, they'll smile, on Victory Day. And the children, they'll laugh and they'll sing and they'll play. And the forests will echo our grace, for the band new dawn of our Race...

stylus

"We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children," said the little drummer boy to Faustus.

Being overwhelmed with awe, Faustus could only whisper, "I have nothing to say."

Linus the Clown

Calliope music begins to play to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel."

Linus the clown appears looming in a window, standing motionless, watching Faustus and pretending to cry. The ignorant clown cannot or pretends that he does not perceive the Apocalyptic Vision. Faustus tries to ignore him... so Linus makes a bigger nuisance of himself at being obvious, by making faces at him and laughing out loud.

"Femina fuge! Femina fuge! Femina fuge!" Linus the clown calls out menacingly to the Gaede twins: "Vir prudens non contra ventum mingit." *

Faustus, unable to avert his attention any longer, looks at the window... intending on telling the stupid clown off.

"Im Anfang war die Tat—a-rat-a-tat-a-tat-at..." says Linus, sticking out his tongue at Faustus and pretending to shoot him with a finger-gun. Then, laughing, the clown pretends to fire the finger-gun at the twins, the little drummer boy and Faustus—all the while calling out the esoteric 72-fold Name of God (see Shemhamphorash).

Exeunt Linus the Clown cart-wheeling and somersaulting, and laughing hysterically… turning to flip the bird at Faustus and spit in his direction.

Meanwhile, a blood-coloured full moon passed before the sun—an eclipse † and the sun became black as sackcloth—a herald of doom… and the stars began to fall from the sky, the earth shook and the wind began to blow.

"O fall and hide from the face of him who sits upon the throne," Faustus heard Laura's voice say, softly sounding from out of his heart's fond remembrance "and from the wrath of the Lamb! For the great day of their wrath has come, and who can stand?"

As Faustus turned to look back... the Apocalyptical Revelation disappeared—and he was once again alone and naked. The tools were as they had been, by the wheel, but the hourglass now lay on its side, broken, with white sand running out of it. And when he looked back out the open barn door all he could see was an ox and an ass grazing in the long green grass.

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* A Latin proverb, meaning: "A wise man does not piss against the wind." Figuratively, as opposed to the obvious literal interpretation, it means: "One should not do something if they do not wish to suffer the consequences." Or, concerning life-altering choices, "One should not struggle against insurmountable odds." Cf. Psalm 139:7 – 10, which praises God's omnipresence whilest suggesting the ubiquity of hell.

† Both St. John the Divine (in Revelations chap. 6) and Nostradamus predict an end time's eclipse lasting three days.

He was utterly stupefied.

As the terrible vision comes to its' close, Faustus is left alone, enveloped in the bitter smoke rising from where hadst been myriad persons as by a vision…

He dress again… walks out into the field… and wanders through the tall grass until he comes to an Earthly Paradise—a garden wherein Faustus notices a few naked young maids amongst the long, flowing grass and flowers, which he recognized from his days of living in the l'Anglais argot-ville du merde before being consigned to damnation.

He couldn't help but notice as his eyes trembled over their forms that none of them had a belly-button! none of them him saw, though, the mysterious red-haired Beast with bright blue yes-eyes whose long locks dangled in tight curls, the beautiful bleached-haired seductress sultry Sun, Chantal (who was more romantic than his heart could bear... Faustus' eyes washed over with tears and the slender body of the pale, young goddess seemed to glisten and glitter), Laura of the lovely eyes, Princess Elisabeth of the Amazons, silent Shauna upon whose lips Angels frolicked, Casey the Goth (with her face painted), fiery Guaçoaña the Latino with blue-black hair in long ringlets, Esme the Celt, elfin Kara—a most pleasing girl, Sachi the ermine, Taylor... so innocent and trusting, Flowerface and petite Holly (with the long pink-dyed hair)... sultry nymphos, one-and-all and O so young.

Atefah Rafavi Salaaheh

Atefah Rafavi Salaaheh,* martyr-Queen of Faustus' Houri, more virginal than a virgin, and made so because of the terrible travails which she experienced in her short life within the world, whom Faustus thought of as "the most beautiful pale-skinned woman he had ever yet encountered" was gathering flowers—naked of the veil of concealment she stood before him, hairless except for her coal-black eyebrows and hair, wearing nothing but her the spiritual gift and grace of her innocent smile and scented-flowers in her long flowing tresses... and she led him out of the night through dewy-eyed dawn into the morning. Her luminous countenance shone, ornamented with the beauty of God's good-pleasure, and her cheeks glowed with resplendent brightness. White doves fluttered around her head and honeybees nonchalantly buzzed from flower-to-flower around her feet, and in the distance song-birds were singing with Angel's voices praises unto the Creator.

She held out a pure (and undefiled) flower to Faustus in her delicate hand as they exchanged modest glances. But, as he neared her to take it... she dropped it to the ground at his feet, stood up on her tip-toes throwing her arms around his shoulders and hugged him demurely.

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* **Atefah Rafavi Salaaheh** (Persian: سهال عاطفه رجبی ; 1988 - 15 August 2004), called Gypsy of Neka (Iran), was a lively and intelligent sixteen year old girl who was sentenced to death by hanging for crimes against chastity according to Sharia Law. Her mother had died in a car accident when she was five; her younger brother drowned in a river shortly after that; her father became a drug addict; and she was forced to care for her octogenarian grandparents. She was arrested and tortured during interrogation after being repeatedly raped (for three years) by an abusive 51 year old ex-revolutionary guard turned taxicab driver, a married man with children. Note: The age of sexual consent for girls in Iran is just nine years old.
As the judge put the noose around her neck he spoke to her, saying, "This will teach you to disobey." She was blindfolded and lifted her up off the ground by the noose around her neck and was thus publicly hanged from a crane so *that* she could slowly strangle to death. Her execution was controversial because Iran was a signator of the International Covenant of Civil and Political Rights, and promised not to execute anyone under the age of 18. Her rapist received 95 lashes.

“It’s so good to see you,” Atefah said in a most wondrous and sweet voice, captivating his heart and his tongue: “It seems like I’ve been waiting for you for forever now.”

Faustus stammered, “I... I don’t know you?”

Atefah answered him, saying, “But I know you.”

She kissed him gingerly on his lips and smiled, looking deeply into his eyes... and he lost himself in the darkness of her splendid and pure gazelle-eyes. His nostrils filled with her perfumed breath so that he was dizzy and dumbstruck, his mind whirled and flooded with images. It was if his thoughts were filled with vignettes of her past life... and he understood how it was that she knew him... for he knew her, too. She was freedom from the sins of the flesh and as virtuous and impeccably immaculate as Eve in the Garden of Eden at the beginning of time. She was the most-refined eternally-young manifestation of his most-secret ideals... and would not fade with time.

It was impossible not to adore her. Faustus was lost in bewilderment and sick with passionate longing... his hand went of its own accord to her breast and caressed. He could feel her heart beating beneath her soft, warm flesh. She slowly lowered her gaze and looked at his hand quivering upon her tit and laughed.

“By my sorrows unrelieved of any joy,” she said, “ask of me nothing but look inwardly into thy own soul that that which thou seeketh might become apparent to thee.”

He trembled as one in despair, resigned to joy and triumph overshadowed by uncertainty.

“Yield not—yield not to despair,” groaned the memories of his mortality, reminding him of his morality.

“Grieve not if thou hearest the mundane sighs of the undead dwellers of the earth and the lamentations of the denizens of the heavens,” she said. “Leave them ghosts to perish on the dust of extinction. Let them be reduced to nothingness, inasmuch as the flame of Jealous’ fire of envy hath been kindled in their breasts... within their thoughts... within their stomachs... their loins... and in their foul mouths is nothing but hubris and pride. Leave them to their petty torments and their bitter judgments.”

His bashful sexual longing for the favours of her lust was gone now... replaced by inner tranquility, conscious of her virtue and dignity. Ruptured, he gazed upon her polished breast, which was as pearly as the inner shell of an oyster and smooth as a mirror, pert, rounded, and flame-tipped. Thus, the timid maiden turned her chaste face away and averted her soft-glowing teary-eyes, shunning his rude embrace.

“I love you, Atefah,” Faustus whispered as each of them parted their lips and embraced, their mouths devouring each other’s tongues, sharing moist breath... sharing a kiss. His hands slowly

descended down her body and rested upon her hips as they pressed themselves in close to each other in righteous delight.

A unicorn resting by a small fruit tree bearing golden apples gently neighed.

Faustus said to her: “Do you know how completely frustrating it is to be completely in love with someone and not be able to tell her how you feel?”

Brigitte Chapados

And he saw, coming out of the rising sun, moving fast as lightening, a fiery griffon pulling a triumphal chariot with two wheels wherein stood Brigitte Chapados... wearing a peplos of clean, white-shining lithon, the blue of the heavens born from her eyes; her blond hair shimmering like golden sunshine over a field of grain at harvest time; her voice was like the song of singing birds.

Brigitte said, “Penitent... I have closed my eyes and found the lost heart and I am bringing it back to you.”

At her feet were her familiars: Phantom, a white black cat, and Bandito, a black cat.

And in the air around her were three women, clad in red and green and white: Frēoġan (whose unseen heart of love was aflame with desire), bearing fiery fruit, who said, her voice the sound of Angels: “Deus caritas est—Love is God.”

Hopa, playing a hope-filled melody on her harp, and singing, “Believe ye in the New Covenant and the Second Coming.”

Faithful Rith, who carried a cross, came forth saying, “Remember.” Four other women clad in purple were also in her train: wise Ælmæsgen, the prudent and virtuous mother of the other three, saying, “Peace, gloriousness and joy.” She carried a book in her hands, a snake entwining around her arms—and the pages of the book were mirrors. And the others were: fair Dēmere, who was the eldest, who was blindfolded, and wearing a crown upon her head, and carrying a sword and scales in her hands; humble and temperate Wyrdiga the artist, carrying water and wine in two jugs; and courageous Ġeþyildiġ, so fortitudinous, wearing a breastplate and sheaves, and a lion-skin, and wielding a club. And the griffon pulled the chariot right up close to Faustus, the rocks spotted with sparks as it’s’ talons touched them in passing.

“You do realize that Atefah is nothing more than a submissive sex-slave to you? Don’t you, Faustus?” Brigitte saith unto Faustus.

“We are lovers of our own Free Will to Power,” said Faustus in response. “We chose each other before we knew each other... or maybe were chosen by God to be together now… here… in Paradise.”

“She hath not the mental capacity to choose, man,” said Brigitte, “what she would do with her love and her sex. She is but an innocent girl—now more virginal than any virgin could ever be in merely with-holding her sexuality from the world.”

“This Garden was created for us...” Faustus began to say, but the goddess interrupted him.

Brigitte said, “She was created from your want and imagined to be a lover for you... so that you feel not alone in this life that you are living. She does not know a world outside of this Garden for it only exists in your need... in your heart’s secret thoughts. She must allow her master—you are nothing to her now—to penetrate her spirit at behest of her own Free Will to Power and not by your command! She must smile and enjoy life for her own sake: For she is just the product of your imagination… an illusion or delusion… a wet-dream.”

“She is as real as you or I,” saith Faustus in his defense.

“Nay, Faustus,” said the goddess, “Neither she nor this place is real. And all you think you have experienced of late is only as real as you want to think and believe it is... but it’s nothing more than a complicated lie: A fabrication of your own creation which you dared to imagine in vain mimicry of Gad the Creator and Sustainer of All Life.”

“If none of this is real...” responded Faustus, his voice full of rebelliousness and outright disbelief, “then what of you? Are you real? Or am I? Maybe I don’t even exist.”

“Well, man,” saith she, “let me say it this way: if you don’t know whether or not you exist and are asking me... then, obviously, you think that I am more real than you? And I am—insomuch as when I am done with you and gone you will think and remember of me... whilest I shalnt give you another thought—you will become less than a memory to me. I will forget you completely and never think of you again.”

There was an uncomfortable moment of silence betwixt them as she let her message sink into his head.

“I know you think it cruel of me to speak to you so harshly,” Brigitte said. “But I will not lie to you. What have I to gain in lying to you, Faustus? You cannot think yourself so important as consider yourself worthy of lies? Can you? What for? What is in it for me to lie to you whom I shall so soon abandon to nothingness?”

All the while she was chastising him… Faustus’ world shrank within him. He could feel his feeble heart pulsing within his chest, his stomach fluttered, knees weakened, and eyelids drooped and depression washed over him like mud dripping down his body from the top of his head. He never felt more weak and worthless as in all the experiences of his existence. Even his thoughts turned to cold stone as his mind slowly emptied of the quiet conversation hidden within his conscious awareness of Iself.

“Faustus,” she said.

He looked up meekly into the blue eyes of the bright-faced goddess, and she said, “What are you thinking about?”

He paused a moment... then said, “Nothing.”

“Don’t lie to me,” she said. “I haven’t lied to you.”

The blazing fire of the sky was brilliantly burning within a circular halo of light behind her... framing her shoulders and head, her long golden hair shining brightly. And, as he looked into the baby-blue of her pure eyes... and it was as if all else in his reality faded away altogether—at once—leaving nothing but the vision of her... even he, himself, faded so that all that was left of him was his awareness of her spectacular visage.

“Tell me, Faustus,” she said, soft-smiling, the luminance of her eyes tender and moist glistening: “What thinkest thou man of flesh?”

Then there was nothing of him left. He simply ceased to exist. He ceased to think... he ceased to feel... he ceased to dream... he ceased to breath. There was only her... her ambrosial breath, and this seemed to intoxicate the dying memory of his soul... and it was as if he were floating like a lost man on a rickety raft in the middle of a calm sea under a relentless sun...

“Faustus...” said the goddess, her voice reverberating, seemingly coming from nowhere.

Emptied of all resistance to her alluring charm and attracted like a honeybee to a flower, Faustus was aware of nothing... until, of a sudden, he realized that they were kissing. He had cautiously approached her face, humbly closing his eyes in submission to her love and out of unexplainable fear of rejection. He was aware of nothing but the moistness of her breath, the combat of their tongues, the sucking and slavering of their mouths... their breath became as one, their hearts bleating together as one, their minds one so that nothing was hidden from the other. There was no guilt or shame... only bliss.

Faustus and the beautiful goddess Brigitte embraced... he caressed her, kissed her—he kissed the soles of her feet and her toenails… his kisses grazing ever upwards, snaking around her divine limbs; her hands—palms, fingers, wrists… up her arms, finding her shoulders and neck… her face… her hair.

Their tongues penetrating each other mouth—swallowing and devouring each other’s tongues… like twisting worms snaking about each other.

Her warbling throat…

Downwards descending over her breasts… lingering between them… in the crevasse of her bosom… finding her belly… and her belly button—thence exploring the warmth of her loins, which was wet.

Fiery butterflies to set their world aflame… as her knees grew weak, she knelt… and thence she layeth down, parting her legs as he slithered between them like a snake—to mount her—and to penetrate her—as her legs wrapped around him so that he could not get away—her victim.

Thus, he was made a prisoner of her love.

He had surrendered his Free Will to Power to her—and would soon surrender his seed and his strength, as well.

Her prisoner of love would soon be hers forever—and he would soon empty himself of his seed and his powers into her—their two bodies moving as one as he grunted and she moaned.

Spinning lights flickered on-and-off in their minds, enveloping them in the world of flesh delight, until all that was left of them the same burning need—the same selfish desire to pleasure, and the same instinctual urge to be pleasured.

Thus, as they forgot themselves and each other, their bodies began to change like unto flames until they were one blazing fire like a myriad of fiery butterfly-like heart-shaped kisses which held their shape for moments and then dispersed into a fluttering mass which spread out everywhere, disappearing into the blueness of the day... until there was nothing left of them at all.

A Theopneustic Epiphany of Paradoxical Serendipity

It was as if he were dreaming or out of his corruptible body and watching his true self exposed before him as a ushabti figure... with his arms hanging at rest by his side—standing, as it were, above but not touching a pure white ocean of glass which extended from under him in every direction as far as he could perceive.

All around him was a vacuous non-absorbing, non-reflective black emptiness—at the extent of his perception were infinitesimal, faintly sparkling diamonds… appearing as white dots in the black empty above and as opposite black dots in the white below—all twinkling in unison... blue-red-yellow, synchronistically, but antipodalically reversed. This universe was vibrant and resonated with a charismatic bombination buzzing-and-humming hypnotically like a resonating tuning fork—aum—as if it was emphatic and ecstatic... alive and respirating peace, love and tranquility.

There he stood stripped naked of everything except his knowledge, will to power and glory—even more naked than a slave before its master—for the flesh and bones of his divine khat, or physical body (which is liable to decay) were transparent as if his body was made of clear, psychodic liquid,* yet, therein that fluid form were all his veins, shimmering ultraviolet, and arteries, throbbing infrared... and his beating heart (his ab, which was the seat of his will to power—the fountain of wisdom and understanding) with its own jasper-green fiery aura, like a

* Your body has three fluid compartments: intravascular (within the blood vessels), intracellular (with the cells), and interstitial (between your cells).

stylus

sultry scarab beetle meditating on top of it, as it rhythmically pulsed rusted-iron-red, ectoplasmic blood... in harmony with the song of the universe.

His lymphatic system, which closely resembled his veins and arteries, was filled with a yellowish coaguable fluid (a 90% mixture of bluish water and 10% solutes such as proteins, cellular waste products, dissolved gasses, and hormones... and subjugated pathogenic bacteria). His luminous nerves palpitated, sparkling with white-hot electromagnetic fire—incandescent achromic flames scorching through them. His hot-breathing lungs throbbed with phlogistonic redolency, all his organs and his brain—living and vibrant with eteneic thermal energy—mixing both the crimson blood and yellowish lymph with the pneumatic electricity.

His soulless khabit (sheut or shadow) stood behind him—independent of his body and his psyche and containing nothing but emptiness like a black hole in space—always near him but living an entirely independent life and able to act as it pleased without deference to the being it shadowed.

His fleshy brain was also translucent, glowing pale beige (like an oyster) tinted with an alternating pinkish and gray hue, and his glistening pineal gland shone like a polished pearl. Within the pulp of his brain his emotions, thoughts, imaginations, memories, dreams and desires, all mixed with the sentient thermal-dynamic kinetic energy of his blood and lymph flowing into the meat of his mind, transmutating into electricity in the form of colourful sparks, flashes of lightning, and a fireworks display—this being his akh: Reminiscent of a rolling storm in the heavens when the good-humoured Taranis the Thunderer—a Celtic god, slow to anger but a furious, wrathful deity when his ire was vexed—rode his black and white stallions in his golden chariot across the clouds, kindling thunder and lightning afar off in the distance at sunrise.

Author's Notes

The Human Brain

The brain is composed of a cerebral cortex (of the two cerebral hemispheres), as well as several subcortical structures—especially of those associated with the limbic system (pertaining to adrenalin, emotion, behaviour, motivation, memories and olfaction… or the sense of smell), including: two hippocampi—one in each hemisphere of the brain (pertaining to memory and navigation); two (antenna-like) olfactory bulbs located in the forebrain (pertaining to the sense of smell—and sensitive to vapour, odours, and pheromones); the basal ganglia, which is situated at the base of the forebrain and interconnected with the cerebral cortex, the thalamus, and brainstem (associated with movement, learning, behavioural habits, emotion and conscious or unconscious cognition: attention, memory, judgment, reasoning, decision making, comprehension, production of language… and being both intuitive and conceptual and having the ability to abiogenetically generate new understandings out of nihility). The thalamus is located in the forebrain superior to the midbrain, near the center of the brain, with nerve fibers projecting out to the cerebral cortex in all directions, relaying sensory and motor signals out to the cerebral cortex, and regulating consciousness, sleep and alertness.

The brain stem, including the medulla oblongata, pons and midbrain is the posterior part of the brain, adjoining and structurally continuous with the spinal cord. The brain stem regulates the central nervous system, the heart rate (cardiac system), breathing (respiratory system)... and maintains consciousness and sleep cycles. Of the twelve pairs of cranial nerves, ten pairs come from the brain stem—the nerve connections of the motor and sensory systems from the brain to the body pass through the brain stem. The medulla oblongata is part of the brain stem that is situated between the pons and the spinal cord… and deals with the autonomic (involuntary) functions of breathing (respiratory), heart rate (cardiac) and blood pressure. The pons, which plays a role in generating dreams, is part of the brain stem and lies between the midbrain (above) and the medulla oblongata (below). The pons conducts signals from the brain to the

cerebellum and medulla, and carries sensory signals up to the thalamus. Finally, the cerebellum (little brain), having the appearance of a separate structure attached to the bottom of the brain—underneath the cerebrum and behind the pons, which receives input from sensory systems of the spinal cord and other parts of the brain, integrating these inputs to fine tune motor activity.

The diencephalon is at the upper end of the brain stem, situated between the cerebrum and brain stem: It is made up of four distinct parts: the thalamus, the subthalamus, the hypothalamus, and the epithalamus.

The spinal cord extends from the medulla oblongata in the brain stem to the lumbar region (pertaining to the abdominal section of the torso between the diaphragm and the sacrum—a large triangular bone at the base of the spine inserted like a wedge between the two hip bones: See, the triple heater). The spinal cord functions as a conduit for motor information which travels down the spinal cord, also as a conduit for sensory information traveling the reverse direction, and as a center for coordinating certain reflexes. The brain and spinal cord make up the central nervous system, which integrates information it receives from, and coordinates and influences the activity of, all parts of the body. [The brain and the spinal cord are like a sperm (seed) insomuch as it has a head (brain), a mid (connecting) piece (the pons), and a tail (spinal cord). A sperm contains 23 chromosomes, and joins the 23 chromosomes of the female egg, fusing during fertilization to form a new organism—the totipotent zygote—the earliest developmental stage of the embryo.]

The Reproductive System

The female reproductive system contains two main parts: These parts are internal: the uterus, which hosts the developing fetus, produces vaginal and uterine secretions, and pass the male's sperm through the Fallopian tubes; and the ovaries, which produce the female's egg cells. The vagina meets the external organs at the vulva, which includes the labia, clitoris and urethra. The vagina is attached to the uterus through the cervix (the lower narrower part of the uterus), while the uterus is attached to the ovaries via the Fallopian tubes.

At certain intervals, the ovaries release an ovum, which passes through the Fallopian tube into the uterus: If, in transit, it meets with sperm, the sperm penetrate and merge with the egg... fertilizing it during the reproductive process

The menstrual cycle is the cycle of natural changes that occurs in the uterus and ovary as an essential part of making sexual reproduction possible. Its timing is governed by endogenous (internal) biological cycles. The menstrual cycle is essential for the production of eggs, and for the preparation of the uterus for pregnancy. The menstrual cycle occurs repeatedly between tre age of menarche, or the first menstrual bleeding (at the average age of 12 to 14 years-of-age).*

It is the central event of female puberty and signals the possibility of fertility.

The Endocrine System

The endocrine system refers to a collection of glands that secrete hormones directly into the circulatory system. The major endocrine glands include: the pineal gland, pituitary gland ovaries/testes, thyroid gland, parathyroid gland, hypothalamus, gastrointestinal tract, adrenalin glands and the pancreas (which is both an endocrine and an exocrine gland). The endocrine system is in contrast to the exocrine system, which secretes its hormones via ducts either inside the body or on the surface of the body. The endocrine system is an information signal system like the nervous system, yet its effects are slow to initiate and prolonged in their response: (The nervous system sends information very quickly, and responses are generally short-lived).

The pineal gland (shaped like a tiny pine cone) is located in the epithalamus, near the center of the brain, between the two cerebral hemispheres, tucked in a groove where the two halves of the thalamus join. It produces a serotonin-derived hormone called melatonin [ ] which modulates sleep patterns: (Melatonin in plants regulates growth by its ability to slow root formation, while promoting above-ground growth). Serotonin is a chemical neurotransmitter responsible for maintaining mood balance - a deficit of serotonin leads to depression. René Descartes, father of modern philosophy, believed the pineal gland to be the "principal seat of the soul" - and the photoreceptive parietal third eye facilitating intuitive functioning and mystical experiences.

* Helen of Sparta was first abducted by the Greek hero Theseus when she is *about* 12 years-of-age. And, when the Immaculate Ever-Virgin Mary was 12 years-of-age, an Angel appeared in a dream to Zaccharia Zadok, the chief priest of the Temple (and father of Saint John the Baptizer), and he forthwith married her off to his half-brother Saint Joseph ben Ya'akov *King de jure Judaea*.

The pituitary gland - about the size of pea and in a protective bony enclosure - is a protrusion off the bottom of the hypothalamus at the base of the brain. The hormones secreted from the pituitary gland help control: growth, blood pressure, some aspects of pregnancy and childbirth [ ] breastmilk production, sex organ functions in both sexes, thyroid gland function, conversion of food to energy (metabolism), water, osmolarity regulation in the body, water balance/reabsorbtion of water by the kidneys, temperature regulation, pain relief, and sleeping patterns (pineal gland).

The pancreas is a glandular organ in the digestive and endocrine systems - located in the abdominal cavity behind the stomach. It is an endocrine gland producing several important hormones which circulate in the blood: insulin, glucagon, somatostatin, and pancreatic polypeptide. The pancreas is also a digestive organ, secreting pancreatic juice containing digestive enzymes that assist digestion and absorption of nutrients in the small intestine. These enzymes help break down the carbohydrates, proteins, and lipids (fats, waxes, sterols, &c.) in the chyme (the semifluid mass of partially digested food expelled by the stomach into the duodenum - first section of the small intestine).

Brain Waves and Dreams

The electromagnetic activity of the brain - brain waves - are cyclic and wave-like in nature. Gamma waves - the fastest, high-frequency brain waves - are associated with the formation of ideas, language and memory processing - disappearing during deep sleep but returning with the transition back into a waking state. Beta waves - generally the mental state of most people during the waking state. Alpha waves have the power of now and being here - being awake but relaxed and not processing much information: for example, when you close your eyes your brain automatically starts producing more Alpha waves. Theta waves are the receptive mental state of light sleep, relaxation, and are dominant during meditation - our senses are withdrawn from the external world and focused on signals originating from within - experiencing vivid dream imagery, having intuition, and processing information beyond our conscious awareness. Delta waves - the slowest and loudest brain waves (like a deep penetrating drumbeat) - occur during deep, dreamless sleep, suspending external awareness and are the source of empathy.

REM sleep, having a lower level of brain activity, is generated in the pontine brain stem (or the pons), which sends exciting signals to the eyes, midbrain and the thalamus - this containing structures for visual, auditory, tactile, and so forth cognition which excites the cortex... and remembering or forgetting. The hippocampus processes events and stores the oscillatory theta rhythm, having a strong, lower frequency and being related to arousal and motor behaviour, appears during meditative, drowsy, or sleeping states... but not deep sleep. Hypnagogic sleep differs from REM sleep insomuch as it is the transitional state of wakefulness to sleep - the phenomenal “threshold consciousness” of lucid dreaming, hallucinations and sleep paralysis. Dreams originate in the very primative back part of the brain while the prefrontal cortex and orbital frontal cortex (your consciousness) are shut off - and the amygdala is active. The amygdala are two almond-shaped groups of nuclei located deep and medially (in the middle) within the temporal lobes of the brain - processing memory, decision-making (sexual orientation), and emotional reaction - and are part of limbic system.

Dreams are successions of thought images, ideas, emotions, and sensations that occur involuntarily in the mind... mainly during REM sleep (when brain activity is high and resembles that of being awake). Prehistorically, dreams - as the “timeless time” - were aboriginally totemic of formative creation and perpetual creating. In classical history, people believed that the soul was freed from the body during slumber to journey in the dream realm, where it visited the gods (or deceased ancestors) and communicated supernatural messages - warnings and prophecies - and that dreams were produced by thoughts and conversations a dreamer had during the preceding days. In the Middle Ages dreams were seen as evil, and dream imagery as being temptations from the devil, corrupting the human mind with evil thoughts.

Freud called dreams the “royal road to the unconsciousness,” dream content relating to desires (early childhood memories and experiences) and wish fulfillment: superficially meaningless manifest content masking obscuring latent content of wishes or fantasies. The visual nature of dreams is highly phantasmagoric - different locations and objects continuously blend into each other; negative emotions being much more common than positive ones; and sexual dreams, in some cases, result in orgasms (a sudden discharge of accumulated sexual tension) and/or nocturnal omission (ejaculation for males and vaginal wetness for females).

Dreams consciously penetrate the unconscious - like a tongue penetrating a mouth in a shared kiss, or as the spoken word penetrates the ear and understanding penetrates the heart (the seat of the consciousness: intellect and emotion, sensations of affection, self-determination manifesting destiny, and the center of all physical and spiritual life)... or, more specifically, as the male phallus penetrates the female vagina... wherein the Act of Creation takes place.

The Personality

Consciousness and unconsciousness and subconscious compared to the sculpture The Rape of the Sabine Women by Giambolgna.

The undifferentiated id (Latin: "it") - the inherited personality traits present from birth - is the unorganized part of the personality containing basic instinctual drives: the source of our needs, wants, desires and impulses (particularly our sexual and aggressive natures); the destructive "death drive" and the eros (life instinct). The id contains the libido - the desire for sexual activity - instinctual source of unresponsive to the demands of reality. The id acts according to the "pleasure principle" - the psychic force seeking immediate gratification and arousal and the avoidance of pain.

Part of the id developed into a structured ego (Latin: "I") - being reasonable and acting according to the "reality principle" - which defers instant gratification (comparable to the triumph of reason over passion, head over heart, and rational over emotional mind). The ego mediates between the id and reality, cloaking the unconscious commands with its own preconscious rationalizations. The ego is the organized part of the personality structure - it contains the defensive, perceptual, intellectual-cognitive, and executive functions. Conscious awareness resides in the ego, although not all the operations of the ego are conscious.

Mainly but not entirely conscious, the super-ego reflects the internalization of cultural rules, mainly taught by parents, and aims at perfection - including ego ideals, spiritual goals, and the psychic agency of the "conscience" that criticizes and prohibits drives, fantasies, feelings, and actions... punishing misbehavior with the emotions of shame, guilt, regret, remorse, and contrition - maintaining our morality and proscription from taboo. The super-ego's desires often oppose the id's and the ego sometimes has a hard time in reconciling the two.

The nature of the aboriginal, innate, and inherent "archaic remnants" of the human mind, or the collective unconscious, is distinguished from a personal unconscious insomuch as the personality is a reservoir of experience unique to the individual mind, while our collective mind collects and organizes all those personal experiences. The empirical psyche of the collective, universal, and impersonal unconsciousness is identical in all individuals.

The unconscious shadow aspect of the conscious ego does not identify with the personality, because one tends to forget or remain ignorant of the less desirable aspects of their personality. The shadow is largely negative, instinctive, and irrational... and includes everything outside of the light of consciousness. It is not inherited but develops in the individual's mind - and is fed by the collective neglected and repressed collective values. The less embodied the shadow is in the individual's conscious life, the blacker and denser it is. It is linked to one's more primitive animal instincts, and is roughly equivalent to the whole of the Freudian unconsciousness. The seat of creativity, the shadow represents the true spirit of life.

The anima and animus are the two primary anthropomorphic archetypes of the unconscious mind, as opposed to the theriomorphic* and inferior function of the shadow archetype... as well as the abstract archetype of the Self. A domain of the unconscious that transcends the personal psyche, the unconsciousness of the male finds expression as a feminine inner personality - the anima; and equivalently, the female unconsciousness is expressed as a masculine inner personality - the animus.

Because a man's sensitivity must often be repressed, the anima is thought of as one of the most significant autonomous complexes - manifesting in dreams it influences a man's interactions with and attitudes towards women - and vica versa towards women and their animus.

Compare the anima and animus as the meeting of the Frankenstein monster and the little girl throwing daisies into the river...

Carl Jung defined twelve primary archetypes - universal, mythic characters - which reside in the collective unconscious, representing fundamental human motifs of our experience as we evolved, consequentially evoking emotions:

> "Each person - not society or religion - is solely responsible for giving meaning to life and living it passionately and sincerely."
>
> Søren Kierkegaard - the first existential philosopher

* **Therianthropy** is the mythological ability of human beings to metamorphose into animals by means of shapeshifting. Cave drawings depict prehistoric beliefs in the concept.

The Epiphany is continued

The glorious intelligence of his **khu** - the shining, translucent intangible ethereal **aura** covering his body like a garment of clean-shining lithon washed in frankincense was alive with a bright blue/ultraviolet plasmic-like glow - the universal **Sekhem** (image) energy connected with the ab, or the heart's center, and embodying unconditional love flowing through him in the form of aetherical **qi** energy. Phosphorescent electricity flowed sparkling out his fingertips, meandering leisurely over his body, encasing it like a voltaic **antumbraic placenta** (made of flowing energy like electricity flowing over a Tesla coil).

His face, though, was featureless - having only the vaguest semblance of ears, nose, and mouth - and where two eyes should have been... there was only one! this being a soft-glowing pearly white lidless orb (filled with jelly-like telomerasic enzyme proteins), having an **iris** of bright swirling mandelbrotic colours like a wheel with eight spokes and having the tiniest black dot of a **pupil** - the window to the soul - reflecting the dark, silent emptiness that his body was suspended in. And in the emptiness around him were flashes of blinding blue-green light, like pure fire, accompanied by transparent visions of images, numbers, equations, shapes, plasmic blobs of colour - kaleidoscopic with memories or imaginations of faces and bodies of persons, reliving events or dreams and aspirations - these were all spewed out of the tiny black dot of his pupil, filling the void around him with his thoughts, emotions and other sensations.

His androgynous subtle body was without certain other normal fleshapoid features, such as having no genitals, nipples or belly button.

Information Deleted

The Sāḥu's Progress

Note: The sāḥu changes colour.

A transparent spectral **astral body** - his **sāḥu** - having no visible brain, internal organs or sexuality, no facial features, nipples, belly button, or nails on the ends of its digits, separated from his light-body and floated away like a ghost into the darkness, but remained connected by an almost invisible ***umbilical cord*** which flickered on-and-off *like an* ***alternating current*** transmitting and receiving thermodynamic electromagnetic information: thus, having the power of associating with his **soul** and holding converse with it, able to perceive the dimensions separate of time and space and all the things contained therein them, and to ascend into heaven to dwell with the gods and feast on **ambrosia**.

The only features of the glowing half-slug-like/half-humanoid sāḥu were ***gill slits*** (on either side of its neck) and two long slender ***antenna*** growing out the top of its forehead (*which were connected to what in a flesh-body would have been olfactory bulbs*). The sāḥu had ***no aura*** *to speak of* and cast ***no shadow*** *so to speak*, but was encased in a self-generated protective malleable bubble-like ***amniotic sac*** filled with a liquefied gaseous material of a substance only describable as "thought/emotion dark-energy."

This astral body remained connected navel-to-navel to the light-body by an impalpable elastic **umbilical cord** containing two arteries wrapped around by one vein within it, and being filled

with the same jelly-like telomerasic enzyme proteins found in the one eyeball of the light-body. [The vein, splits into different roots in the host body, one end connected to its liver and the other end connected to its heart, these carrying nutrient rich ***oxygenated blood*** to the fetus-like astral projection of ***the glorified imagined self***. The paired arteries (with one for each side of the body) were the product of conception, originating in the union of a fertilized egg and the sperm which impregnated it - the *sine qua non* ("without which it could not be" or "without which there is nothing") of being - and carried ***deoxygenated blood*** out of and away from the fetal-like astral body: (Aside from the pulmonary artery, which carries blood from the heart to the lungs, these are the only other arteries which carry deoxygenated blood *in the human body*).]

The further the sāḥu went away from the host light-body... the more transparent parasitic larva-like ***nematodic worms*** (*like Leucochloridium paradoxum*) swarmed around it... each being more of an ***asexual virus*** than a fish - capable of infecting and possessing the host-body's astral sāḥu - slowly poisoning it and making it appear more desirable (as nourishment) to ***ichthysic dimorphic predators*** which were attracted to the frenzied swarm around it. [It is notable that any of these predators which swam close to the light-body would jellify and dissolve into inter-dimensional sludge]

The larger venomous ***females*** were gray Mitsukurinidae-like (*goblin sharks*) with white bellies and elongated, flat trowel-shaped beak-like snouts - containing sensory organs to sense prey - and highly protrusible jaws in a parabolic-shaped mouth containing pointy nail-like teeth. They were sluggish, flabby-bodied and had small, rounded fins, five pairs of gill slits, and two dull-black non-reflective eyes. These were always accompanied by commensal ***ectoparasitic scavengers*** (*pilot fish*) whose bodies were usually striped blue-black and blackish-silver, the belly being lighter in colour, the body turning silvery-white and transparent when in an excited frenzied state. These had forked tails and low dorsal fins. They picked food from between the teeth of the larger *ichthysic dimorphic predator* females and devoured any of the leftover chum (scrap food) which the predator did not eat.

And the smaller more-numerous hollow-boned mite-like (with three pairs of arachnid-legs) cannibalistic *ichthysic dimorphic predator* ***males*** resembling a cross between spiky-haired *anglerfish* (having evolved their pectoral and pelvic fins into broad wings) and *Thoracoptridae* (*an extinct flying fish*); these being flabby and weak-boned, having small gills and wide-mouthed piranha-like expandable jaws full of long movable razor-sharp teeth, and stretchable elastic stomachs capable of consuming more prey and/or bigger prey than they were; dull-gleaming bioluminescent diamond-like ***lures*** hung on slender rods protruding from the middle of their foreheads in front of their mouths.

Furthermore, in the dark recesses of the blackness - where all the dimensions merged together into one indefinable sludge - jellyfish-like monsters floated in the goo, which were surrounded by the immature *ichthysic dimorphic predators*. Various other octopi-like and squid-like cephalopods, a variety of skates, rays, gulper-like eels, lampreys, leeches, and schools of scaly, fast-swimming bioluminescent Teleosti-like ***sardines*** fed upon phytoplankton and krill: These anti-gravitational "sardines" were capable of inter-dimensional travel at faster-than-light speeds.

Information Deleted

The Fires of Probability

In the lotus flower of his wide-open light-body's mind rested **an egg** - a pearl of opaque ectoplasm (like the colour of mixed sperm and cervical mucous) consisting of the same jelly-like telomerasic enzyme proteins found in the one eyeball of the light-body - upon which rested an incorporeal human-headed **ba hawk** with a green face *resembling the image of his own mortal face* - which was wearing a Punt-beard, and having the power to fly into the ***fires of probability*** swaying like long gaseous fronds of etiolated etheric fire mixed with glass-like and/or quartz-like ***coral*** above him - their source originating in the ectoplasm. Herein these watery flames were all his imagined probabilities and dreamy aspirations... all fighting for prominence... every one of his evolving hopes and vocations, thoughts and feelings mesmerizing colourful torsion waves therein.

Bubbles formed – some floated aloof – others plopped or merged: One bubble contained all other bubbles, it seemed be… and it was like an impregnated (white **dipole**) ovum - the tail of a black sperm waving above within the flames of probability - and extending the chakra string.

This ethereal chakra-string being opposite in colour and composition (but not negative) so whereas it had been white it was now black, &c.

The impregnated egg containing the head of the black sperm is capable of **evolution** and in the flaming fronds, at six points along the chakra string [were] the top one being free-floating **strangelet** - with the ability to convert ordinary matter into **strange matter** at the center of a triple heater - so that the chakra string contains 21 chakra points in total: 7 in the negative body and 7 in the light body, a monopole in between and shared by the negative body and the light body, and six in the opposite sperm-tail body, equidistant (about the length of the three-part chakra string) floats a 22nd phenomenon... a **gray hole**.

In the last stage of its existence a collapsing **black hole** becomes a dark-gray hole and in the first stage of its existence a **white hole** emerges from a light-gray hole: a **gray hole** - whether in its dark or bright stage - is the smallest thing in existence (smaller even than a tachyon) having neither a "+" or a "-" charge (being a third type of neutral charge - neither attractive nor repellant - and unlike any quark insomuch as it has no definable attributes).

The Illuminable Realm

Faustus was alone in a black swampland full of reeds, rushes, papyrus flowers, and biting, stinging, crawling, creeping and flying Insects… newts, salamanders, and frogs.

Leviathan (crocodiles) and Behemoth (hippopotamus) shared the primordial muck, together, with snakes: O feathered flying snakes with limbs… and scaly birds… and pterodactyls…

An Argentavis-like black-feathered teratron (similar to a giant condor) - larger than the pterodactyls – was their king: a dark shadow covering a poisoned ***river of life***, full of floating cadaver-souls… and on its shores a multiplicity of dying souls washing their faces in the

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Lethean surf – seeking to forget the lives they had led, these people wading in to experience rebirth, and in being reborn, to live again…

Faustus turned around and looked back over the way he had come... but whereas it had been a black swampland teeming with life... it was now a **red desert**. He turned back to the poisonous river of life... but it too had vanished... replaced with the same red desert.

Above him, in a red sky, ***prehistoric Teratornithidae vultures*** circled.

An Oasis Mirage

The Teratornithidae vultures descended, circling, and were revealed to be Harpies—fighting over their victim, which was too quick become him himself. He was their King Phineas… and their were no Argonauts to rescue him.

The three Hyperborean sirens were fighting together among themselves over who controlled the "spindle of necessity"—meaning Faustus:
The white one white was Aletheia Veritas (Truth) - a young, freckle-faced virgin with sky-blue eyes and long, black hair dressed in white…
The one red was Pleroma the Demiurge - very beautiful and desirable with strawberry blond hair and green eyes…
The one black was Sophia Barbelo the Orphite [the world soul] - and she withered with long, thin white hair… and was herself blind (her eyes covered with a gray, scaly cataract).

A babe in swaddling cloth appeared, crawling on the ground, holding a green snake wrapping around him as he toddled and crawled. The cherub used its magick charms to change the serpent into a cornucopia - a cauldron overflowing with hallucinogenic flowers.

Faustus' soul desired to sip of the Ayahuasca potion dripping from the babe's grail. That Holy Vessel pouring forth the Aquarian Age – and the swaddled infant aged, quick becometh he the **God of Fatal Laughter**… and with him was **Albert II**, a small rhesus monkey - the first monkey astronaut to go into space (on 14 June 1949 in a V2 rocket) wearing a red fez and vest with gold braid around the trim and embroidered with golden thread.

The oasis vanished and Faustus was left standing alone - ankle deep in shit - surrounded by a vast herd of "long pigs" as far as he could see.

The Long Pigs

The unconscious mind manifested as a swarming horde of "**long pigs**" each bearing the face of and containing the ignorant mind of a failed human life; each of which was swept along unquestioningly by the mob, regurgitating popular opinion; natural-born liars having been educated with misinformation and untruths in their lifetimes, and too lazy to even attempt to understand or emphasize with "the truth."

As with Christ's Legion… these swine all run off, jumping into the sea and began swimming away like ***suicidal lemmings***… and were all caught in undercurrents and drowned by huge waves.

Unable to either fight or resist the herd mentality of the unconscious mind, Faustus was swept up in the manifest chaos of the exodus and carried towards ***the edge of reality*** with the others. There were no Angels to save him here... the situation was dire and the consequences fatal. Death was certain.
Did he resign himself to his fate? No. He resisted!

And the world around him began to change - or was it that he was being transported to another place? He neither knew not nor cared.

NOTE

Faustus hath spent three days and three nights within Hell Proper: the first day spent wandering around the war-stricken graveyard of the Land of Endless Night (Bad Government) which was in chaos and disordered - and of running for his life and hiding in a writhing mass of dead of dying, sick and mutilated bodies festering with guts, gangrenous puss and shit, birds of prey and red-eyed rats, buzzing flies and maggoty worms... wherein poor Faustus, overcome with grief, having reached the uttermost bottom of his remorse and self-pity, passed out, overcome with exhaustion - and he dreamed; he awakened on the second day to a different world, the sun rising and illuminating the beginnings of the Land of Endless Day (Good Government), traveling with the gypsy circus and meeting the royal family, and afterwards of wandering aimless and alone through a field, meeting a milkmaid, a picnic of milk and honey and ambrosia - a hallucination! the Führer, draped in the Blood Flag and wielding the Spear of Destiny at the head of the Great Army of the Fourth Reich facing the onslaught of the subhuman horde of the damned... and dying a martyr's death in the Great Final Battle - the Waelkyrie Brigitte and dissolving in love-making together - this constituting the end of the third day.

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Epilogue

The Pixie

Faustus opened his eyes... he was alone in his room again, dressed once more in faded blue jeans, dirty t-shirt and holey socks. Everything was as it had been before he met Joseph Carey Merrick... except that where-as the dusk of night had swept up all the shadows of the day into a soft-growing darkness then... now the gentle, brilliant light of dawn was flushing the room in a warming glow (and the shy shadows were beginning to creep out of their hiding places). But standing there, in place of Joseph Carey Merrick, was a bewitching seductress - a pixie with a creamy complexion and fiery butterfly wings - having long blond hair, reminiscent of sunbathed golden grain at harvest time waving in a gentle breeze, resplendent sky-blue eyes, and soft, moist rosy lips ravishing a smile.

She was clothed in a pale yellowish-pink/yellowish-grey flesh-coloured see-through silk babydoll slip with lacy ruffles and petite satin powder-blue bows, a matching brassiere and V-string panties. On her feet she wore soft ballet-slippers and ribbon ties of the same material.

In delicate left hand, her tender fingers - the neatly-trimmed nails of which gleamed with a sky-blue hue - held a slender silver-glittering rod which was crowned with a small golden ball that radiated a verdurous phosphorescent-green - around which orbited five equidistant small 4-dimensional stellated octahedrons - snowflake-like spirographic polyhedra which changed and alternated spiky-shapes - energetically quick becoming stellated dodecahedrons, icosidodecahederons, great cubicuboctahederons, rhombic triacontahederons, or octagonal prisms at random, scintillating between the three primary colours: red, green and blue - and exploding into an infrared and ultraviolet fireworks display before coalescing back into a primary tetrahedronical solid with swirling mandelbrotic colours... that dissolving into a shapeless protoplasmic faintly-yellow gelatin - as if turning inside-out - before repeating the process to form into sharp brochette-spikes again.

Her luscious, vibrant body was sericeously glowing with a dynamic powder-blue aura. Her breath was aromatic without being perfumed and her voice a soothing panacea which shamed singing birds for its euphonic compassion.

“Although I am a projected fantasy of the girl you love,” she said, “I’m not an imaginary animation of your being. I am as real as you want me to be.”

She held a beating, bleeding heart in her graceful right hand - this wrapped in a crown of thorns and ardorously burning with heavenly fire.

“I have found the lost heart...” she said, “and I am returning it to you.”

This said she floated closer to Faustus and reaching out, effortless placed the heart she held into his chest - which accepted her gift without the least resistance. His subtle body of fecundating mortal flesh phantasmically dissolving away at her comforting touch and absorbing her virginal hand into him and her presentation of the heart... and as she did so... she evaporated like dew into the morning light... leaving him tingling all over and listening to the tinkling of bells, which echoed and faded, saying: “Always and forever.”.

The sun had risen... the long dark night was over.

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The television was still on... and Pastor Dennis Murray *son of Pastor Arthur Murray* of the Shepherd's Chapel was commenting on their free offer - *The Mark of the Beast* cassette.

Faustus yawned, rubbed his eyes... and stretched. Then he began writing... on the computer

Seeing a small tree growing by a brook and feeling tired, he sat down under its branches... to think and remember and dream. Reaching up, he picked a golden apple, pulled it off, and began to eat it. It was only after he'd bitten into it that he saw the worm.

Though the heavens were yet blue with dimming daylight, a crescent moon could be seen hanging in the cloudless sky... and the planet Venus, a bright dot of light below it... was shining.

In the quick growing darkness, as the stars began to reveal themselves, Faustus watched a woman with flowers in her hair and bearing a torch approach.

She called out to him from afar, "Hey, man... wanna do some acid?"

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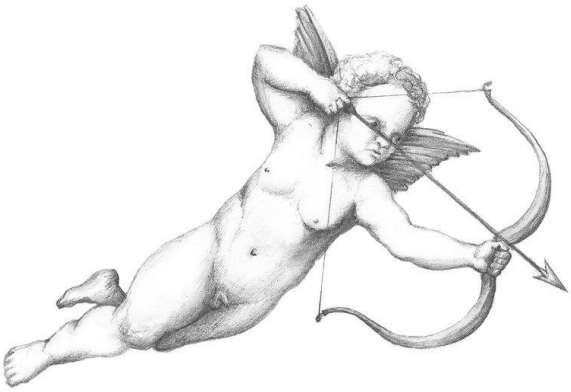

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